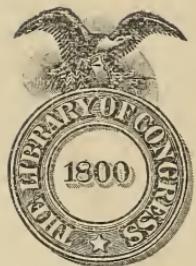


FURTHER
PAGES OF
MY LIFE

THE RT REV. W.
BOYD CARPENTER



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FURTHER PAGES
OF MY LIFE



Photo H. Dixon & Son]

[Frontispiece

THE RT. REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER, LORD BISHOP OF RIPON

(From the painting by H. G. Riviere)

FURTHER PAGES OF MY LIFE

BY THE
RIGHT REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER
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Sub-Dean and Canon of Westminster, and Clerk of the Closet
to H.M. the King, and formerly Bishop of Ripon

AUTHOR OF
'SOME PAGES OF MY LIFE,' 'THE WITNESS OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE,' ETC.

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PREFACE

THESE pages are only reflections mingled with reminiscences. I have written them without other thought than of recording frankly and honestly things as they were or, rather, as they seemed to me. There are things written here which touch on intimate parts of my life—which I shrank from recording, but which nevertheless the unappeasable gratitude of my heart urged me to write lest any should think that what is long past has been forgotten. Those who know me will understand. To those who do not, I would say that love is the supreme educator of souls, and life without love is destitute of meaning. Realizing this, I think that they, too, will understand.

The chapter which speaks of the late much-loved King contains the substance of an article which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century and Afterwards* in 1910, and which I am allowed by the kindness of the Editor to make use of here.

For the rest, I can only say that life, which for me is drawing to its close, has been, as I said in a previous volume, full of interest; and that which establishes its interest is the conviction that this life is but a schoolroom life, in which Love is teaching us how to love, that we may feel at home among those who have learnt to love.

In Memoriam

A. M. C.

Una Donna soletta, che si già
Cantando ed iscegliendo fior da fiore,
Ond'era pinta tutta la sua via.

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FURTHER PAGES OF MY LIFE

FRAGMENTS OF SONG AND STORY

I WONDER whether friends interested in traditional lore can help me to recover the original versions of some songs and carols which float—incomplete, alas!—in my memory from very early days. I transport myself back in thought—well-nigh seventy years. It is winter, and the dark, cold days are bringing Christmas nearer. We hear the shuffle of uncertain feet on the pavement outside the house ; there is a pause, and then children's voices are raised in carol and song. I can only set down the carol imperfectly, and I do so in the hope that some one better qualified than I may be able to tell us whence it comes, and perhaps give it in its entirety. We only heard it imperfectly : indeed, I am not sure that the children who sang it knew more than a fragment of the original ; but clearly the original must have been some metrical version of an imaginary or apocryphal incident in our Lord's infant life. The words which fell upon our ears, as I remember them, were these—

“He went down, he went down,
To yonder little town
As far as the old oak-tree,
And there he met some boys and girls
And said, ‘Will you play with me?’
‘O no! O no!’ said these naughty little boys,
‘We will not play with you.’
So, crying, he ran
To the Virgin Mary Ann,
‘They will not play with me.’”

What more of this carol was sung I cannot recall; but well I know that the singers always hurried on to the practical refrain, which hinted at the Christmas gratuity, and with loud voices they lustily sang as follows—

“Now bless the master of this house,
And bless the mistress true,
And all the little children
Around the table too—
Your pockets full of money, and your cellars full of beer,
And we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.”

So over and over again round the square these ditties were sung, and it may be taken for granted that the singers did not go home empty-handed. These fragments of Christmas greetings and songs are nothing; but for a long time my curiosity, especially respecting the first, has been piqued, and it would be a satisfaction to meet with the carol in its complete form.

Among songs which I heard when I was young, there was one which my Aunt Fanny (Mrs. Lawson) was fond of singing. I never saw it in print: it was only from her singing that I learnt it; but here again I should like to trace it to its origin, and meet with it in a more perfect

version than I can give. It was the narrative of a certain wily husband, whose home was in Yorkshire; and the song went in this fashion—

“Mr. Simpkins lived in Leeds,
And he had a wife beside :
This wife she wore the breeches,
So she often wished to ride.
She asked him for a horse,
And he yielded to her folly ;
Said he, ‘I’m always mollified
By you, my dearest Molly.’
Tol de rol, de rol, etc.

“This horse it had six legs,
As I shall prove to you ;
For when it raised its forelegs
Yet still it stood on two.
Down tumbled Mrs. Simpkins ;
Her loving spouse averred,
‘My Lamb’s as dead as mutton,
For she cannot speak a word.’
Tol de rol, de rol, etc.

“They put her in a coffin,
And he bid them nail her fast ;
And the funeral procession
To the village church it passed.
Said Simpkins to his neighbours,
‘I’ll follow at my leisure,
For why should I, my friends,
Make a business of a pleasure ?’
Tol de rol, de rol, etc.

“At night the resurrection man
Determined the corpse to raise :
He oped the coffin wide,
And on the fair did gaze.

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The noise awoke the lady,
 'What brings you here?' she sighed,
 'With pick-axe, spade and shovel?'
 'Why axe about?' he cried.
 Tol de rol, de rol, etc.

"Then up jumped Mrs. Simpkins,
 And to the stable hied,
 Where she saw her spouse caressing
 The beast by which she died.
 When in came neighbour Horner,
 Said he, 'I'll buy that beast;
 For perhaps he'll do for my wife
 What he did for the deceased.'

Tol de rol, de rol, etc.

"'O no!' said Mr. Simpkins,
 'I cannot take your pelf,
 For know, good neighbour Horner,
 I may want it for myself.
 I'm grateful to this creature,
 And if I wed again,
 Perhaps to its assistance
 I should not look in vain.'

Tol de rol, de rol, etc.

"Then in rushed Mrs. Simpkins
 And caught him by the hair;
 'Disown your lawful wife now,
 You villain, if you dare!
 I'm neither dead nor buried,
 And you thought to marry too (two);
 But now, my dearest husband,
 I'll live to bury you.'

Tol de rol, de rol, etc.

"Then off went neighbour Horner.
 Said he, 'It is not fair
 To spoil the reconciling
 Of such a pretty pair.'

But Simpkins kissed his loving wife,
‘I’m yours till death,’ he cried ;
‘But when, my dearest dear,
Will you take another ride ?’
Tol de rol, de rol, etc.”

Here is a gruesome tale, which my dear old nurse, Mary Ann, used to tell us, and as she told us it thrilled us with the sense of mystery and marvel ; it seemed to open up to us the long and dark road of human wickedness, for it was the first story of crime and the conflict of courageous goodness with evil passion which we had heard.

The story was in this wise.

In a certain town—Chester, I think—there lived a domestic servant who, three nights running, dreamed the same dream. She dreamt that she was in Wrexham, a town with which, if I recollect aright, she had no connexion. In her dream she saw a house, and in the house a dark cellar-passage. In that passage she witnessed a deed of blood : a lad attacked by a man who bore a large knife in his hand ; there was a struggle, and in it the lad’s hand was nearly severed from his arm, and then she saw the man burying his victim under a flagstone in the cellar. The thrice-repeated dream produced such a powerful impression upon her mind that she resolved to visit Wrexham and test the truth of her dream. According to the story, she was able to impress others, and to evoke such sympathy from the officials of the town that they permitted search to be made. Guided by the girl, the authorities went to the house : she led them to the cellar : she pointed out the flagstone which she had seen in her dreams. The flagstone

was taken up, and beneath was found the body of a lad with one hand almost severed from his arm. The house in which the discovery was made was occupied by a surgeon-apothecary. Upon him naturally suspicion fell, and investigation brought out the following tragic tale.

There dwelt in the town of Wrexham an old lady who had been for many years a very valuable patient of a doctor-apothecary who practised and prepared medicines for the inhabitants. This doctor-apothecary had an errand-boy, whose duty it was to carry the medicines out, and deliver them at the houses of the patients. This lad had an observant eye and a reflective mind. He therefore picked up knowledge in unexpected ways. He gained a fairly accurate knowledge of drugs and their properties, and knew more of what his master was doing than the master could have thought possible. The master, unaware of the vigilant eye of the lad, carried on his business, prepared the medicines, bottled them and sent them out, unmindful of the sharp and intelligent eyes of his errand-boy.

There came a time when the death of the old lady would be more profitable to the apothecary than her life. Perhaps she had made a will under which he would benefit, but on this point the story was not explicit. As the apothecary saw, however, the opportunity of solid gain, he resolved not to lose it. Accordingly he made up for the old lady a bottle of medicine which contained poison. He fondly supposed that he only knew what he had done ; but the boy had observed him, and the boy knew as he carried the medicine to the old lady's house that he was carrying

death to the door. Accordingly, on reaching the house, he asked and obtained permission to deliver the medicine in person to the lady. As he handed her the bottle he said, "Don't take any of it: it contains poison." Then he returned to the shop.

A day or so afterwards the apothecary went to pay his usual visit to the old lady: naturally he had expected to hear of her death; but on his arrival he was shown as usual to the old lady's room, and there she was, still alive and very alert. She looked steadily at the apothecary, and then drew from under her pillow the medicine bottle, with the medicine in it untouched. She told him that his wicked plan had failed, because a courageous and conscientious boy had given her warning. The apothecary returned home, and almost immediately sent the lad into the cellar to the store place. Stealthily he followed, armed with a knife; and there in the dark passage he killed the lad, and beneath the flagstones of the cellar he buried him. There had been some resistance on the lad's part, and in the course of the slight struggle the lad's hand was almost severed from his arm.

All that remained to tell was the usual sequel. The apothecary's shop was closed, the premises were bought by an enterprising publican, who opened them as a public-house, and as an advertisement and enticement of custom, called his place of business The Bloody Hand.

Such was the story, and it lost nothing in emphasis or impressiveness from little Mary Ann's telling of it. How she lowered her voice as the tragic climax was reached; how her little dark eyes glowed as she described the courage

of the boy, or the act of the old lady as she drew the tell-tale bottle from beneath her pillow. Truly the tale was vividly imprinted on our memories, and it left upon our minds an uncanny sense of human vindictiveness and of occult methods of just retribution.

But I must not close this chapter with such an uncanny story ; it might suggest false conclusions ; it might be thought that my dear little Mary Ann delighted in narrating dismal and tragic tales. Her tone of mind was of another order : she was cheerful and shrewd-witted, and would rather encourage than depress the spirits. Here is a story much more characteristic of little Mary Ann's tale-telling art—

Once upon a time there lived a farmer who began to meet with what looked like evil fortune. His farming did not prosper ; his crops were not as plentiful as once they were ; his cattle did not thrive ; the spirit of mischance seemed to hover over his farm. About this time a woman, who in some ages would have been a witch, and in others a wise woman, came round to the various houses in the neighbourhood and was received and consulted as one who could ensure good fortune and avert evil. She visited the farmer, and he, with many expressions of self-pity, narrated how trouble and loss appeared to dog his footsteps.

The woman listened, and then she said : "I can tell you the way to good fortune. Do you see that cup ?" she asked, pointing to one of special pattern which hung on a nail on the dresser. "If you will take that cup to the spring and fill it, and drink it there every morning at six o'clock, good fortune will be yours."

The farmer, having trust in the woman's unearthly knowledge, resolved that he would put her counsel to the test. Taking the particular cup with him, which he now regarded with superstitious reverence, he rose early, visited the spring, drank the fresh sparkling water. For weeks and months he continued, having once commenced the habit ; and as the months went by, behold, his farm began to prosper. The wise woman had shown him that the way to success was in early rising and personal superintendence of his farm. His ill-fortune had sprung from indolent habits. Industry and hardihood of life changed failure to success. But ever after the farmer kept as a sacred symbol and highly prized treasure the cup with which he had learned to drink early draughts from the spring.

In stories like this little Mary Ann distilled practical wisdom for us to remember and cherish. She did not know Thomson, but she taught us that—

“ Renown is not the child of indolent repose.”

Among tales and fragments of tales I may, perhaps, place this fragment of speeches heard in the street. I was walking down Duke Street, Liverpool, perhaps sixty years ago, perhaps more. At the corner was a man addressing a little group of people with all the earnestness of a Cheap Jack. He was trying to persuade the people to buy his wares, which, I suppose, were booklets or broadsheets, and can I be right in surmising that he was also selling playing cards ? At any rate, playing cards were his theme when I stopped to listen. His speech was on this wise : “ Here is a pack of cards—your almanack and your Bible in

one. It is your almanack : Fifty-two cards—fifty-two weeks in the year ; four suits—four seasons ; three hundred and sixty-five pips on the faces of the cards—three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. You tell me that I am wrong. Yes, I am wrong—there are three hundred and sixty-six pips, but that provides you for leap-year. The pack of cards is an almanack. It is a Bible also. I look at the ace, and it reminds me of the One God ; I look at the two, and it reminds me of the two natures in Christ ; I look at the three, and it reminds me of the Trinity ; I look at the king, and it reminds me of the King of kings, or you will think it better if I say it reminds me of Solomon, who was the wisest of kings ; I look at the queen, and it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who was as wise for a woman as he was for a man. When the Queen of Sheba came to visit Solomon she brought with her five hundred little boys and five hundred little girls, all dressed alike, and she asked Solomon to say which were the little boys and which were the little girls. For a time he was puzzled, then he called for water and told all the children to wash their hands, and then he was able to tell which were boys and which were girls, for the little boys washed their hands as far as their wrists, but all the little girls washed up to their elbows.”

Such was the gist of the Cheap Jack’s discourse. More he said which I have forgotten, and probably a good deal more which I did not stay to hear ; but the exposition he gave of the use of a pack of cards stayed in my memory. His calculation of the value of the pips was quite correct—if all the court cards, including the ace, are reckoned as worth ten.

I may end this chapter with a story which points a moral. I shall first give the story. I shall then give the key which explains what seemed to many to be incredible. I shall then, after the fashion of my calling, point out the moral. The story, then, is this: One afternoon at the witching hour, when the drowsy air invites to seductive repose, an old lady was seated in her armchair, and the welcome influence of the rest-giving hour was upon her; the door of the living-room was open, and the pleasant sunshine of the sleepy afternoon threw a lane of light down the two or three steps by which the house was entered, and spread a square patch of light across the kitchen floor. The house was on the lower side of the road which climbs from the city of Lancaster to the famous castle known as Lancaster Gaol. Suddenly the woman awoke from her half-slumbrous condition and beheld a startling apparition. Down the steps there came, bumping upon each step as it fell, a human head, and rolled into the middle of the kitchen. A further apparition appeared, the black and ghastly head was followed by a headless figure, draped in a long cloak; it reached out from beneath the cloak an eager, clutching hand, while a voice as from a sepulchre cried, "Where's my head? Give me my head!" The head was seized, the figure vanished, and the woman fainted.

The neighbours found her and restored her to consciousness, and to them she told the tale. She declared that her husband's head came bumping and rolling into the kitchen (she had been married to a black man), and that the Devil had come and had carried it off. The neighbours

shook their heads and looked at one another with significant and incredulous gestures. The meaning of all was quite clear: the old lady had had a fit, and had dreamed or fancied this horror. They disbelieved the tale: they regarded the old lady as the victim of some hallucination. Common sense refused to believe such a gruesome and incredible tale; but common sense was wrong, and the old lady was right in her facts, though wrong in her inference. Here is the key of the matter: After the Rugeley murder, scientific men showed some active interest in the formation of human skulls. Dr. William Palmer, the man who poisoned Mr. James Parsons Cook with strychnine, had a remarkable head, and a certain eminent man of science began to study the heads of criminals. The governor of Lancaster Gaol, with whom he was acquainted, knew that this man of science was studying heads, and wrote to tell him of a prisoner then in Lancaster Gaol—a negro—whose head was specially striking and peculiar. The prisoner, he said, was dangerously, and more than dangerously, ill, and was not likely to survive more than a day or two. If the man of science would like it, the governor added, he could perhaps allow him, after the man's death, to take away the head for examination. As such a thing, however, was against prison rules, the man of science must come to the gaol prepared to carry away the head with him. Accordingly the learned professor provided himself with a long cloak, appeared at the gaol, and at the proper moment received the ghastly burden. To save time and to avoid observation, he chose a short cut from the gaol to the town. Instead of following the winding of the slow,

descending road, he took a path which cut across the curves of the road and shortened the distance. Such a short cut meant, of course, a more declivitous descent, and as fortune or fate would have it, when he emerged from the path to cross the road, he stumbled : the head slipped from his grasp, rolled away and reached an open door, and promptly fell down the steps at the entrance and disappeared into the cottage. There was only one thing to be done : the head must be rescued, and rescued with as much secrecy as possible. It would never do to run the risk of publicity and get the governor into trouble ! Therefore the professor acted with discreet rapidity : he drew his cloak over his head to conceal his face ; he dashed into the cottage to recover his precious burden, and in order to awe any one who might be there, he said in a sepulchral voice : "Where's my head ? Give me my head !" as he seized his treasure and departed with it. The story was explained ; facts were no longer incredible ; the old woman was substantially correct : the head had rolled down her steps into her cottage, and had been rescued by an apparently headless figure.

And now for the moral. There is a shallow habit of rejecting stories as untrue because they contain some features which seem to be strangely improbable : we dub them as impossible : we dismiss them as dreams or crazy imaginings. In doing so we cut ourselves off from the pathway of truth ; a little more tolerance, a little more attention, followed by patient inquiry, may lead to some interesting discovery of fact or law. There is nothing so credulous as the scepticism which makes it a habit to reject

as valueless or false anything and everything which seems outside or contradictory of a few accepted and idolized laws. Such folk put on blinkers : they can only see what lies on the centre of the beaten track : their eyes never travel into the hedges and byways of life : their outlook is limited, and out of this glorified habit of narrowness there grows the old-fogeyism which cannot understand, still less accept, new ideas or fresh messages from new fields of inquiry.

This obstinate attitude of mind was exemplified in my early experiences. A cousin of ours came to pay us a visit. She brought with her a boy about my own age. Like children, we were telling what we had seen, and in the course of doing so we told this boy that we had seen a train which travelled without a steam-engine. We were met with the vigorous rebuke : "Don't tell Balcram's lies." I don't know now and I didn't know then what Balcram meant, but we resented the sceptical attitude of this lad who made his own measure the limit of his intelligence. We had seen what he had not—the atmospheric railway which then plied between Kingstown and Dalkey in Ireland. The train travelled by atmospheric pressure, the air being liberated from a tube laid between the rails. The ignorant rudeness of the boy was a serviceable experience. It taught the same moral which I have tried to enforce as the lesson of the wandering head which terrified the old lady at Lancaster.

COUSINS AND BROTHER

PAGILDEAFILDA!

We were all seated at lunch ; my father at the head, my mother at the foot of the table. The engravings of the Royal Irish Art Union hung round the room ; Turner's "Ancient and Modern Italy" flanked Martin's picture of "The Opening of the Sixth Seal" ; over the chimneypiece was my father's portrait ; over the sideboard, which faced the tall window, was the "Irish Blind Girl at the Holy Well." The room had been still and quiet till, in answer to a question from my father, came the strange burst of unintelligible syllables—

"Pagildeafilda."

My father had said, "We expected to see you yesterday," and this was the reply. We all gazed at the speaker, blank wonder and perplexed questioning in our countenances. My father uttered a faint inquiry, "What ?" only to meet with a rapid reiteration of the enigmatic formula—

"Pagildeafilda."

We were puzzled ; this was a new language ; yet the speaker's absolute sincerity, and his complete conviction that he had uttered what was reasonable and sufficient, were obvious.

At last, after some further inquiry, the mysterious utterance became slowly elongated into intelligibility. "Pagildeaſilda" was an abbreviation, inarticulate and incoherent; it stood for the specific announcement—

"Pa gave me a half-holiday."

Pagildeaſilda—no, I am not going to give his name; he had named himself. He was Pagildeaſilda to us for many years to come.

The circumstances were these: he was our cousin; his parents lived in the country; he was being educated at the Royal Institution School, and he often took lunch with us; he was free to do so whenever he chose. One day he had failed to appear when he was expected. He explained by the inchoate reply, "Pagildeaſilda."

He was constantly with us at midday. Truth to speak, we deemed him somewhat of a bore. He had a tenacious affection for us, which we sometimes found inconvenient. He had few resources in himself, and he was prone, somewhat incontinently, to associate himself with our pursuits or walks. Sometimes, with the hope of avoiding his company, we would announce some piece of duty which required our attention; but promptly came the generous resolution, "I'll go with you." When he did come with us I am afraid that we walked very fast, wishing to shake him off; but dear Pagildeaſilda was too sociable; he followed us, keeping, perhaps, a couple of feet behind us. Sociable? yes, and garrulous too. Out of breath, he would entertain us with the relics of some good story, partially remembered and only half apprehended, and shot forth in incoherent portions, punctuated with gasps, and

guffaws of laughter at intervals when no apparent humour marked the incomPLETED narrative.

I am afraid that we were lacking in politeness ; but we were at the age when dogged affection and tenacious sociability did not appeal to us. Yet as I look back I can see that in the very qualities which bored us there lay the germs of that character which I learned to admire, love and respect in later years. Poor Pagildeafilda ! He had not great abilities ; his mental horizon was not wide ; his powers of intellectual assimilation were restricted ; but such qualities as he had were, if not improved with due care, yet allowed to grow into sterling qualities. He was, moreover, absolutely free from vanity or conceit ; he took up life as it came ; unquestioningly he accepted every task, it did not concern him to ask whether he liked it or disliked it ; he had never given rein to his fancy with regard to his pleasures or his talents ; he was unaware of either his preferences or his capacities. He could enjoy ? Oh yes, he could join in the enjoyments which were proposed to him, and when he did so he genuinely enjoyed himself. He was a happy, selfless soul, made of the stuff out of which heroes are made, for he was ready for anything—duty, pleasure, difficulty, adventure, readily able to identify himself with anything that was going on, and so, loyal to the idea of the moment. He was ready for anything—frolic or task, for anything except what was mean or dishonourable.

Let me recall another scene. This time it is a country or semi-suburban house : it is Pagildeafilda's home. His mother, large and matronly, with a countenance severely motherly, *i.e.* stern by moods and benignant by desire,

presides over the extensive tea-table, which is set for the large brood of sons and daughters, and nephews also, in a house as hospitable as it was populous. The mother beams upon her broodlets, but her especial smile is, I think, this night for my brother Henry, who is on the eve of his departure for Oxford. A general faith in my brother's genius pervades this homestead, and the happy confidence of an affectionate heart brings the smile of hopeful anticipation to my aunt's countenance.

My brother Henry is in one of his lighter moods. Our cousin Robert, lame, but tirelessly energetic, is ministering to the wants of those about him.

"Robert," says my brother, "I hope you will write to me, and tell me how many lamp-posts you have pulled up."

The ample teapot is in my aunt's hand ; it is lifted high to fill one of the numerous petitioning cups which are clustered on the tray. Suddenly the teapot sways hesitatingly, then it is replaced upon the tray with its immediate mission unfulfilled. An expression of dismay and horror passes over the hospitable face.

"Robert," exclaims my aunt, "did you ever pull up a lamp-post ?"

The question is asked in a tone of severe conviction, as though an awful truth had been suddenly brought to light. So solemn and accusing is the tone that a burst of laughter broke round the table. Immediately the horrified anxiety melted from my aunt's face ; perception of the joke irradiated lips and eyes, and she joined in the merriment of the moment.

No ! lamp-posts had not been pulled up, but lamps had

been turned out upon the dark road ; larks more or less sprightly had been played, as a handful of lads had scurried over country lanes : now stopping to converse with labourers in the field : now climbing some hill and gathering sticks to make up a hasty fire : now taking a lunch more ample than luxurious by the roadside, and following any quick fancy for mischief which sprang up within one of their restless brains.

My memories of these expeditions are memories chiefly of cold ; for they were chiefly expeditions in the winter : the days were short, but we were out for long hours on frosty roads which grew slippery towards nightfall. The nights seemed as cold as the days, but the evenings indoors were warm enough ; for the evenings were devoted to lectures and charades. Our first lecture course was delivered under the auspices of an association (of ourselves) which called itself a Literary Society.

The first of these lectures was given by my cousin Robert. The subject was Dr. Livingstone's travels in Africa. The literary level may be judged by one quotation, "Dr. Livingstone climbed the hill and encountered a lion, half a mile long and a third of a mile broad." I remember, too, how nervousness led to mistakes in reading and how more than once the lecturer read the word "misled" as though it had been "mizzled." It produced a curious sensation when we were told that the great traveller had been mizzled.

My brother Henry gave a lecture on the Ottoman empire. I remember one image which he employed at its close : the Crescent was the symbol of the Ottoman

power, but it was destined, as the influence of a nobler faith met it, to expand into the full orb of the Sun of Righteousness.

These are the only lectures of which I can recall anything. It was perhaps all very foolish, very conceitedly ambitious, but yet I am not sure. There was, perhaps, in these puerile efforts some wistful desire for self-expression and self-culture.

We had "junketings" in those days, Christmas days, which meant cakes and crackers at night, and eager preparations in the daytime. I remember once how we all joined in making ready for the advent of the much-expected cake. To us was left the provision of mottoes and quips which were to be its attendant satellites. Here is an old envelope. From it I draw out some fifteen or twenty slips of paper. Once the outside of the paper was brilliantly silvered : now it is a dull and tarnished grey ; but here, fresh as the day when they were written, are some of the rhymes and *jeux d'esprit* prepared for the occasion. I cannot vouch for the authorship of all ; but I think that my brother Henry was responsible for the bulk of them.

Here are some of them—

"Welcome to all the little ones,
The sons and daughters here ;
I'm sure, before so many sons,
The frost will disappear.

"I think a likeness may be found
'Twixt the globe and this noble dough ;
They both are round : they both pass round,
And the north is the land of snow."

Here is a plea for taking three helpings of cake—

“ An honest share, an even start :
 Of slices take not less than three ;
 If two, you play a double part ;
 If one, 'tis singularity.

“ If jarring thoughts within you wake,
 Which here at least should never be,
 Just take another piece of cake,
 And pieceful be ! ”

Here is the expression of widespread desire.

“ ‘ Good luck ! Good luck !
 To the jolly tuck,’
 We cried when we saw it in view.
 Ah ! have we not felt,
 As the frost did melt,
 How our mouths were melting too : ”

Here is the final verdict on the disappearing cake—

“ Come, listen, my friends ! I speak for your sake.
 Take courage and up with your gumption ;
 When an inquest is held on the death of the cake,
 You can say that it died of consumption.”

These are little leaves from the Christmas trees and cakes of long ago.

More riotous than the lecture nights, if not than the festival nights, were those in which we played a charade. Then we let ourselves go. We chose a proverb : we developed some imaginary story to fit the scenes : we assigned their parts to the players. The properties required for the various scenes were collected ; but all the rest—the words to be spoken, the action, the gestures—were left to the moment ; the speeches were extempore, and each

actor was free to develop the little plot as he pleased, so long as he did so in harmony with the pre-arranged dénouement. This kind of semi-impromptu charade proved very amusing. Of course, there was the risk of some deadly dull scene, but, on the other hand, the unexpected play, the sudden utterance of some irresistible bit of humour, a passing joke, a staggering repartee, and the frightful joy of watching how the little piece was going, all added a never-failing interest to the amusement of the evening.

There was also at times a delight in mystifying the audience, as when on one occasion we raised the curtain upon a blank stage : no actor, no furniture to be seen, and then the curtain was lowered. Of course, the word was "Nothing," and as the proverb was "Nothing venture, nothing have," the same mysterious and uninteresting scene was given twice ; but in compensation, the words "Venture" and "Have" were startlingly full of incident and noise.

What about Pagildeafilda in all these scenes ? He was just the ready creature, obedient, unselfish, doing his best in everything he was given to do, good-naturedly joining in folly, if folly was the order of the hour ; patiently fulfilling any duty, small or conspicuous, which was put upon him ; wholly lacking in self-consciousness, he felt no misgiving and showed no hesitation in playing the fool.

Times changed : the house in which such antics were played was given up : the father who had encouraged with genuine interest and applauded with frank appreciation our boyish efforts died one spring day, and the act was over.

Pagildeafilda went abroad to South America. There he

was as a clerk the same faithful, uncomplaining, conscientious creature that he had ever been. Those hideous insects—the pests of the newcomer—attacked his feet. He was crippled so much that he could not walk from his lodgings to his place of business. He said nothing: no one knew the agony he was suffering: no one realized the heroism of his conscientious devotion to his duty. Only afterwards it was discovered that, as he could not walk, he had made his bed under the office counter, so that he never missed his daily duty.

Later he returned to England: he lived a quiet life—helping others. He never married: the key to his single life was his unselfishness: he could help the more easily his own kinsfolk, being unmarried.

To the end he was the same: always kindly, always brimful of good nature: interested keenly in others: the self-denying friend in the house, who exhausted himself in playing with the children, who was ready to run any errand if thereby he could save a friend any anxiety or fatigue.

I remember how once at Ripon, when he must have been over fifty years of age, he consented to attempt to dance the Scottish sword dance. We put down the poker and shovel to represent the crossed swords, and dear Pagildeafilda pounded out in middle-aged fashion the dance which of all dances needs lightness, brightness and delicate accuracy. It would have been ludicrous but for the sweet, unselfconscious good nature which began and carried through the solemn performance.

There! it is only a sketch of a good, sincerely kind and half-heroic, half-pathetic figure—a man who lived an

obscure and uneventful life without a wide outlook, perhaps, without the companionship of rich imaginings and glowing fancies, without great ambitions, without grave discontents, who, without envy of others or repining at his lot, accepted the limitations of his life, fulfilled his daily task dutifully, thought much of others and little of self, and reaped without probably realizing what he was reaping—the harvest of that homage of respect and affection which always waits upon those who are true of heart.

MY BROTHER HENRY

“*Poeta nascitur*,” said an Oxford examiner, as a young man retired from his examination. It expressed the truth, for my brother Henry was always poetic. He dreamed always: he would forget his errand because carried away into another world. He hated all disagreeable things, and he would always shirk facing them. He did not see why life should not be pleasant, and I am bound to say that he had great ability in making things pleasant. He could talk well, and he could play the fool with a happy grace. He had his moods. Now he was overwhelmed with some great and intolerable grief; but it passed like a cloud, and he would soon be all smiles and sunshine.

How well I remember a night at Cambridge, when I was startled by a visit from the college porter: he told me that a gentleman wanted to see me. It was after hours: it must have been 11 p.m.; the college gates were shut, and it was against rules to let strangers in. I went down my staircase and crossed over to the porter’s lodge; there, in the dim light of the lodge entrance, stood my brother Henry, looking the picture of misery. The porter seemed moved with compassion, for he said, “The gentleman can come in if he will promise to leave before midnight.” So, against rules, my brother Henry came to my rooms, and unfolded his tale of sorrow. “Oh, mummy”

(he always called me this), “it is hard when one has surrendered one’s heart to another’s keeping, to have it suddenly flung back, as though it were a worthless thing. I thought her all gentle innocence and loyal faith ; but now, now,” etc.

All this was Aramaic to me, yet the gist of it was obvious : he had been fascinated by some Oxford girl, and he had brought his broken heart over to Cambridge. I made him take some food, and let him tell his story. Faithful to the pledge to the porter, he left me about midnight. I saw him to the lodge gate : he went to his hotel, promising to join me at breakfast in the morning.

I went to bed, dreading the morning, and wondering how I was to minister to a mind diseased or how to piece together the fragments of a broken heart. In the morning I was up betimes : chapel was over ; breakfast was set, and I awaited with some anxiety my sorrow-stricken brother. About nine o’clock he entered—radiant, smiling. He glanced round the room : he looked where the breakfast was laid, solemn and stiff, on the large centre table. “Oh, mummy,” he said, dragging a small table into the window, “let’s have breakfast in the window.” He was quite right. There the sun was peeping round the corner : there was brightness and the sense of the smile of morning ; the centre of the room had no inspiration in it. So in the window we sat and had our breakfast. Sorrow had hardly endured through the night : joy had come in the morning. My brother stayed a couple of days. My own college friends came in to see him : we lunched at one another’s rooms, and my brother, like a man who had never known

a care, was the life of the party—full of fun, sprightly in speech. He enjoyed himself, and it did one good to see his enjoyment. I think he went back to Oxford heart whole.

Of course there were other affairs: they meant the whole world while they lasted, but they were only passing clouds. The sun was sure to come out later on.

Mercurial, fascinating, affectionate, magnanimous, he was a delightful companion, when you could catch him in the mood. Of course, he was uncertain. Make an arrangement to meet? Well, it might be tried, but it was much wiser to leave all meetings to happy chance. Once I agreed to meet him in London: he would come from Oxford by a particular train. I went to Paddington: I paced the platform: I met more than one train. I waited so long that, when I rejoined a Cambridge friend, we were late for the proposed expedition. The next day we were reviewed, as Volunteers, in Hyde Park. At an interval we were allowed to break rank and hunt up our Oxford friends. I found my brother Henry. Foolishly, I began with reproach: "Why didn't you come up by the train you promised?" It was all in vain: why face disagreeable things? Off my Henry was flouncing. When I cried after him, "You might tell me where you are staying!" "Marshall Thompson's Hotel." This was all I could get from him. It was a waste of time to be vexed with him: he compelled affection in spite of any little erratic proceeding. His magnetism never failed. When thinking of him, Goldsmith's lines about Garrick begin to ring in my ears—

"He threw off his friends like a hunter his pack,
For he knew when he chose he could whistle them back."

His magnetism was due to the unspoilt childlikeness of his nature—generous, impulsive, large-hearted, he could rejoice with those that rejoiced—the hardest task of a jealous nature—but jealousy he had none.

He fulfilled the promise of his youth, and the eulogy of the Oxford examiner. When he was assistant master at Portora School—called the Eton of Ireland—the Earl of Carlisle, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, visited the school. My brother Henry wrote some verses of welcome for the occasion: in them the task of the schoolmasters, who looked forward to the approaching holidays with happiness as keen as that of their pupils, was portrayed thus: all had looked forward to the end of term—

“But chiefly we, whose life is only seen
As rills which make their shrouding grass more green,
Whose task it is, with ever-fostering care,
To teach the opening bud to bloom more fair,
From treasured Past and Present to unroll
The first faint stream of glories on the soul,
To watch and work, from morn to even chime,
Train the wild beast in Boyhood’s fiery prime,
Shape fancy’s flight our mission to fulfil,
Prompt the slow thought and chain the rebel will.”

Lord Carlisle’s contributions to literature were not forgotten. The metrical paraphrase of the eighth chapter of Daniel was thus alluded to—

“Once did thy hand the seer’s dark page unroll,
To thrid the mazes of his hallowed scroll ;
Lost in deep wondering trance, thine eye explored
The far-off promise of the unerring word ;
The years rolled back their veil, and thou didst see
The measured march of glorious days to be,
Didst watch thro’ Heaven the soaring wing of fire,
And strike one chord on Judah’s burning lyre.”

The following lines, which were written with the memory of Lord Carlisle's book entitled, *A Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters*, may have some special interest for us who are watching the painful struggle in the Near East, wondering at the tortuous vacillations of dishonoured Greece, and expecting the last days of Turkish misrule—

“Or didst thou trace for us, with glowing pen,
Thy wandering footsteps among distant men ;
Still ever on with each recorded day,
We glided with thee o'er thy watery way ;
Dropped our glad anchor under mountain steep,
Stemmed the broad tide of Hellé's purple deep,
Or, couched by classic stream and mouldering fane,
Saw high o'erhead the Moslem crescent wane.
Ever for us enthroned in dazzling snows,
Once home of gods, Olympus grandly rose ;
Still leaped through trellised vine and smooth rock-layers,
The crystal fountain down its marble stairs.”

Ten years later, my brother settled in America. There he found friends, who loved his fresh and boyish character, his wide capacity of delight in all things beautiful, his charm of manner and of speech. There his poetic fancy blossomed into more adventurous song. Besides minor pieces, he brought out a volume, entitled *Liber Amoris*, containing a poem in four books, or, as he called them, watches. The first watch was introduced by a wind song ; the second by a moon song ; the third by a star song, and the fourth by a pawn song. A story like a silver thread bound the four watches into one complete night watch. The story in its setting was mediæval ; but it was intended to shadow forth the changes in religious conception which might be expected

when the undercurrents of modern thought had influenced the stream of popular opinion.

The prologue tells the general thought and explains the title of the poem—

“‘Behold the Book of Love,’ said then the seer ;
‘Take it and hold it warm within thy robe,
Next thy heart’s pulses. On its leaves each day
Great Love’s invisible finger creeping soft
And slow, as with a sunbeam shall inscribe
All things whatever in his name thou doest.

* * * * *

Know, therefore, that whatsoever in pure Love
Thou doest is straightway writ within this book.
Look to’t. For when Love comes, He opens this,
And from this reads to every soul its doom.””

The appreciation or realization of this principle will be seen, in the days when the present activities of religious thought have fulfilled themselves. This is expressed in the last scene, when the narrator is dying : a fading fire, emblem of closing life, burns fitfully in the room—

“On this low hearth-fire, dying as I die ;
See its last tongue of flame, that slowly spires
Upward and seems a monumental light
Unquenchable, lifting its ensign high
Above the grey dust of each buried spark.
O tarry a moment till I take from thee
A prophesying symbol of the day,
Whose dawn already whitens through the East !
The Hour is coming—hear ye not her feet
Falling in sweet sphere-thunder down the stairs
Of Love’s pure sky ? When this our holy Church
Shall melt away in ever-widening walls,
And be for all mankind, and in its place
A mightier Church shall come, whose covenant word

Shall be the deeds of love. Not *Credo* then,—
Amo shall be the password through its gates.
Man shall not ask his brother any more
'Believest thou?' but 'Lovest thou?' and all
Shall answer at God's altar, 'Lord, I love.'
For Hope may anchor, Faith may steer, but Love,
Great Love alone, is captain of the soul."

This poem won rapid recognition in America, and among those who cordially acknowledged its merits were the poet and essayist, Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is pleasant to give the story of their recognition in my brother's own words.

"I sent or asked the Ticknors to send a copy of the second edition of the poem. . . . I can only say in its behalf that the whole story, plot and characters are original, and conceived and carried out on a definite plan. I enjoyed writing it. By some special benediction it has given me, according to Dr. O. W. Holmes, a first-class place among writers of verse. I hardly think I would like to say this to any but you. It sounds self-conceited. But I hope such feelings are not within me."

In 1887 he went for a year's tour to the Mediterranean. In this trip he was able to gratify his long-felt wish to visit Greece. As the steamer drew near to its classic shores, his eager enthusiasm knew no bounds: he began to climb high upon the mast to catch the first glimpse of the land of his studies and his dreams. After this tour he returned with fresh inspirations for his work. He gave courses of lectures, and prepared for an extended tour through the States; but he did not live to accomplish this purpose.

On the evening of July 16, 1890, he entertained a

party of friends with his usual vivacity and fascination ; he was full of plans, hopes and high spirits ; but the next morning brought the end. As he was dressing, he fell ; a clot of blood had reached the heart. The editor of his posthumous work wrote in a kind and generously appreciative preface : "the warm heart had ceased to throb, the gifted brain was dead, the eloquent tongue was silent for ever." "Happily," continued the same writer, "the world has not lost his beautiful lyrics. The poet remains, though the orator's voice be silent. Dearer than either, remains the memory of the man, simple, frank, kindly, generous in thought and word and deed. Peace to his gentle spirit."

So wrote Mr. James Jeffrey Roche in his preface to a volume entitled, *A Poet's Last Songs*. The last songs contained many delightful pieces. Three of these I give, feeling sure that their thought and music will be welcome to those who are strangers to this work.

ANTITHETA

"Ἐκ τῶν ἐναντίων κάλλιστη ὁρμονία."

ARISTOTLE.

Lo, Death and Sorrow and Pain are sweet,
And Life and Pleasure and joy are good ;
And these are one and as one shall meet,
When all we feel shall be understood.

Then lift thy face into Sorrow's rain,
Yea, deem it sweet as the spring's young breath ;
Stoop low and drink of the pool of Pain,
Dip thy Life's urn in the well of Death.

For Bliss is painlike, and Pain is bliss,
 And Love must weep till the dawn of day.
 Then Death shall waken at Life's warm kiss,
 And Joy wed Sorrow in smiles for aye.

PEARLS

Say not: I never throw to fool or clown
 My goodly pearls; for swine I ne'er amassed them.
 Say rather: Are these pearls which I cast down,
 And are those always swine to whom I cast them?

NON SINE LACHRYMIS

It was that hour when vernal Earth
 And stormy March prepare
 For the first day of April's tearful birth,
 That I, o'ercome with care,
 Rose in the twilight from a fireless hearth,
 To take the fresh first air,
 And smile at morning's mirth.

Tired with old grief's self-pitying moan,
 A mile I had not strayed
 Ere my dire path grew dark with double zone
 Of men full fair arrayed;
 While blast with sound as battle-trumpets blown,
 Came, as through light comes shade,
 Cries like an undertone.

Plumed with torn cloud, March led the way,
 With spear-point keen for thrust,
 And eager eyes, and harnessed form swathed grey
 With drifts of wind-blown dust.
 Round his bruised buckler, in bright letters, lay
 This scroll which toilers trust:
Non sine pulvere.

Wet as from weltering showers and seas,
April came after him.
He held a cup with saddest imageries
Engraven, and round the rim,
Worn with woe's lip, I spelt out words like these,
All sorrow-stained and dim :
Non sine lachrymis.

These passed like regal spirits crowned,
Strong March and April fair,
And then a sphere-made music slow unwound
Its soul upon the air ;
And soft as exhalations from the ground,
Or spring flowers here and there
These words rose through the sound :

“ Man needs these two for this world's moil,
Earth's drought and dew of spheres,
Grief's freshening rain to lay the dust of toil,
Toil's dust to dry the tears.
To all who rise as wrestlers in life's coil,
Time brings with days and years
The wrestler's sand and oil.”

O toil in vain, without surcease !
O Grief no hand may stay !
Think on these words when work or woes increase :
Man, made of tears and clay,
Grows to full stature and God's perfect peace,
Non sine pulvere
Non sine lachrymis.

MY BEATRICE

I WONDER whether we shall ever be able to estimate rightly the value of unconscious influence. We meet one another: we speak: we laugh and exchange a few thoughts: we part; but as no force is lost, some measure of mutual influence must have been exchanged. As the planet flies along its orbit, it is disturbed in its course, I suppose, by every body which comes within range of it. But the disturbance is only temporary: the planet may have swerved for a moment, but its course is unchanged. Such, I suppose, may represent the passing influences to which each of us is subject in the intercourse of life. I cannot, perhaps, measure the force of each several influence, but I know that after converse with one, I feel a sensible exhilaration: I go with a better confidence back to my work; after converse with another, I feel unable to settle down: my centre of gravity has been disturbed; I am—no, not irritated, but perhaps thrown off my balance; after converse with a third, I am wholly depressed: power, alacrity of thought, hopefulness in effort, has been diminished. The subtle influences of personality make themselves felt.

This is all preface to one chapter in my life. The one whose influence is in my thoughts as I write, knows little and probably cares less about the matter. Our lives

have drifted apart. When last she wished me to know of a family bereavement, she sent word to me through another channel, pleading that she did not know where to find me—and yet she was Beatrice to me.

I have always wondered at the discussions respecting Dante's Beatrice. The whole story was so clear to me: it was written large in my experience from the time when I was fifteen years old till the time when I was swept into the current of busy life in full manhood.

No, I am not going to give her name. She will never read this story, and if she did she would not recognize herself. I shall call her my Beatrice; and I can only say of her—she never realized and she will never know the deep, strong, and all-pervading character of her influence. She was two years older than I: and she was goddess and counsellor to me. I have all her letters—though fifty years have passed, I keep them as sacred: the spell of what she once was to me still remains.

It is folly, you will say, to write of such things. Is it? I doubt it. I want women to know what they can be in the lives of boys and young men. I want them to realize the deep worshipfulness of spirit which they can evoke and foster; for she was God's minister to me, and through her all my life seemed sacred in the dangerous years, those narrow straits of life which connect boyhood and manhood. These are the years in which those changes come which whisper strange secrets, and weave the spell of larger responsibility about the soul: then the sense of new and greater things visits the spirit: it reaches out towards something beyond, it is ripe for religion.

As it happened, the time of which I speak was one of religious revival: a spirit of excitement and expectancy was abroad. In the heavens were signs: the tail of a gigantic comet hung for many nights in the forehead of the sky: its length measured out an arc which filled one-third of the heaven above. The signs portended great things: the end of the world perchance was near; an atmosphere of religiosity spread everywhere—a great evangelist visited Liverpool, and made a deep impression. It was, as people said, a harvest time of souls. Whether this atmosphere drew very closely round the thoughts or feelings of my Beatrice, I cannot say; or whether a native simplicity of piety, which had grown up in quietness, was hers, undisturbed by prevailing fashions—I cannot say. One thing was true: she became to me a sweet spiritual mentor.

Let me turn out the long-cherished memorials of those days, and of that sweet influence. Here is a tiny scrap of paper, not more than an inch long: it is folded and within is written a Bible text. She has put it into my hand as I left church, or as we parted, and said Good night. You will be inclined, perhaps, to turn disdainfully away from such a commonplace thing; but consider what it meant in the life of a lad. The girl was my worship: all the romantic power of one's youthful, unspoken feeling streamed towards her; her features were beautiful: her colouring just bright enough to satisfy—no faded hues weakened her features, no blatant colours coarsened them: her eyes looked out purely and with a reticent or self-respecting interestedness upon life; she was beautiful and

she was good, and the power she exercised gained elevation from the religious revival spirit which was abroad.

The language of religion at that time was not that of to-day : this must be kept in mind. The form of religion found its expression in hymns which sang of imminent peril :

“ Jesu ! Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy Bosom fly.

•
Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.”

Life presented a scene of desolation and danger : all stood in need of some ark of safety. To have reached that ark was the one thing needful. We were as hunted creatures flying towards a city of refuge : the avenger of blood was on our track : time was precious : peril was near. Happy he who could win the gate of the city before the inevitable blow of the avenger could fall. This aspect of the religious life was more highly coloured by the widespread expectation of our Lord's second coming ; in the case of my Beatrice it was brought vividly to mind by a startling incident which occurred about this time. We were at a meeting of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. We were in the gallery. A small disturbance occurred while the Bishop of Chester (Dr. Graham) was speaking : its meaning was not understood till Dr. M'Neile rose to speak, when under deep emotion he told us that the disturbance had been caused by the sudden illness and death of a man in the body of the hall. He spoke of the event, and he [made

an appeal to the careless and indifferent : the event was God's voice crying to every man. "In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh," might have been the text of his appeal that night. Every one was deeply moved, and my Beatrice among them. That night when we separated, she pressed into my hand a scrap of paper, in which her earnestness expressed itself. It ran thus : "Do not rest to-night till you can rest in Jesus. Now is the accepted time. Pray, pray." This breathes the spirit of the moment ; who can say that, allowing for the form, which was a common form sixty years ago, it does not express the eternal truth that repose and peace of soul can never be found in oneself, and can only be found in One who presents to us those divine characteristics which imply stability allied with those human characteristics which seem to make sympathy possible ?

At any rate, the incident shows the spirit of guardianship which my Beatrice exercised over me in that period of my life. My friendship grew. She was the repository of my secret ambitions and of my consciousness of the weak unworthiness of those ambitions. Our intercourse was intermittent : her dwelling-place was seldom fixed for a long time in one place ; she was in request, now to look after a brother, now to accompany an aunt on a visit ; and I was soon to move to Cambridge ; so personal intercourse was never continuous ; but our interchange of letters was, if not frequent, yet steady ; and it always dealt with the higher aspects of life—with the soul and its difficulties, with the problems of Christian experience, with the inner conflict and the heavenly help.

“We need,” so she wrote to me when I was at Cambridge, “we need every stimulating help: the way seems at times so rough and so narrow, and the light, or rather our eyes, so dim. How much easier it would be, if we had a single eye to the glory of God. I was rather struck by a passage in a little book I was reading the other day: ‘It is upon the smooth ice we slip; the rough path is the safest for our feet.’ . . . I remember you in what you asked for. How much there is to humble pride in the world; there is nothing to be proud of; everything is mixed with sin and defiled in the eyes of a Holy God. God’s great love is so plainly revealed in His dealing with us. He takes down my pride so often, but in such a gentle way. Like as a Father He pitied His children.

“Your last letter refers to the time when we began to write about the one thing needful. How well God arranges all things! How useless this correspondence would have been, if what was of most importance had been left out. When was it that you began to believe in Christ as your Saviour? How quickly time passes! I did not think it was five years since we were in Llandudno—yet how much has happened since then to warn us and show us that all things are changing here. We have no abiding city here; ‘all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass.’ I have heard it said that if a man lived for seventy years, the first thirty years of his life would be longer than the last forty. ‘It is high time to awake out of sleep.’ We must be up and doing; the past and the future are nothing in the face of the stern to-day. It is no use to expect rest while the enemy is near at hand;

resting-time will come afterwards. It is hard to be practical ; theory is all very easy. In many things memory does seem like a curse ; I often wish words and actions could be recalled, and thoughts blotted out, but there they remain, to cure us of our pride and to stir us up to be more circumspect in the future, and this surely is a blessing."

It will be said that there is nothing remarkable in this letter. It can hardly carry force or light to those who read it in cold blood, with more than half a century between them and the date of the letter. I give it not as a contribution to present-day thought, but as a record of the sweet and earnest spirit which this dear guardian friend of mine showed me in my youth. She was mentor and confidante. Always the note of higher things was struck in her letters : they came to me like angels' visits ; they brought their appeal and their power of caution ; they were a true ministry to me, all the more powerful because they came from one who to me was the embodiment of beautiful, pure, and God-loving womanhood. Her influence centralized for the moment my life, by drawing it nearer to its true centre, which is God. How much it meant in its steady and uplifting power I can never tell ; but it made all women sacred and worshipful in my eyes. Always the memory and the thought of her brought a consecration upon all things, and rough and coarse talk, and the doubtful tales which sometimes floated through university life, were hateful to me.

It may be that some will read youth's romance and nothing else in this little record of an early influence. I

do not dispute it if they will so read it; but as I look back, I feel that God uses all experiences of life to achieve some good, and that among these experiences the high worshipful affection which a growing lad may feel for a girl somewhat older than himself is no mean power to mould, to discipline, to prepare, and even to inspire his life. At any rate, though for more years than I care to recall my life has been sundered from that of my Beatrice, I look back with glad thankfulness to the time when her gentle and unselfish vigilance seemed to watch over my growing years. I know that she made womanhood sacred to me, and I think that the serious trend of my life owed much to the spiritual influence with which she filled the atmosphere of my early life. She, perhaps, has forgotten all this, perhaps never realized that she was exercising any influence at all, and perhaps she will never know how I bless God for all she was to me.

Do not chide me that I set these thoughts down as I recall past days. We live in an age in which there seems a feverish desire to advertise our beneficence; we are restless till we know that our philanthropies have been duly chronicled and amply applauded; we are eager to see results, and to receive assurance that our influence is known, recognized and appreciated. Are we wise? Are we not brushing the bloom off goodness in making it public? Is there not a charm and a special virtue about the quiet influence of such as do not "strive, nor cry, nor let their voices be heard in the street." Is there not a lesson to be learned from Him who so often deprecated publicity, giving the caution, "See thou tell no man"?

As I believe that there is a special fragrance about the unrecorded influences of life, I have chronicled my own experience of such an influence. May it bring a message of hope and comfort to those who, perhaps, are depressed because they seem to have been sowing and have never been called to reap. The silent influences of life may be the most abiding, and those which have never found their way into print may be written in heaven and in the hearts of those who do not forget.

MY HOME AND HOME SORROW

THERE are sacred places in our memories as there are churches in our cities—places which none may enter save with reverence of heart. We uncover the head if we are Westerns, we take off our shoes if we are Easterns ; the fashion is different, but the spirit is the same. We are filled with the spirit of reverence : the sense of the unseen is here. I ask no man to read this chapter who does not know what reverence means. Nay, reader, if your soul knows nothing of the awfulness of life's sweet and simple things, if you cannot see how beauty may dwell among foolish things, or cannot hear the sound of tears amid the laughter of life, then, I pray you, pass on and leave this chapter unread, for I think that, though I do not know you, I should feel some passing anguish of heart if a mocking spirit should possess you while you read.

Why write at all ? some will ask ; why write at all if things written about are sacred ? Why expose your heart to mockery ? Friend, you are right. I have asked myself the same question, and the answer is, I cannot tell you why—save that some influence which I cannot explain moves me to write. It seems as though the spirit of the past has a power over the present, and while the present says, “It is done with—leave it ; write nothing for fear of

writing unwisely or unworthily," another spirit steals nearer to me, and says, "Write ; it is not fitting that these things should be forgotten ; they were once your life ; they formed your heart, your mind, your destiny. The sweet service which wrought so patiently in those earlier years ought not to be forgotten. Your heart responds to me when I speak. There are, moreover, those alive and at your side to-day who will love and cherish the memories you—and you only—can record. Do not fear the world. Men and women who have loved and lost will understand you. In the temple of sorrow all are ready to worship : into it there entereth nothing that can defile." So I write of things most sacred.

The scene is an English vicarage. The house, built of yellowish stone, is solid and square, and stands with a quiet determination upon ground which falls to the southward and gives a pleasant view of the Chiltern Hills. The door of the house looks to the east ; and above the trees and shrubs which surround the circular carriage-drive, the church spire can be seen like a protecting sentinel of the village. Along the south front of the house there is a gravel path flanked by a croquet ground which runs beyond the limits of the house into the kitchen garden on the west. Up and down this path I walked with my brother-in-law, William Peers, and his bride. The sun is shining, and a pleasant reminiscence of summer and warmth is in the air ; the church-bells, harsh and jubilant, are clanging with earnest endeavour to tell the countryside how glad they are. It is my wedding day. The village folk, who love the bride well for her kindly visits and cheery sympathy, have erected

a triumphal arch. While the villagers are still gossiping round the church porch or near the verdant arch, I am hearing wise and kindly words from my brother-in-law and his wife as we pace the garden path. "Well, if you two are to be as happy as we are," says my brother-in-law from his superior height (he is six feet high) and his older experience of wedded life (he has been married just seven weeks), "you will be happy indeed." I murmur some incoherent but grateful words of thanks for the implied wish, and the conversation continues on the same lines of satisfaction and hope. I am quite content, for my brother-in-law was my best-loved college chum. He and Taylor Whitehead (of whom more anon) and I used to breakfast with one another in turn. Nine o'clock was the breakfast hour agreed upon : by a majority of two to one the triumvirate voted that hour. This arrangement gave me an hour for quiet reading before breakfast, as I came out of chapel about 8 a.m. ; but now the old college days are things of the past. My brother-in-law is a staid and grave married man ; he is curate in Tewkesbury, and we have promised to spend a night with him there during our wedding trip.

But, pleasant as is the garden path and the sympathetic talk of a kindly new-made brother and sister, the anxious preparations inside the vicarage end in a demand for our presence. There is the wedding breakfast, that now obsolete institution. The wedding breakfast has been provided by a well-known caterer at Oxford. We have *menu* cards printed and frilled in suggestive fashion: a wedding *menu* is written all over the face of the card. I am seated next to the bride: we occupy the most conspicuous place at

the table : we eat or try to eat. Over me there hangs the cloud of apprehension : the breakfast involves speeches, and I cannot escape the obligation and ordeal of returning thanks. The supreme moment has come : Mr. Singleton, the oldest friend of the family present, proposes the health of the bride and bridegroom. He is a man of sympathetic nature, whose thoughts find expression along emotional channels. He speaks with genuine feeling, and therefore with a true eloquence. He is a surprise to some of the company, and he does not make the bridegroom's task easy. Tears glisten in the eyes of the bride's mother, and the emotional wave is felt by many of the company.

The inevitable moment has come : I cannot escape : I am on my feet: I take refuge in the proverb, "Brevity is the soul of wit"—I am sure friends would wish me to be witty: therefore I shall be brief, and close my speech with a simple Thank you. And thus the alarming moment was passed. The feast flags : there are signs of lethargy, a restlessness of expectation : some whispered words, and significant nods ; and the bride is escorted upstairs to change for the journey. What happened in that interval so awkward for all, especially for me, I cannot recollect, except that my dear old father-in-law took me to his room and placed some unexpected banknotes in my hand, and with his happy and generous *bonhomie*, wished me well. This was a pleasing incident of that waiting time: it is pleasant to recall it now. Another incident I recall, because it startled me with a pained surprise. A good lady, well-meaning and courageous, a friend of the family, caught me on the stairs and implored me to be kind to the bride. I felt insulted, I

remember. Perhaps I can understand her better now ; but, going away as I was, with the dear child of my heart, and with a knowledge of life as limited as that of a girl, I was conscious only of an angered resentment.

However, the carriage is at the door : the guests crowd the hall ; we are swept along amid a shower of incoherent words. We are in the carriage : the door is shut, and the stately family coach wheels out of the drive. We gather ourselves together to acknowledge the farewells of the villagers. We descend the crooked steep which leads to the highroad ; we are sweeping along the wide highway which leads to Oxford. Tears fill my little bride's eyes as she drives away from her home. I feel a pain, half resentful and half pitying. Am I not compensation enough for all losses ? Foolish and inexperienced heart of self-sufficient youth ! But soon the tears are dried ; the drive to Oxford lasts nearly two hours, but at last we are at the station. We are in the train speeding towards Shrewsbury, and as we fly over the pleasant fields, the great sun, sinking in a crimson glory, gives us a splendid farewell. We alight at the Raven Hotel in Shrewsbury. We write letters to tell how we have sped. We read together the twenty-third Psalm — the sweet psalm of pilgrimage — which, some twelve years later, I was to read to her again when the chill shadow of death was drawing near.

Our wedding trip was a joy and a blunder ; a joy because we were together, a blunder because we tried to show an impartial consideration to our relatives. The result was that we travelled too much. Judge of it. We reached Dublin on Friday. We had been married on the Wednes-

day. My friend, Sheppard Welland, met us on our arrival, and escorted us to rooms he had secured for us. On Sunday I read for the Rev. Thomas Welland, at his church in Dublin. The next week we were in Enniskillen, where my eldest brother was living. On the Friday we travelled to Chester. On the Saturday we reached Tewkesbury, to pay a visit to my brother-in-law, William Peers. Thence we travelled to Dartmouth : my wife's father and mother were there on a visit to their elder son John, who was then on board the *Britannia*. From Dartmouth we went to London, and spent a night with a friend ; on Saturday we reached Maidstone. We had thus in the short eighteen days travelled 1400 miles. We were tired with the long journeys and the attendant excitements, and we were a ragged-looking couple when we reached Maidstone, and my duties began. We had paid too much attention to our relatives, and we had squandered our time in wearying travel.

The house we occupied was the Old Palace, which overhung the Medway ; it was a glorious old house, once the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, but now divided into two moderate, and more or less convenient or inconvenient dwellings. Lady Frances Riddell occupied one half, and we, with my mother, occupied the other. The work was pleasant. My vicar, the Rev. David Dale Stewart, one of the kindest and dearest of men, was all that a young curate could wish : kind, wise, sympathetic, helpful—with some amazing idiosyncrasies, but free from all littleness of soul. For two years we stayed at Maidstone. At the end of it we found it wise to move, and I

found a curacy at Clapham, where we found rooms first in the Wandsworth Road, and later in a house situated in Lambourn Road.

I wonder whether the follies of a couple of happy children will amuse those who dwell in the outside world. We were sometimes hard pressed in those days ; many little things which we wished to add to our household store we were obliged to forgo. There were now two children, a boy and a girl, to be cared for. Wages had increased in consequence, and our slender resources needed careful handling. I remember once how we stood together outside a jeweller's or silversmith's shop—to be more explicit, it was a pawnbroker's—looking longingly at a small silver butter-knife, which we coveted for our breakfast table ; we hesitated ; we turned away our eyes from the tempting vanity ; we left the arena of attraction, and only after some days of weighing and calculating and considering did we indulge ourselves in the much-wished-for and dainty addition to our small store. Is the butter-knife still to be found among our possessions ? I am sure that it was never willingly parted with. The old memory of those lean days and our courageous purchase of it gave it a charm beyond that of other more ostentatious and richer things. If such little incidents have any interest, this also may be added : I once sold a waistcoat, receiving in exchange three useful household jugs. No ! don't pity us ; it was our little home nest, our first home, occupied by ourselves alone ; it was our own home, in a sense the Palace at Maidstone had never been. There were privations ; we had to take thought how to live within our means. Sometimes a great

anxiety about the future would possess my heart, for the family was coming on apace ; but self-denials were sweet, and our love was like that of happy birds in the nest. And that dear little heart at my side, with her quiet, childlike trust, would gently chide my anxiety, and if she was away she would write me one of her simple-hearted letters.

“ I don’t think, darling, that we have any right to begin to complain yet, because we have no very bright prospects in the future. We never have been left to want, and I do not anticipate that we shall, and whatever our trials may be, we can remember that God is a loving Father and knows best, and then what a blessing it is that we love one another and are not unhappy as some people are, and the burdens won’t be half so heavy when we share them together ; will they, darling ? ”

The keynote of all letters which passed between us was a simple trust in the wise providence of God. Often the sense of the future pressed heavy on my mind. The arrows in the quiver were many ; the little nest was growing full, and I had no patron ; I had not been able to attach myself to any party in the Church ; there was no powerful body of trustees to whom I could look for preferment ; I had no acquaintance with parliamentary or political leaders. With an increasing family, and no influence, often the outlook seemed cloudy. I remember once my elder brother confiding to me that he thought he might reach the dignity of an archdeacon. For myself, I think my only ambition was to have a secure position and sufficient to provide for the dear children, who were romping in the nursery. The way in which, at last, such a position came to me I have

told among my first reminiscences. The provision came when it was needed, and the first chapter of my home life ended with a happy and established position at St. James's, Holloway.

Our interests were our home and our work. The little nest was a place of joy. The time of the singing of birds was come. In the little mother and in the children my heart found a gladness which was not satisfied to be silent. How could the sweet witchery of wifehood be left unsung?

Little eyes gleaming
What do they say?
Lovingly beaming,
What do they say?
Roguishly dancing,
Artfully glancing,
Always entrancing,
What do they say?

Little eyes sparkling,
What do they say?
Light'ning and dark'ning,
What do they say?
Timidly turning,
Wistfully yearning,
Tenderly burning,
What do they say?

Little eyes weary,
What do they say?
Tell to me, deary,
What do they say?
Foolishly fearful,
Teasingly tearful,
Charmingly cheerful,
What do they say?

Little eyes closing,
What do they say ?
Lightly reposing,
What do they say :
Softly awaking,
Happy looks taking,
Little plans making,
What do they say ?

Little eyes prayerful,
What do they say ?
Little eyes careful,
What do they say ?
Anxious for you, love,
Praying for you, love,
Trustful of you, love,
That's what they say !

In a summer tempest came our firstborn.

A mist is hanging o'er the hills,
And darkness hovers o'er the land,
While in the west a golden band
With brightening hope the landscape fills.

The stormy tempest swift sweeps by,
The rain comes streaming from the cloud,
And far re-echo thunders loud—
And one bright beam slants from on high.

Dark shadows stretch from 'neath each tree,
Stretch in the light 'mid storm and rain ;
My heart is filled with joy and pain—
In shade and shine his life will be.

The mother lies in languid joy,
The shadows change for rays of light,
The sun's grand fire will set in night,
'Mid shade and shine God guide our boy.

The mother lies so calm and weak,
She coils him closer to her side ;
Her looks are bright with mother's pride :
My heart o'erflows : I cannot speak.

But I must not burden these pages with more of these heart effusions. I set down these as they serve as tests of the atmosphere of our little home. They are measures, also, of what was lost when the staypole of my tent fell down.

The early autumn had been happily reminiscent of our early joys : the later autumn brought the shadows creeping slowly—so slowly as to be scarcely noticed—over our roof.

The Dhammapada Sutta tells us that out of love sorrow is born. The Buddhist stoic would stifle love to avoid sorrow. None who have loved will question the truth that he who loves must meet sorrow ; but whoever knows love will know that it is worth all the sorrow. It is better even to have loved, and to know that most desolating sorrow of losing the loved one, than never to have loved at all. We, in our well-filled nest, had given hostages to fortune ; and when illness came our hearts knew a multiplied anxiety.

Of this we had experience when scarlet fever visited us, and every one of our six children were attacked by it. We were soon left to fight the foe with very slender forces. One of the servants failed us ; neighbours feared to visit us. One good lady declared that I ought not to continue my duties in church. I remember that she held aloof, and liked to have the breadth of the street between us ; across it she shouted her inquiries about the children. The fever continued. The service at our disposal was scant. The

heaviest burden fell on the little mother. In my clumsy, man-like way I tried to help. I remember that I lit the fires, cleaned the grates, and laid the breakfast. I could, at any rate, be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for the sick household.

The evil increased. The doctor became anxious about our eldest child ; the fever in his case took on a malignant aspect. A second doctor was called in. The child's throat was bad ; it was growing dangerously insensitive. In vain it was cauterized : it showed no response. How well I remember the moment when this peril threatened. I can see the little figure of my wife standing in the room ; the light of the westering sun fell upon her face : agony was written there. I knew how her heart was bound up in the life of our firstborn.

Meanwhile severer measures were tried upon the little patient. The cauterizing-stick was applied to the throat : it was thrust down deep. Suddenly the child rose up in wrath, and seemed to spit out the offending intruder. "Thank God !" said the doctors. The response of wholesome painfulness had been secured. From that time forward the shadows began to recede from the home. For long we had pale-faced children in the house, dark patches under their eyes ; little fingers were with difficulty kept from picking at their faces. After a while, thanks to their grandfather's kindness, they were all carried off to Brighton ; there, with the sea facing them, and the fresh parade, and sands for walk and play, the roses came back and the days of pain and peril were past.

Here I should like to pause and indulge in a digression.

People have often speculated about men's callings, and wondered which profession or business affords the greater chance of heaven, or elsewhere. I have no doubt that every calling has its dangers ; I have still less doubt that plumbers have, of all trades, the least chance of heaven. Their trade offers them such an easy path for fraud, and here, if anywhere, the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. Their wickednesses are hidden, if not in the depths of their heart, yet in the lower places of our homes. It is a marvel to me that people have so long borne the bloodguiltiness of this business. We try the signalman who, fatigued by long hours of work, in a moment of forgetfulness, sends a train along the wrong line. If an accident is followed by a death, we hold him guilty of manslaughter. But the plumber, who in cold blood leaves out a section of drain-pipe, or instead of making a joint good fills it with paper, is liable to no penalty, though death glides into the house on the poisonous wings which he has set free. This is no imaginary picture. I saw the pretty home of the young husband and wife ; I saw it in its flowering hour, when the first babe lay in its mother's arms ; and at that supreme moment of happiness the evil work of the criminally careless, or more criminally covetous plumber, let death loose, and sent the young mother to the grave. This is not an irrelevant digression. The illness which laid my sick children low was traced to its source. The drain pipe to carry off the poisonous gas was brought through the cistern, and its summit was just above the surface of the water which was used for drinking and household purposes. I sent for the builder, who was also the owner of the house ; I told him

what we had discovered. He blandly assured me that it was quite safe. I replied that I would not pit my judgment against his, but that I would refer the question to the sanitary inspector. If the sanitary inspector approved the arrangement of drain pipe and cistern I would not ask for any change. There was no need to say more. The reply came without hesitation. An immediate change should be made. The ways of some men are wonderful, and the perils to which the unwary are exposed by the unscrupulous are many. Had the Apostle lived in modern days he would not have complained of the coppersmith, but of another trade. In our own day Mr. G. R. Sims has sung a ballad of the plumber.

“The plumber came down like a wolf on the fold,
With his pockets all bulging with silver and gold.
For twenty-three hours he courted the cook,
And twenty-four shillings he charged in his book.”

Now may the good Lord have mercy on plumbers, for they sadly need it! My digression is ended.

Twelve years have gone. Our wedding day is drawing near. I have one or two engagements in the Midlands. I have promised to preach at the parish church of Oundle, and the day following at Nottingham. These duties offer the opportunity of a little renewed honeymoon. We start on September 27. I have provided myself with a little wedding-day gift—a small work-case, suspended by two dainty leather straps. I have seen it in a shop in St. Paul’s Churchyard ; it has taken my fancy ; it is dainty and practical. I secrete it in my luggage. We travel together, my dear little wife and I. Though I am going on work, it is

to us a holiday treat. Seldom, very seldom, had we the opportunity of such a trip for a day or two together. We start, then, with a happy sense of freedom and with pleasant memories.

Our hosts at Oundle (the vicar and his wife) are most kind. I fulfil my promise; and I enjoy the work of preaching in the fine and spacious and well-filled church. We stay at the vicarage; and as the glad anniversary morning awakes I thrust my hand under the pillow, and as my dear little wife wakens I give her my love-token. The day is one of quiet gladness to us. We took the train to Peterborough, and we visited the cathedral. It was in a sense my first cathedral; for though I had visited Chester and Bangor, Dublin and London and elsewhere, Peterborough was the first cathedral which awoke in me the sense of the power of architecture as an appeal to the imagination. The view of its west front as it broke upon my sight in 1860 gave me one of those unforgettable experiences from which we can date further progress; and now, sixteen years later, it was to be a joy to both of us, and to be for ever associated in my memory with our last holiday together on that glad wedding anniversary. The day closed with our visit to Nottingham. The following day we returned home with a happy sense of a renewed love experience in our hearts.

Shall I say that the memory of that little trip brings a bitter pang?

“Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.”—*Inf.*, v. 121-3.

There is truth in Dante's thought ; but the memory of that glad little holiday together brings with the sadness a sense of peace. The last wedding day we spent together : it was a day of unbroken joy and mutual trust, a sealing of our love.

The sad and solitary days were fast drawing near, though we knew it not. Here my narrative must break for a moment, for public movements must be followed if private sorrows are to be fully understood. These were days in which public attention was directed to the home difficulties of the poor. Society began to awake to needs of the less fortunate. The food of the poor was unsatisfactory ; extravagance in cooking added to the troubles of many homes. Ignorance was the cause of needless miseries. Let the girls in the schools be taught to cook, and with knowledge economy will come. The miseries which result from the extravagant methods of ignorance will be mitigated. Thus a campaign of enlightenment was set on foot. To help this campaign example was better than precept, and accordingly my dear little wife threw herself ardently into the work, and resolved to obtain from the Kensington School of Cookery a certificate of qualification. Armed with this she would be fitted to give lessons in the school and parish.

What could we do—or what could I do, except give my sympathy to this laudable scheme ? Alas ! it was destined to prove, as it may be read, either a fatal success or a splendid failure. The certificates were won. They were hardly won. It meant that in addition to the normal household and parochial duties there was the long daily journey to South Kensington—in those days a matter of not much

less than an hour—followed by the arduous practise work, and accompanied by the need of continuous patient study.

Before me as I write there are four certificates granted by the National Training School for Cookery.

The first is a certificate for preliminary practice in cleaning, which declares that Mrs. Boyd Carpenter, having attended the course, obtained 400 marks out of a possible 400—full marks, in fact. The second—the date of this is November 18, 1875. Then follow two certificates obtained a fortnight later, one testifying that Mrs. Boyd Carpenter had obtained 874 marks out of a total of 1000 in an examination by paper, and was entitled to a certificate of knowledge; the other testifying that she had passed an examination in Artizan Cookery, intended for families spending from 7s. to 20s. in the purchase of food. In this examination she had obtained 640 marks out of a total of 800. In the examination for knowledge she was placed fourth in the First Grade. Lastly, there is the diploma of an associate. This is dated May 20, 1876. The date is the anniversary of our engagement twelve years before.

This record of examinations leading up to the diploma extends over six months—six months of journeys, unwonted studies, fatiguing kitchen work, examinations, during which the demands of home duties continued; and her poor dear heart was saddened and her life shadowed by the death of her father, to whom she was devotedly attached.

The diploma was a victory, but a victory won at a fatal cost—work, anxiety, sorrow, bodily fatigue and mental anxiety: these were her portion; and yet the enterprise

for the good of the people of the parish was successfully carried out.

The price, however, had to be paid : a sensible diminution of energy followed. Often I watched her as she sat—memory of her father evidently occupying her mind—and I saw in her face what I had never seen before. I did not understand it then ; but it was the beginning of the weakness which at length undermined her strength. These, however, were only occasional relapses into meditative silence. When we took our little renewed honeymoon trip in September she brightened up, and there seemed to be no cloud over the dear home nest.

November, however, told another story. The walk up from church tried her : her breathlessness on reaching home was painful, and elicited sympathetic words from our guests. In December she was confined to the house and to bed. The doctors hinted at heart weakness. January 9th was her birthday ; we tried to make a little festival of it in her room. I brought her a small stand for photographs, and I filled it with portraits of those she loved best. She was pleased, greatly pleased ; but the exertion of her pleasure was too much for her, and the next day showed diminished strength. We were only to have her for a week more. I did not even then, however, realize that she was to leave us—up to the last I was blind to what was coming. Only on the morning of the fatal day did I realize the danger, and then I could only cry to God.

For the rest I must rely upon the little chronicle I wrote at the time. Let those to whom such simple home chronicles have no meaning, or little interest, leave the

remaining portion of this chapter unread. Here only sympathy can understand. Indeed, I should not write further, but that there are some still alive who knew her, loved her and will understand.

Here, then, are a few passages out of the sacred chronicle of those days of sorrow.

“We said our little Psalm—the 23rd Psalm—over together. We had read it together on our wedding night. She talked lovingly of all: she wished the children to have a keepsake: she mentioned little pieces of jewelry which she wished to go to one or another. She turned to one friend and said, ‘I can never repay you for all you have done, dear.’

“I asked her if she would like to have the Holy Communion. ‘Yes,’ she said, ‘and your mother. But let me have ten minutes’ peace.’ We kept still for ten minutes, while she thought and prayed quietly. We then had our last remembrance of the dear Christ’s command together. I used her own little well-worn prayer book: it is now in my bureau drawer with other sweet, sad relics of the dear past. The poor dear child joined in the responses with hard, struggling breath. I can recall how her panting voice spoke the words of the confession. ‘The remembrance of them is grievous unto us: the burden is intolerable.’ When I had given the blessing she said, ‘Now, I will sleep.’ I left her for a while. When I returned I found that her poor little heart was heavy with the thought of sin. ‘I am not fit to go to that pure land,’ she said. I said, ‘My darling, are you not forgetting the Saviour?’ ‘Oh no! it’s

not that,' she said, 'but I have not lived the life I ought for Him.' My mother then came into the room, and to her she said, 'I am not fit to go: I have not been like you, working for Him.' My mother said, 'It is not what we have done: He is the Saviour.' Shortly afterwards, my mother repeated the hymn, 'I heard the voice of Jesus say.' When the last line—'He has made me glad'—was reached, my little one said, 'So glad, yes, He has made me glad.'

"Once she said, when I laid my hand on hers and her eye fell upon her wedding ring: 'Only twelve years! I should like to stay longer and work with you, darling. That's not wrong, is it?' I stayed with her, and after a while she said, with the peculiar loving and tender tone which she always used in speaking of him to me, 'I shall see your father,' and then, after a little while, she added, 'and my father.' 'Yes, darling,' I said, 'and our Father.' Her little hand closed on mine as she repeated, 'Yes, and our Father.'

"Two of the children, Jessie and Minnie, were brought into the room. She looked at them: her heart was full of loving wishes for them. To Jessie she said 'Take care of father.' One thing she yearned for on their behalf; so she said to Minnie, 'Be a good soldier of Jesus Christ.' The children were led away. The little invalid grew restless: she seemed to get no repose: no posture brought relief to the wearied frame. Now and again the thought of her unworthiness came back upon her: but at last, as though it were the close of a spiritual conflict, she said, 'I have left it all with Jesus.' This was, as it were, the

last message of her spirit to us : it summed up her faith and her hope.

“There was only one scene more—the last.

“I came upstairs : a friend and the nurse were in the room : soon after my mother joined us. I sat upon the bed, and took her hand in mine : it was cold, and the chill of it startled me. She saw that I was troubled about it : she drew her hand away and warmed or tried to warm it below the bedclothes, and then put it back in my hand. She was quite quiet, she nestled down upon the pillow. The door of the room opened, and the doctor stole in. Some one said to her : ‘The doctor is here, dear.’ But the doctor said, ‘Let her alone’ ; and then to her, ‘Just as you are, Mrs. Carpenter.’

“Then the nurse spoke a warning : ‘There is a change.’ The little head pressed gently further down on the pillow. The breath came with a deep, hard-drawn sound : there was a little sigh : the eyes closed. All was over. My darling had gone.

“The same moment my mother’s arms were round me ; but I drew away from them and drew myself near to the silent face and form : a sort of fierce jealousy of possession, I suppose, was mine : I was claiming her against death and against all.

“It was January 17, 1877.” So far my little chronicle.

A strange awe filled me during the next few days : I longed to be near her, yet I felt a worshipful reverence which made me shrink from going in alone. Once I remember, when a dear friend came to see me, I found myself saying,



HARRIET CHARLOTTE BOYD CARPENTER

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“ Will you go in with me ? I want to go in, but not now alone.” She went in with me : a few sacred moments we stood in the quiet room and looked down on the dear face, which seemed so childlike in its coffin. Sometimes I found courage to go in alone.

A week after the day of loss we bore her worn-out body to the grave. The night before the funeral I went into the room, and by the coffin side I read again our little psalm. I thought of the first time I had read it to her, and of the last. I knelt down and prayed for the children—the children for whose sake she had cherished life. I kissed the coffin and bade her “ Good night.” The funeral day was a bright day with a clear sky : the promise of spring in winter : a Resurrection day, as a friend said to me. I was, however, like a man in a dream. I went through all the sad ceremonial as a man who dreams an ill dream, which he secretly hopes is untrue. In the carriage my youngest daughter, Annie, sat on my knee, and I held her by the hand when we reached the grave side ; but first the church was to be visited, for there the early part of the service was held. Eight girls—former confirmation candidates of mine, who used to meet quarterly for prayer and reading under my wife’s presidency, followed the clergy who were to officiate. The introductory sentences were read as we entered the church. Then, as soon as the great congregation had settled into their places, the hymn which my mother had repeated by my wife’s bedside was sung. The simple and familiar words took on new meanings. What memories were wakened and what hopes, when the words, “ He has made me glad ” were sung !

What a rich significance rose to my mind as I heard the line, "Now I live in Him!" And what a vista of lonely days opened before my thoughts as the people sang, "Till travelling days are done!" Mr. Stewart, my old vicar—a true and constant friend—was with us that day and read the psalm. Mr. Abbott, a neighbouring clergyman, who had travelled with us in Normandy, read the lesson. Then "Rock of Ages" was sung, and we left the church, with its crowd of black-clad and kindly people, and we drove slowly to Highgate Cemetery.

At Highgate we found that throngs of people had followed us, and had gathered around the open grave. Mr. Stewart read the committal prayer. Canon Harvey of Hornsey—of whom I wrote in an earlier work—followed, and his voice rang out loud and strong, telling of the sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life. Then "Abide with me" was sung by the children, under the schoolmaster's guidance; the crowd on the higher ground caught up the familiar words, and sang of the changeless One whose presence we craved in this ever-changing scene. I gave the blessing. Then we cast into the grave our last tribute of flowers. I plucked a little twig from the old yew which overhung the spot.

We came home. A lonesome home it was.

I met a man the other day: he had lost an arm in the war. I asked him if he felt pain: "None," he said, "but I feel as though the arm and hand were still there. It is the obstinacy of habit, I suppose." A like obstinacy of habit is with the bereaved, and it brings again and again the stab of pain. We receive a kind letter: the loving

sympathy of it stirs the heart. The thought leaps up, "I will tell my dear one this: how pleased she will be"—and then slow-moving memory reminds one that the dear one is out of reach. It was so with me: the obstinacy of habit was too much for the benumbed brain. In that sad week I went almost bounding up the stairs: I turned the handle of the room door as I had done so often before with a hungry anticipation of welcome: I thrust the door open. Her coffin was there: it was a few days before they took her away. Tears would have been welcome to me then. Later I heard whispers. Kind friends repeated to me the gossip of the parish: "I was so calm"—"I was showing such Christian fortitude." Oh, poor heart of mine, poor sorrow-benumbed brain that could only monotonously go over scenes, words, phrases of the past. My calmness and my fortitude were little worth—I would fain have exchanged them for tears.

A month later, I wrote: "I begin to awake, and I find that among the many voices that have cried to me of sympathy, there is One who has stood beside me: silent but pitying, and waiting in love till the wild fit of grief and the paralysis of astonishment have passed away, to take me by the hand and to lead me into His own chamber, and teach me the meaning of this mighty sorrow."

It was no small responsibility to be left with eight children—ranging from eleven to three years of age; but this was my lot. In January 1877 my eldest boy, Henry, was eleven, and my youngest child, Archie, was still under four. Between these two there were six others, two boys and four girls. I had an octave of children.

When a great and devastating sorrow has fallen, one of the hardest matters to deal with is the contradiction between sentiment and duty. Sentiment seeks seclusion : it asks the indulgence of grief. "Let me alone," it cries to the irrepressible and exacting tasks of life ; "let me alone that I may bewail myself a little." But duty points with inexorable finger to the recurring obligations of life ; and duty says, "You cannot afford the luxuries of sorrow. The very tasks of life are hard but wholesome messengers of self-control. Such messengers came to me in plenty. The parish work had to go on : the sermons had to be prepared : there were still children in the schools, and needy and sick people in the houses. Duty called, and sentiment must take a back seat. And yet, if I recollect aright, it was not the severe face of parochial duty which exerted the greatest power over my mind and conduct at that time. There were other influences which came more subtly and more frequently upon me. There were the wistful faces of the eight children ! These spoke more often and more feelingly than outside tasks, and made an appeal to me against all indulgence of sentiment.

After walking about the parish and fulfilling its task, I would thread my way from the crowded Holloway Road, past the few vacant fields, and climb the short and desolate ascent which led to Highbury Hill : I would enter my own front door : it was the evening hour when the children were neither tied by task nor yet committed to the long process of getting to bed. Was it not my duty to meet their unspoken wishes ? Must my sorrow fall like a cloud upon their sky ? It was natural for these

young things to be gay. High spirits, exuberant animal life, the restlessness of young activities, these belonged to them. Avaunt, dark thoughts ! yes, even legitimate griefs. Cast no shadows over young hearts. Let laughter come and movement ! Invent some game, some pageant : let us play and think that we forget.

So I steeled my heart against myself, and resolved that young life should claim its own. I knew that in the long run those dear children would understand the conflict of love, and perhaps understand that the heart does not love the less because it can place the duty of the present before the sorrows of the past, and the care of the living higher than regret for the dead.

Yet how hard it was to bury one's grief, and to simulate a joyousness of abandon in children's games, and make the glad nursery rioting appear a genuine and unclouded time. Some of the difficulty of this hard task found expression in these lines. That child-joy was hard to bear, and harder still it was to pretend to share it, and so when the little rioters had gone to bed, and their merry voices had been hushed in slumber, this is what my heart said—

O, merry little voices !
Ye children of the dead ;
Your very laughter makes me sad,
Since cold her hand who led
Your doubtful feet each day along
The threshold paths of life ;
And silent are the lips of her—
Your mother and my wife.

O, merry little voices !
Your laughter makes me sad,
For I am lone and cannot give
The lessons that you had ;—

The lessons that her loving lips
Each Sabbath day have taught you ;
The thousand comforts and the joys
Her loving hands have brought you.

O, merry little voices !
I scarce have heart to play,
Or join in romp and merriment
In the twilight of the day ;
For I think of her who came and sat,
Plying needle, as I read,
Or looking on with gladness at
The mirth hour ere your bed.

O, my merry little children !
You have kissed her your good night,
And she sleeps beneath the yew-tree,
And she waits the morning light.
We shall play from room to room,
But her eyes will look no more
On our gambols and our frolic,
With the smile of heretofore.

O, merry little children !
A moment hush your play,
And let us think a little now
Of *her* who is away.
Be silent, lest we rouse her, dears,
She is but gone to rest,
Till the angels shall awake her
In the morning of the blest.

O, happy little children !
If there we see her face,
Familiar as in olden days,
But glorified by grace ;
Her eyes radiant with the light
Which cometh from our Christ,
And looking on us with the love
Of one whom God hath kissed.

The children's hour ! It always came with its demand upon thought, or inventive energy. It was specially urgent in its demands when the holidays came, and days were long and the opportunities of excursion or amusement were limited ; but in providing amusement in the children's hour, I often had the vigorous and ungrudging help of my brother—the children's "Uncle Archie." Then we could devise a night's entertainment or a day's excursion with the certainty of much out-of-door fun or indoor merriment. Sometimes, at the seaside, we would take excursions over the downs, and give a "fearful joy" to the children by setting a group of them upon a rug and dragging them down some smooth slope to the level ground beneath—the experiment was full of thrilling emotion to the children, and ultimate permanent damage to the rug ; but it saved the summer afternoon from monotony, provoked wholesome laughter, and prepared the way for healthful sleep. When the days shortened and the nights demanded some amusement, again my brother's whole-hearted love of children and their games came to my aid. We then devised little farces, or commonplace domestic dramas, in which sometimes my brother and I were the only actors. We played the fool, and at times played it exceedingly well. What matter did it make, if we could bring happy laughter to the little ones ?

Once, I recollect, our little farce turned on the delinquencies of an erratic husband, who stayed out late—much later than his solemn-visaged wife approved. In order to emphasize the lateness of the hour, we sought something large and impressive to serve as the face of an accusing

clock ; we found it in a great bedroom bath, whose white inner surface became the dial of the clock. Huge figures were marked out upon it, and the remorseless hands indicated that the midnight hour had passed. The scene when the belated man returned was the closing scene of the domestic drama, and a glorious scene of recrimination and riot and wanton destruction it was. Of course, we had other and more serious little plays, but this remains in my memory because of the unforgettable, monstrous, and menacing clock face, which played such a leading part till it fell with loud crash and prolonged vibrant murmurs in the scene of final ruin.

Later, when the children were old enough to take part in these evening amusements, we prepared more ambitious entertainments. I remember one little piece which was played with considerable spirit. It was, I suppose, a melodrama ; it had a couple of lovers divided by hard circumstances, and swearing, of course, eternal fidelity. It included an unscrupulous old worldling and an emancipated woman, each of whom was supplied with an appropriate song. I give these, as they serve to mark the state of public feeling, as we understood it, in 1879—

GREGORY GATHERTIN'S SONG

I'm a limb of the law, and my name is Gathertin,
And I was christened Gregory ;
And I'm here to assever and prove and maintain,
That there's nothing in the world like a lawyer's fee.

Some talk of their drafts and cheques and bills,
The large returns of the £ s. d. ;
But command me to briefs and settlements and wills,
For there's nothing in the world like a lawyer's fee.

Some seek pleasure at the cannon's mouth,
And the glorious reputation of a K.C.B. ;
But I'd be shot if I'd been at Waterloo,
And I very much prefer a lawyer's fee.

I'm a limb of the law, and now I seek
Your hand, which can bring felicity.
And I will love my dear Paraffin,
With the love I bear to a lawyer's fee.

THE WOOING OF ROSINA.

My name Rosina Rawbones is,
I am a spinster free ;
I'd like to see the living man
Who dared to marry me.
I know their silly, ogreish ways,
The stupid, awkward gawks ;
That laugh and smoke and jest and joke,
And blunder in their talks.

Oh, dear ! the men that I have met,
Such awful gabies are ;
I would not be the slave of one—
My freedom's better far.
For I go in for woman's rights,
High art, and the intense ;
For Local Boards and Parliaments,
To teach men common sense.

The first who came to sue for me
Was Captain Bunny Besom ;
He looked at me distractedly,
And said my love would ease him.
I asked him could he prove to me
The way the circle's squared ?

FURTHER PAGES OF MY LIFE

He put his eyeglass in his eye,
And rudely at me stared.

Oh, dear ! the men that I have met,
Such awful gabies are, etc.

Then came to seek my hand in love,
An eminent M.P. ;
He said that he'd resign his seat
If he could marry me.
I asked him if he would support
A bill to let us vote ?
He only stammered awkwardly,
And gurgled in his throat.

Oh, dear ! the men that I have met,
Such awful gabies are, etc.

VILLA LUCAS OR PRANGINS

THERE are two classes of kindly disposed people in the world: there are those whose kindness of feeling leads them to think of you and your needs and what will most help; there are others whose desire to be kindly leads them to wish to feel enjoyment with you. There is a certain joy of companionship in the hearts of these latter, but it is tinged with a measure of egotism: they wish to provide an enjoyment in which they will participate. Their feeling is very different from that which fills the heart of the man who sets himself aside, and has no thought of any self-gratification, but whose only wish is to devise something which will really benefit his friend.

In the course of my life I have met with much kindness, but I have met with the kindness of the profit-sharing character more frequently than the wholly unselfish kindness. People like to be kind in the way that gratifies themselves; they are less prone to the kindness which thinks and acts in a self-detached way.

I had not been long at Lancaster Gate when I met with a kindness of this rare and happy kind. There lived at one of the houses which stood at what I may call the gateway to the square in which the church stood, a man of remarkable ability and unspoilt kindness of nature. He had a large,

round, rubicund face—the rosy hue of health shone in it ; he had a laughing eye, and the rare faculty of laughing at himself ; he was rich, generous and thoughtful. His readiness to help was never of the guinea-and-go-away sort. If he was asked to help, he gave his mind as well as his money to the matter.

When I had been at Lancaster Gate a few months, and the summer holiday was drawing near, this good parishioner of mine made the friendly inquiry : “How or where are you going to spend your holiday ?” I said that I had no plans. He said : “Go to my villa on the Lake of Geneva ; tell me how many you will be, and I will arrange.” It was a delightful prospect, but the reality surpassed my anticipations. The proposal was so kind, and the way in which it was made was so kind, that I accepted. I made up a little party ; it consisted of my mother and my mother-in-law, Mrs. Peers, my brother-in-law, Rev. W. H. Peers, and another friend, a lady whom I might call Matilda, for she scattered flowers in my life and subsequently became my wife.

We left London and reached Paris ; there the two seniors of the party were disposed to rest, and my brother-in-law Peers had plans of his own. I took Matilda round the chief show places of Paris, and a long and tiring day we had ; but we were young and vigorous, and we thought little of rest in those days, and, if my memory serves me, we contented ourselves with one night in Paris, and the next night we journeyed on to Geneva. There we changed, and an hour’s railway journey brought us to Nyon. We were all eager to see what sort of a house was to be ours for

the six or seven weeks of our holiday. After a drive of some half-hour or more, we turned from the highroad into the grounds of the villa. A long drive past meadows and under pleasant trees ended in a villa most curious to behold. The side it turned towards the park was a series of curves ; the house was brilliantly white in colour. We entered, and found ourselves in palatial quarters. I wonder whether I can give any adequate picture of this fascinating villa. The chief rooms looked out upon the lake. The centre of these rooms was the drawing-room, a large, oval-shaped room, tapestried in royal red. Beyond it, to the west, was the library ; adjoining the library was the Prince's room, so called, for the villa belonged, at one time, to Prince Jerome Buonaparte. From the broad terrace on the south we looked over the lake, and like a silver shield the summit of Mont Blanc showed gloriously white among the iron-grey mountains in the distance. The house was in every way a joy—ample rooms, comfortably, even luxuriously furnished ; a billiard-room, in which my brother-in-law and Matilda and I found solace in the evening. To the west, a tiny little harbour, with boats for excursions on the lake. To row into Nyon became part of our programme.

In the boathouse I found a vessel of curious shape : two long wooden shoes, like small canoes, were fastened together by upright sticks, crowned by a saddle ; a paddle lay near at hand. It was a vessel which I was told was called a Polinsky. You sat on the saddle with your feet in the canoe-like shoes, and from the height of the saddle you plied the paddle and took your way over the water. The movement was pleasant, and the sense of power which was

given you by height, made progress easy ; the balancing was not difficult in smooth water. It was a novel experience to impel oneself over the water like a rider on his steed.

We were well cared for. Servants appeared when required, and disappeared in mysterious fashion. None of them lived in the villa : an underground passage connected with a *dépendance* enabled them to retire to their own separate quarters.

By day and by night, in sitting-room and bedrooms, we were reminded of the Napoleonic glory which had passed away ; for the imperial monogram was on the glass and china. The catastrophe of 1870-71 had wrought havoc ; and the villa, just as it was, with furniture and household goods, had passed into strange hands. My good friend at Lancaster Gate had shared in the purchase of the villa, and thus, ten or eleven years after the fall of the French Emperor, our quaint party were enjoying the rest and refreshment of this choice Swiss home of a Buonaparte.

I was fairly tired by my London work, and I was content to read, and ramble, and row upon the lake, and explore the neighbourhood.

We made the acquaintance of a bright-faced, intelligent and thoughtful Swiss pastor : he had charge of the neighbouring village : I heard him preach to his blue-bloused village folk : his sermon showed a competent knowledge of modern thought and problems ; he spoke with clearness and appropriateness, neither obscurantist in ignoring difficulties nor pedantic in parading them before his village hearers :

he was spiritual and constructive in his teaching. He was good enough to call upon me : his great ambition was to show us his former parish among the hills near to the Dent du Midi.

In an hour of amiable weakness we agreed to accompany him. We travelled by train to Montreux, where he met us : like a young antelope, he bounded up the steep path before. As he sprang upwards with easy and rapid strides, he assured us with a most ingratiating tone of voice that we would walk "*doucement*" at first, and afterwards increase the pace. The "*doucement*" was quite enough for us as he climbed gaily towards "*Les Avants*." We reached the hotel in time for dinner, and there we spent the night ; but the restless spirit of the Swiss vicar grudged the loss of the early morning hours : he had us up betimes, and we entered the coffee-room at an hour unprecedently early for the waiters : there was no sign of breakfast, but our energetic guide made short work of all difficulties. Anything would do : bread and coffee would be sufficient. We were not consulted : so bread and coffee it was, and before we had achieved much, we were hurried to the road, and began the further climb to the summit of the mountain. We left *Les Avants* soon after eight : we toiled upward with desperate haste : our joyous-hearted and athletic guide gave us, inadvertently, occasional intervals of rest, when he visited some shepherd's hut and held animated conversation with his quondam parishioners. He fared better than we, for his friends gladly brought forth for him such refreshments as they had : buttermilk seemed to be the most usual or the favourite offering. We reached

the highest point of our toilful journey about twelve or one, and we then commenced the descent to the Rossinière valley. Shall I ever forget the staggering incompetence of my footsteps down the stony and steep path ? I felt like Jonathan, faint for lack of food. I was hardly master of myself : had we encountered some really dangerous obstacle or some damp and slippery piece of ground, I think my descent might have been involuntarily rapid. As it was, I practised the stagger victorious, and landed safely at the door of a picturesque inn, where we hoped to find rest and refreshment ; but, alas ! “ man never is but only to be blessed.” Judge of our dismay ! No food was to be had till it could be fetched from Château d’Oex—three miles further up the valley. My brother-in-law and I were quite exhausted ; we made some excuse and retired to our rooms, and lay down on the beds, faint, but expectant—hardening ourselves to wait with patience till food should come. The rest of that day is silence : we were fit for little ; we stayed at the little inn, and we longed for sleep ; but sleep was coy and external circumstances were inimical : we had chosen an unfortunate day for our visit. The annual sale of the mountains was to take place, and the little village was crowded by shepherds and others who wished to bid for the right of pasture. They seemed too eager to sleep : at any rate they crowded under the windows the whole night through, and sleep, difficult to woo by over-tired men, fled away before the clamour of tongues. Our cheerful and athletic guide, the Swiss pastor, vanished. No doubt he was swallowed up by his former parishioners : we saw him no more. The next day we hired a vehicle and drove

through La Gruyère and reached some point on the railway, and returned to the Villa Lucas or Prangins. We had seen wonderful ranges of mountains : we had crossed over spacious slopes of rich grass land, and we had reached a cool and secluded valley, in which were crowded throngs of countrymen keenly interested in rural industries. The memory holds a blurred panorama of dazzling snow, cloud-capped heights, glowing or shaded green, but all is seen under a faint mist, for we beheld all with tired eyes, and my recollection of the scenery is dreamlike and splendid. I think we were both glad to be once more under a friendly roof by the shores of the quiet lake.

That quiet lake, however, could grow stormy at times. One experience we had, which for the moment filled me with doubt, for a catastrophe was not impossible. We had rowed into Nyon, and on our way home we put the lady of the party in charge of the rudder while we pulled back. A sudden squall came down upon the lake, and when we were rounding the last point on our homeward way we met the full force of it. Just then our steerswoman cried that the task was too much for her, and asked one of us to take the rudder ; but to change places at such a moment was too perilous, and I said, "You must hold on." She did hold on gallantly, and we passed into quieter waters, and at last into the peace and protection of the little harbour.

Another experience we had. Matilda and I once took the boat and rowed over to the other side of the lake. After a little ramble there we re-embarked and began our return journey. When we were half-way across I became

aware of a difference in the power of our oars ; my wife's oar seemed suddenly to gain such an overmastering strength that the boat no longer kept a straight course. At first I thought she was trying to outpull me, but no extra effort of mine seemed to make any difference. At last the truth dawned upon us : we were in the swift Rhone current, and we had to allow for its force, and shape our course accordingly. It threatened to sweep us far to the westward, but by patient observation, and by discreetly applied force, we before long escaped the limit of the river current, and continued on our way quietly homeward.

After six weeks of happy sojourn we turned our faces homeward. On our way we visited Strasburg, and spent a few hours at Metz. The pedantic officialism of German railway authorities forced itself upon our notice. It was a bitterly cold night, and my mother, who was no longer young, felt the cold greatly. When we reached one station the officials flung open the carriage door, and the keen wind streamed in upon us. I closed the door, whereupon an angry and arrogant official threw it open again, murmuring some threatening words. I closed it again, for it was not only a matter of discomfort for us all, but it was one of danger for my mother. Again the martinet mind of officialism worked against the comfort and safety of passengers, and so the little duel between us continued till we steamed out of the station.

At Strasburg we went on the Sunday to the church which is honoured by the monument to John Taufer. We found ourselves in a church then used as a kind of garrison church. My wife and I were the only non-military people in the

church, which was filled with soldiers. I think I was able to understand their pride when I saw that great company gathered there in German uniforms in front of the monument which commemorated the exploits of Marshal Saxe. As I listened to the sound of men's voices, singing in slow and stately style some favourite chorale, there rushed upon me the feeling that their religion was one of race-faith. This company was praising a God who was a God of Germany: they were the subjects of a religion which was in essence Israelitish. It was not the voice of personal religion, of contrition and trust: it was faith in the God of their race and of their armies: it was solemn and impressive. The crucifix was upon the altar, but the highest Christian note was lacking in the service. Then I perceived the racial quality in German religious thought which has become more plain to us all since the war began. The faith in a divine favouritism has been the ruin of many lands; and the world is slow to read the double motto of Christ's religion: "In Christ Jesus there is neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free"; and this other: "In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him"—two passages which find their parallel in another pair of sayings: "The Lord knoweth them that are His," and, "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." When will the world realize that righteousness is the highest and truest orthodoxy, and that it, and not race, counts in the counsels of God?

CLERICAL PECCADILLOES

SOME friends complained that in my former book I have said so little about my life as bishop. I do not know what my brothers in the episcopate may feel, but for myself I should say that there is little to chronicle in the routine life of a bishop. It is only now and then that some affair yields some special or dramatic experience. Normally speaking, when the machine is working well there is little which affords motives or incidents demanding any record. Certainly it may be laid down as an axiom that when things are going well there is little to chronicle. Like the body, the diocese is unaware of its organs except when there is local disturbance. Then, of course, there is trouble, and then the head knows that there is trouble. The bishop, too, is like the coxswain of a college boat. If the race is successful it is the oarsmen who have won it. If the race is lost it has been lost through bad steering. If there is trouble in a parish, the question is, "Why doesn't the bishop do something?" and as soon as he does anything the question is, "Why does the bishop interfere?"

Nevertheless the parishioners of any parish are generally very kind : they welcome the bishop when he visits the parish to open the church after restoration, to open the new schools, to dedicate the new window, or the new organ, or the new font. Then the flag floats from the church tower ;

the village band is out : the choristers robe themselves in surplices fairly free from ironmould : the bells are heard, their sweet clamour wakes the countryside : the boy scouts form a guard of honour : the service is to be "quite short," which means that the exhortation is to be abbreviated, but the hymns are to be multiplied, and the anthem elongated to the utmost capacity of the choir. It is all very hearty and earnest, and pleasing and kindly and exhausting. The time spent in reaching the church : the service followed by a luncheon—I beg pardon, a cold collation : the speeches, the introductions : the various few words to be spoken—to our good ladies' committee who arranged the refreshments : to the Church Lads' Brigade : to the children in the schools : these things mean a fatiguing though a happy day. The quiet of the railway carriage as you travel home is like peace after storm. You fling your poor body down : you think you will find refreshment in a book, but your jaded mind is irresponsible to the words on its inviting pages : the brain, denuded of nourishing blood, refuses to work. You endure the hour of the homeward journey, and you know that you have gone beyond the limit when work is naturally followed by recuperative sleep. You hope for some interval of repose, but your engagement-book inexorably tells you that to-morrow is as to-day, and even much more abundant.

There is joy in work, notwithstanding its fatigues. The memory of the bright and hospitable faces ; the insight into this little leafy corner of honest and simple work ; the realization of its happy order and brotherly co-operation ; these things bring a glad content into the heart, and abundantly compensate for any fatigue.

The limits of time and space make things difficult. Sometimes similar functions are arranged for the same day in parishes a goodly distance apart from one another. I remember having to institute and induct two vicars on the same day ; one function was in Leeds, the other some twenty miles distant by rail. I had fixed the times and the trains ; but the good people, with the new vicar, at the first function had some musical ambitions ; the arrangements were so elaborate that there was considerable preliminary delay ; processional hymns of inordinate length, an anthem of ambitious character, prolonged the service. At last, during the singing of a hymn, I went across to the vicar and said, “ I must be at the Leeds Station in ten minutes.” This I said to warn him that I, at least, must leave to fulfil my next engagement. Having given the warning, I went to the pulpit to preach my sermon. I caught my train and fulfilled the more distant engagement. But such experiences are a little trying to the nerves. The use of a motor considerably reduced the strain of these nervous experiences.

But the real trials of a bishop’s life come from the unreasonable and wicked men from whom even an apostle desired to be delivered. I think that a vicar who habitually drinks may be classed among the wicked. How far his parishioners may be classed among the unreasonable, let the following plain, unvarnished tale declare.

In telling the tale I give fictitious names of parson and parish. Certainly the experiences of a bishop’s life are various. Some, I believe, who read my former book, thought that I had done scant justice to these episcopal

experiences. I feel tempted to expostulate, and to say, "Friend, if you do not know, can you not realize, that to write explicitly of a bishop's experiences is to run the risk of wounding some worthy soul ? The ordinary record of a bishop's doings is not very interesting. Would it amuse or edify you very much to have a chronicle of miles travelled, of confirmations held, of villages visited, of knotty questions disentangled ?" No, dear reader, you wish something more piquant than these things. Precisely so, yet the piquant things are the painful things, which, being told, may bring hurt to some sensitive spirit.

I can only touch on such things in a general way ; or shall I say that it may be profitable to generalize my experience in some imaginary incident, which can be justified by memories which must not be allowed to become explicit ?

I wonder what is the most demoralizing habit among the many habits which demoralize men. Some will say drink, others debauchery. I am inclined to say debt. I have had to deal with all. Drink demoralizes, but it is a strange thing that when a parson drinks a large number of his parishioners combine to protect him. They feel that the weakness is very human ; it does not make a man hard ; on the contrary, when he has indulged he is companionable, amusing, and magnanimously lenient to offenders. "He drinks, but he is a good sort," is the thought of many who know him to be generous and kindly, none too proud to crack a joke or share a glass. These judgments are very partial : they lose sight of the degradation arising from a low animalism ; they forget the inconsistency between life and profession ; and they breed a kind of inverted chivalry, which

feels bound to protect the offender from his bishop. Thus it may come to pass that a clergyman may be a notoriously intemperate man, and for years he may entrench himself behind the defences which the good-natured of his people raise on his behalf. Here is a case which I give in veiled form.

The vicar was a short, stout man, with rubicund, but not dissolutely rubicund, face ; he wore the decent black of his cloth. Whatever air he assumed towards his parishioners, he had a furtive air in his bishop's presence. He was not one of the bland and insinuating men who are sure to edge themselves to the front at a diocesan gathering, and to assume an air of deferential familiarity with the bishop. On the contrary, the stout little vicar hides away among the outskirts of the throng, and shows a propensity for avoiding the episcopal glance. He drinks ; he knows that he drinks ; he knows that his people know that he drinks ; he has a suspicion that the bishop may know it too. He keeps in the background. Can we call it modesty that keeps him there ? Hardly, but yet—and here is where the pathos of it comes in—it is humility of a sort. It is the self-conscious humility which feels that he is a stained creature called to mingle among his brethren who are not smirched as he is. Poor soul, he cannot pity himself, but he can be painfully conscious of self. You, who know what is wrong, begin to wonder what will be the end of such a man's career.

I will tell you. He will go on for a time, the victim of a growing habit, till at length his conduct causes a shock to the public conscience ; then the parishioners will feel aggrieved. They will resent his action as though he had betrayed a

trust for which they, as well as he, were responsible. What has he done? Well, perhaps he has been so much the victim of his habit that he cannot walk straight up the aisle as he goes to read the prayers. Perhaps he will be so fuddled and muddled in brain that he picks from his store of MS. sermons an inappropriate discourse; or perhaps, his brain being sodden, he forgets what sermon he preached in the morning, and, with evidently confused mind and markedly inarticulate delivery, treats his people to the same discourse in the evening.

The more conscientious parishioners are aroused; but I must go on with my story. The clergyman, whom I have described, was vicar of Umpleton Lackwater.

The village of Umpleton Lackwater was situated near to a great coal area, where several mining villages are to be found. The vicar, the Rev. David Drinkwater, was, as I said, a stout, short man; he had a round face and scant sandy hair; he had manners which were popular in the place: he did not stand strongly on ceremony. His ministrations, if not apostolic, were decently sufficient; for a time no criticisms or complaints were heard, but it seems probable from what followed that his intemperate habits were well known, and either unmurmuringly taken for granted, or condoned with an amused generosity. But it fell on a day—an Easter Sunday, to wit—that he overstepped the limits of official parochial patience; and there my knowledge of the matter began. A deputation, consisting of the churchwardens and three or four other parishioners, waited upon me with a formal complaint.

“Ower parson was that drunk, he were, on Sunday—

Easter Sunday that was—that he couldn't walk straight up the aisle. Yes, and he preached the same sermon in the evening to what he had preached in t' morning—not that he knew what he was doing ; he were that drunk, he were."

So the solemn complaint was officially lodged ; the six sturdy parishioners supporting the charge with due emphasis.

I told them that, as the charge was so explicit and serious, I would forthwith appoint a commission of inquiry. This I did, selecting some six responsible men—three of them being clergymen and three laymen. But before the commissioners could meet I received a letter from the official complainants, the gist of which was as follows : they had seen the accused vicar, and he had promised to amend his ways, and therefore they desired that the matter should be dropped.

My reply was the only one possible. I told them that the case was too serious to be treated in the way they proposed ; that as they had made explicit charges, it was needful that they should be investigated. The matter, having been brought forward seriously and formally, could not be ignored ; the inquiry must go forward. The commissioners, accordingly, visited the village to hold the inquiry ; but what was their reception ? They were received with black looks ; stones were flung at them ; it was impossible to hold the inquiry, for no witnesses were forthcoming.

So far, in an attempt to do justice, we had met with failure. But—and here is the astonishing witness to the instability of some human minds—within six weeks the

same half-dozen solemn-faced parishioners were again at my door, to complain of the drunken habits of their vicar. This time, I am afraid that I did not receive them with much sympathy. I told them that they were not the sort of men I could help ; that it was useless to come whimpering and complaining to me, when they had neither the courage to support their own cause, nor loyalty to support me in doing my duty. So I gave them a lecture, and told them they could go home, and that they need not complain to me till they knew their own minds and were prepared to do their duty.

I was in despair ; here was a parish put out of effective work by the ill conduct of the vicar, and the fatal and weak good nature of the people. Happily, however, the law had put a new weapon into my hands : the Clergy Discipline Act had been passed.

Things were in this unsatisfactory condition, and continued so till an opportunity came which the new Act enabled me to use ; so when it came I seized it with alacrity. One morning I read in the *Yorkshire Post* that there had been a disgraceful scene in the parish of Umpleton Lackwater. A little child had died, and the sorrowing parents followed their little one to the grave ; but the vicar was so helplessly intoxicated that he could not even read the service correctly ; he outraged the feelings of the mourners by praying for a joyful corruption instead of a joyful resurrection ; he shocked public sentiment by his helpless condition and his total disregard of the decencies of life and the solemnity of the occasion. I at once sent a trusty official to the parish ; he gathered evidence, which in

the shocked condition of village feeling was easy enough then. Once possessed of the evidence, I cited the vicar to appear before a properly constituted court. He failed to appear ; he had no defence. The case went against him, and I deprived him of his benefice.

But the affair was not ended. The law required that, after an interval of three weeks, a second court should be held, at which the bishop could, if no difficulties or objections had arisen in the interval, declare that the benefice was vacant. This second court was, of course, an open court, and public notice was given that it would be held on a certain day. It was held at Leeds, and to Leeds I went for the closing scene of this little drama. Judge of human nature, measure once more the unexpected windings of that inexplicable mechanism, the mind of the average man. At the court, the six stalwart, imperturbable, self-contradictory official parishioners appeared. Calm, undismayed and unashamed, they commenced as soon as the court was open to lay before me their petition that I would not deprive them of their vicar. One man more unctuous, and perhaps less intelligent, than the rest, came armed with his Bible. With a pleading and pathetic voice, he said : “I read in the Bible, ‘Let it alone this year also.’ Give him a chance to change—‘Let it alone this year also ! ’ ”

I said : “ You are too late. I cut it down three weeks ago.”

The plea was monstrous ; the case was a scandalous one ; for six years the misconduct of this vicar had been like an open sore in the neighbourhood ; for six years every attempt to deal with the matter had been baffled and

evaded ; the vacillating conduct of the responsible guardians of the church had been an obstacle to justice ; it was imperative that the standard of clerical life should be vindicated. The world suffers much from the wicked, but it suffers ten times more from the weak. Life would be purer, better, more wholesome and more happy, if virtue and right were not perpetually handicapped by weak and gushing sentimentalism. The weakness of these stout Yorkshiremen was the same as the weakness of indiscriminating alms-givers. The sentimentalists insists on turning on the tap, but he deprecates stopping the leak.

I felt no inclination to pay heed to the pleadings of men so weakly inconsistent, so hopelessly illogical as these parishioners of Umpleton, and I declared the benefice vacant. The result was that an active and conscientious vicar took the place of a self-indulgent slacker ; work in the parish became active, and the reproach of the past was done away.

The story is one which can be repeated by the experience of other bishops. It deals with an offence which of all others is most difficult to deal with. Intemperance as an offence is illusive : it can excuse itself by a hundred subterfuges. The offender is a victim of wicked misrepresentation ; he did not stagger as a drunken man staggers ; he stumbled, it is true, but it was due to a passing giddiness which resulted from a weak digestion ; or he was the victim of a foolish indiscretion—a glass of wine, taken for good nature's sake, but unwarily taken on an empty stomach ; such a man as he was never even on the borders of intoxication before ; his wife can testify to

his abstemious habits. An experienced chancellor said to me that he never would convict a clergyman of intemperance, because he knew how many mistaken and false accusations had been made on the subject. This is one view of the matter ; another view is that there is probably in every diocese a small percentage of such cases, and that every one of such cases means paralysed activity in the parish, and throughout the neighbourhood a general decline in the spiritual influence of the clergy. These cases, and the scandals of a more flagrant character, are fatal to the success of Church work. Happily, these gross scandals are rare. I can only recall three or four cases which came under my own knowledge, and only one of them was of an aggravated character.

Of less gross offences, perhaps the most troublesome is the offence of the self-willed parson. This is the class of man who is a born egotist, who has not the slightest apprehension of his duty to win men by the spirit of gentleness and love. He never asks what will profit his people, but only what will please himself ; he has a perverse way of believing that any change which will give pleasure to himself must prove profitable and, indeed, pleasant to his people. He reminds me of the man who liked pepper in his soup, and who accordingly proceeded to pepper the contents of the soup tureen on the plea that he supposed everybody liked pepper with their soup.

One such parson I remember ; he was a strange mixture ; he had a certain rough courage : he had shown conspicuous pluck in attempting to rescue life. He became vicar of a populous parish in a northern town. Soon

we had trouble. The parish was poor ; its scant resources placed a heavy burden on the churchwardens, who were responsible for church expenses. Cleaning, lighting, heating, repairs, payment of organist and vergers, made up items of considerable annual expenditure.

But the vicar had large ideas ; his imaginative ambition was unchastened by the base consideration of ways and means. An organ in a London church was for sale ; it was an organ that had some historic associations : the famous Father Smith, it was whispered, had had some share in its making. The vicar's soul took fire—Why should not the church of St. Boanerges own such an organ ? That it already possessed an organ was an irrelevant detail—that there was no money to pay for it was a matter of no consequence. So the adventurous vicar bought the organ ; the organ was brought down from London ; it was erected in the church, which now could boast of two organs. Then came the bill : how was the bill to be paid ! An organ was clearly an item of church expenses : the churchwardens must pay. The churchwardens declined : they had not ordered the organ. The vicar had acted on his own responsibility : the vicar must find the money. Could he ? Then came to the vicar a happy thought. Reckless men are often fertile in expedients : hence the vicar's happy thought ! There were schools in the parish ; the schools had school buildings ; buildings in a large town constitute a valuable asset. The vicar was chairman of the school committee ; the few hundred pounds required for the organ could easily be raised by mortgaging the school premises ! With a happy confidence the vicar brought the matter before

the school committee : to his surprise and disgust the committee did not agree to such a proposal. Inquiries were addressed to the bishop. The reply was inevitable : the schools and school buildings were a separate trust : such property could not be mortgaged on behalf of expenditure in church. The vicar was baffled, but when he was at his wits' end deliverance came ; a rich man bought the organ and claimed it as his own, but allowed it meanwhile to remain in the church.

But the vicar's propensities soon led him into further trouble. When he was in London he saw a picture ; it would look nice in the church : it was bought and sent down. Another time, he saw some handsome banners ! How gloriously they would adorn the chancel. Bills came in to the churchwardens ; expenses grew ; receipts did not ; the bank account was overdrawn ; the bankers called attention to the state of the church account. There was friction, followed by dispute. The bishop was appealed to. A meeting was held at the bank to look into affairs. The vicar and churchwardens met the bishop in the bank parlour—one of the bank's officials being present. After some altercation, an arrangement was made. The churchwardens were to have charge of the ordinary offertory—indeed, of all offertories except those which were announced beforehand for a specific object. The churchwardens were satisfied : they left the bank contented and even hopeful.

But these hopes were destined to disappointment. They had forgotten the artifices of the extravagant. The funds which they relied upon were soon and frequently bespoken ; for the vicar would give notice that the offertory

next Sunday would be for the new banners—for a picture—for an altar cloth. Thus once again the wardens were reduced to despair and found themselves face to face with bankruptcy !

Meanwhile the vicar, light-hearted, optimistic, not much troubled with conscience, thought to increase the resources of the church by booming it as the abode of "advanced" services. Any innovation in ceremonial, any novelty in vestment, any daring experiment in service or song which occurred to his active mind was attempted. Try ritualism was, for this epoch, his motto ! Moved by this spirit of new enterprise, he dreamed dreams of notoriety as a champion of advanced catholicity. He took a journey : he visited a peer who was well known for Catholic proclivities—in his presence the vicar tried to pose as an ardent follower of the Ritual movement. The sham earnestness did not deceive the nobleman. The lion's skin did not sufficiently hide the animal beneath ; the vicar returned disappointed. He had made a bid for support and sympathy : he hoped for notoriety. It was after this vain attempt that I had an amusing interview with this chameleon-like vicar.

I met him by appointment at the Queen's Hotel, Leeds. He began to explain some of his eccentricities in the conduct of divine worship. He pleaded that he had been exposed to great pressure on the part of others.

" You don't know how severely I have been pressed to do these things."

" Yes," I said, " no doubt ; but you were not pressed to go and see Lord ——. You sought him ; he did not seek you."

His face fell : he saw that he could no longer shelter himself under the plea of pressure.

I looked at him, and I said : "I should have some sympathy with you and respect for you, if you were a born ritualist ; but you have no constitutional fitness for such a rôle. God meant you to be a muscular Christian."

He was silent and said : "Why do you say that ?"

"Why do I say that ?" I replied. "Go over there and look at your face in the glass and you will see what I mean. Is that brow, that structure of face, the face of a man naturally given to the love of ceremonial and the reverence for tradition and authority ? You know what I say is true. You have no genuine disposition towards this way of presenting the Christian faith to your fellow-men. If you were following a natural bent it would be different : you are affecting a pose not your own : you are not honest with yourself in this matter."

He looked at me, and then he said : "I never supposed that you thought about your clergy like that."

I replied : "I have lived long enough to know something of men's characters. Faces tell their tale. There are men with whom I disagree and yet whom I can respect ; but I cannot have respect for a man who is cast for one rôle and seeks for notoriety by playing another. Be a man : you have shown qualities of physical courage : there is a place for you and work for you : God has called you to it. Be a man and do it. Above all, be true to yourself."

The interview ended. I hoped something from it, but I feared the influence of the false atmosphere in which he had been raised. His grandfather had been a tradesman

whose descriptive powers had been amazing ; his father had a gift for self-advertisement. The young man had breathed the air of unreality since his childhood.

Shortly after the interview I have described, he left the diocese for a benefice in another part of England. He gained a strange ascendancy over the mind of a young man of large means : he became involved in litigation and at length disappeared from social view. It was a pity : one felt that good material of life had been wasted.

It is not, however, the men whose faults become conspicuous and whom retribution smites with hard blows who are most to be pitied. There is a worse punishment than that of social failure and public disgrace. I tremble often for the man who escapes such retribution, whose adroitness enables him to maintain his public credit, and who is tempted to measure his character by his success. Somewhere there must be an awakening of self-revelation for such. It is sad to mark those whose sins go before to judgment ; but it is sadder still to contemplate those whose sins follow after.

It is one of the painful experiences of life to meet with those who possess the happy art of evading the painful or public consequences of their actions, and perhaps still more painful is it to discover suddenly that a life which has seemed decent, decorous, praiseworthy is only so in seeming : beneath the comely surface there lurk the powers of hell : dead bones lie beneath the sumptuous stonework.

I have met more than one instance of this unsuspected moral rot. I can recall one figure—a clergyman whose works seemed to praise him. He bore himself well : no

coarse lines of self-indulgent habits marred his face, which was meagre rather than fleshy ; but beneath the surface of his life there were the forces of ill. Fraudulent management of accounts, and a wicked habit of corrupting lads marked the underside of his life. To tell his story would be to tell one of the most extraordinary experiences of my life, but it would be too long to tell, and almost unbelievable when told.

Perhaps one narrative may serve to illustrate another form of fault to which a certain class of character is liable. It ought not to be met with in clerical life, but I regret to say that I have met with two or three examples of it. The fault is the inability to understand the requirements of the most ordinary code of honour.

In two cases which I can recall, this fault took the form of a readiness to take advantage of a legal opportunity to repudiate an honourable obligation.

But to my story. In the diocese of Ripon there are not many good livings (as they are called) in the bishop's gift. Judge, therefore, of my pleasure when a benefice fell vacant which the official calendar of the diocese declared to be worth nearly £900 a year. Visions of the happiness which I could bring to the heart and life of some good, hardworking clergyman rose before my fancy ; but vain are the hopes of men, and their visions of good pass away like the dreams of a night ! The benefice was a mother benefice : scattered round it were three or four daughter parishes : once the mother church had been responsible for the spiritual oversight of a large district : then in the various hamlets churches had sprung up, and a

separate parson had been assigned to each : these newer or daughter parishes were but scantily endowed : the richest of them could only boast £140 or £150 a year. When the vacancy in the mother church occurred, envious and eager eyes were cast at the goodly endowment it possessed.

My first intimation of the greedy desires of these villages came from a squire who was interested in one of the villages. He visited me, and this was practically what he said : ‘I live in the village of X, but I pay tithes to the amount of £160 a year to the vicar of the mother church ; thus, though I pay this goodly sum each year, my own vicar gets no benefit from it ; it all goes out of my own parish into the coffers of the grasping mother church.’ I confess that it seemed to me that he had a genuine grievance. I promised that the matter should be “looked into.”

Once the spirit of readjusting the income was aroused, it spread. The claims of the village of X had been set forth : the claims of Y and Z, two other dependent villages, found advocates, and I am not sure whether another village (say W) did not advance similar claims.

A commission of investigation was appointed : sober clergymen and staid laymen of the neighbourhood met, considered and discussed the problem. After a somewhat lengthy inquiry, they presented their report. They advised that the claims of the daughter parishes should be met, and that the mother church should be stripped of some half of her revenue. Alas ! for my goodly benefice ! The plum became a very small one : it was hardly a damson now. Where I had hoped to be able to bestow a benefice of nearly £900 a year, I found that I was the patron of a

benefice of a little over £400. There was worse to follow. The £400 was but a scanty endowment for a benefice which had a house more suited to an income of £800 or £900 !

My choice of clergy was limited : the benefice could only be held by a man who had either good private resources or small responsibilities. I offered it to a bachelor who had worked hard and well in a large populous parish.

I explained to him that, though in the official list the benefice was described as worth between £800 and £900, it was, as I could offer it to him, only worth about half that sum. I explained to him the reductions in the value of the benefice recommended by the commission and approved by the various Church authorities. I told him that the legal execution of the proposed changes could not be carried out during the vacancy of the benefice, for the vicar of the old parish must be a consenting party. Hence I explained to him that I offered him the living on the understanding that he would join in giving effect to the alienation of income which had been recommended and approved. He accepted the benefice on the conditions named.

But as soon as he was in possession he began to demur to the sacrifice of income ; he delayed : he sought evasions : he was ready to argue against his honour. I began to fear that there might be a failure to fulfil the arrangement which would benefit the daughter parishes and to the fulfilment of which we were all in honour pledged. I confess that my confidence was shaken in the character of a man who was ready to make use of a legal position to evade an honourable understanding and who for a money advantage

was willing to break his word. It was the discovery of dead men's bones beneath a whitened shrine.

A similar case I had which was as dishonourable and more callous. It was as follows—

It was considered desirable to unite two benefices. Accordingly it was arranged that on the next vacancy of either of the two benefices, the vicar of the other should become vicar of the joint benefices, which would then become one united parish. After a time the vicar of one parish, which we may call A, wished, as he was growing infirm, to resign on pension ; he was entitled under Act of Parliament to a pension amounting to one-third of the value of the benefice he held : this meant that he might receive perhaps £100 a year—not a very extravagant pension for a man after some forty years of service. The vicar of the other parish, B, became the vicar of the joint parishes of A and B, and as such he was to receive the income of A as well as that of B. But judge of our amazement when the new vicar refused to pay the pension to the resigning vicar—and was prepared to stand for his legal rights on the ground that the Act of Parliament assigned to him the incomes of both the former separate parishes. What the final interpretation of the law would have been, had the matter come into the courts, I cannot say, but the claim and plea made by the vicar of B shocked the moral sense of every right-minded man. Before any steps could be taken the dear old vicar of A, a man of godly conversation and well learned withal, settled the matter by dying peacefully.

Lack of sensitiveness to the claims of honour may, it seems, co-exist with a certain measure of what appears to

be genuine piety ; but I confess that it is not a quality of piety which appeals to my respect.

Debt.—There are many clergymen who have, on very slender means, kept out of debt by a hard and heroic course of self-denial. The story of uncomplaining suffering, of straitened means, of inadequate food, of a life unmitigated by occasional recreation, will, I suppose, never be written ; but in many vicarages this kind of painful drama has been enacted. In quiet country parsonages have lived and died men and women whose lives were one prolonged self-denial, and who have gone silent and unapplauded to the grave.

There have been real heroes among the clergy, and the bulk of them, to their honour be it said, manage to live and to bring up their families with credit—often and often upon very scanty means.

But of course there are exceptions, and these were occasions of the greatest trouble and perplexity. An illustration or two will, perhaps, prove the best way of showing the difficulties created by the impecunious and extravagant parson.

The Rev. Samuel Spendall—the name is, of course, fictitious—was the vicar of a country parish. The parish consisted of a long, straggling village, and had a population of, perhaps, 1000 souls. It was in a healthy neighbourhood ; the country was undulating, and a long ridge of hills led the way to fresh and invigorating moorland. The vicar had a wife and a small family. The income of his benefice was moderate ; it was not among the poverty-stricken benefices which are regularly helped from diocesan funds, neither was it among those which set the incumbents well above the pressure of want. It was a benefice of about

average income, and the vicar added to the income by opening his house to pupils. For a time I heard nothing of any impending trouble ; parish affairs seemed to pursue the even tenor of their way ; but one day a good and kindly minded layman called upon me and explained his benevolent errand.

“ I am endeavouring,” he said, “ to collect privately a sum of money to defray our vicar’s debts. He owes a considerable amount of money, and I am out to collect enough to set him free of debt.

I looked at this well-disposed and energetic philanthropist, and I said, “ You are doing one of the kindest things which a layman can do for a clergyman. The only thing which I would ask of you is, that you would make sure that you know all the debts of your vicar ; for my experience is, that a man in debt never tells the whole truth—perhaps because he cannot, perhaps because he will not.” And then I asked, “ How much does your vicar owe ? ”

The answer was, “ Fifteen hundred pounds.”

“ Well,” I said, “ I am ready to help, and I will contribute to your fund, but on the understanding that we can really clear up the whole debt, and avoid any future trouble in the matter.”

The good layman quite agreed with me, and promised to do his best to obtain a full, clear and exhaustive statement of the debts.

The fifteen hundred pounds was raised, and the debts, it was believed, were paid ; but within a twelvemonth the Rev. Samuel Spendall was in the impecunious position of owing upwards of four hundred pounds.

How did such a thing happen? It happened because the habits of the Rev. Samuel Spendall were egregiously lacking in the sense of common honesty. In the village he owed money to the butcher and the baker and other small tradesmen; these bills were never paid: the accounts ran on from week to week and month to month; but the Rev. Samuel Spendall had no scruple about spending money on his own pleasures. The neighbouring town had attractions, and he found reasons and excuses for visiting it with more than necessary frequency; and when he did so, it pleased him to have one or more members of his family with him. His dignity required that they should travel first class. Arrived at the town, there were shops where money could be spent: there were also attractive entertainments—a concert, or a play. Why not stay and enjoy ourselves? It is true that there is no late train to take us home; but there are hotels; and, after all, it is more comfortable to sleep in town than to endure a long, slow, cold, late journey at night. In the entanglement of such an attractive programme the bills of the local tradesmen were forgotten, or, with the happy optimism of the impecunious, they were waived aside as irrelevant and inconvenient. So from week to week the habit of unconscientious heedlessness went on. Bills were ignored, debt accumulated, and the one person who was never worried about it was the debtor himself.

Debt is worse than drink in this way. Drink has a habit of bringing a man to book: the night's debauch or the day's excess is followed by some physical warning; disagreeable pains in head or elsewhere act as warning angels; but debt can be contracted, and no physical mentor

gives warning. The morning after the night of extravagance breaks as cloudlessly as though there were no trouble in the world : the head does not throb ; the sight of food does not repel ; there are still things to be enjoyed ; the newspaper tells of some new attraction at the theatre or the music hall. As for the little bits of blue and white paper which chronicle the debts, they can be put away. We will attend to them later on : we will have a regular business day and clear up all the accounts ; but not to-day. A famous pianist or actor is visiting the neighbouring town : we really ought not to miss the opportunity ; and so, the money which ought to go to the butcher or baker or the laundry woman, is spent in travelling first class, listening to concert or play, and tipping the waiters at the hotel.

Meanwhile the parson's influence in the parish has been deprived of all moral value. The people might condone a lapse into intemperance : to be fond of a glass is a human frailty ; it is understood on all hands, and a man in his cups becomes genial, sympathetic and confidential. If the parishioners occasionally shake the head, or wink the eye, or make a little tossing movement towards their mouths, they say with honest feeling, "Vicar's not a bad sort." They can tolerate a little human weakness ; but they have not the same kindly feeling towards a vicar who is always slipping off to town, leaving the parish unvisited and his bills unpaid, while, as they express it, he does himself well.

Debt, or the habit which leads to debt, is more difficult to deal with than even drink. A man can so easily deceive himself about his debts : he can mislead others, and he can

readily ignore or adroitly postpone the day of reckoning. The habit grows, and it slowly yet surely demoralizes the whole character. Hard facts are put out of sight ; sanguine estimates of expenditure are formed ; lies are accepted as truths. Perhaps means of raising money are resorted to which in days of honour and honesty would have been disdained : begging letters are found to bring in a percentage of profit. I remember once receiving a letter from a good and kindly lady, calling my attention to the sad straits into which a vicar in my diocese had fallen. The letter hinted in a gentle fashion that it was really discreditable to the diocese and its bishop that any clergyman should be exposed to such hardship and privation. Dear, kind soul ! she accepted the word of the vicar ; but we knew better : the vicar was making a trade of begging letters. I asked some business men to investigate the matter : their report was that the vicar was utterly untrustworthy. The story which he told to account for his debts was almost entirely untrue. He was trading on falsehood and obtaining money on false pretences ; but he was skilful enough to keep bankruptcy at arm's length while weak and good-natured people kept him supplied with funds, which only served to encourage him in his career of deception. How, it will be asked, how did such a man get a benefice ? He was appointed by a lay patron, who never took the trouble of asking advice or seeking information, which probably the bishop could readily have afforded.

I have told the stories of some clergymen who, when put to the test, failed in the maintenance of their honour. Happily they were exceptions : they gave way, when tested,

to the spirit of the world. I do not like to leave these stories about clergymen without adding that my experience has also made me acquainted with lines of conduct which appear to be acceptable even to laymen who might be called men of integrity. As illustration of what I mean, here are two stories which set up a contrast between two different views of public duty.

The first was told me by a man who had been a Member of Parliament. It was a tale of his own experience. Two lines of railroad were proposed, and parliamentary sanction was sought. The proposed lines both ran through a certain property on their way to London, shall we say? The owner of the property opposed the enterprise, and employed counsel to state his objections and, of course, to claim compensation. It will be well to give names to the two companies which sought for legal approval: one we may be allowed to call the London and Fudlington Railway, the other the London and Pudlington. When the parliamentary committee met, counsel appeared on behalf of (say) Mr. Skimpole, and opposed the Bill on the ground that it would seriously damage the property. The committee, having heard the arguments, assigned in compensation £30,000. The next day, when the Bill for the other line of railway was under consideration, counsel appeared on behalf of Mr. Skimpole to oppose the Bill. A member of the committee asked whether Mr. Skimpole's case had not been disposed of on the previous day, when compensation of £30,000 was given? Counsel disclaimed any legal knowledge of such a matter: this affair had nothing to do with the London and Fudlington line: he was solely concerned that day with

the loss which would be occasioned to his client by the London and Pudlington line. After consultation, the case was settled by assigning once more £30,000 to Mr. Skimpole. And then Mr. Skimpole sold his property for a goodly sum of money, having called attention to the great advantage which the property possessed as being in the immediate neighbourhood of two lines of railway.

As I heard this story I felt that this was not a story of justice or right ; and I ventured to say that it seemed to me to be a case of an intolerable wrong done, and an unfair advantage taken of the circumstances. The narrator, however, did not agree with me : he remarked nonchalantly that it was not unfair, as a man had a right to take whatever the law gave him.

My heart sank, for I thought that if our consciences were only operative by the maxims of law it would be an ill day for the standards of public morality ; and there came to my mind another story—and this is my second story—in which, as it seemed to me, a nobler and more magnanimous conscientiousness was displayed. It was a story my father used to tell.

In the early days of railway enterprise there lived a certain nobleman not far from London. When the railway—probably the London and North-Western Railway—was desirous of making its way to London, it proposed to run through this nobleman's property. The nobleman was full of wrath. He hated railways : why should this horrible desecration of his property take place ? He would have no dealings with such a business : he opposed the line as a man full of pride and prejudice might. In the end his

objections were overruled, and a sum of money was given him in compensation. Time went on, and houses began to spring up near the railway station, and the land of the nobleman rose in value. One day he said to his son : "I was wrong about the railway : I thought it would injure the property, but it has improved it greatly. This is surprising ; and I see that, so far from being, as I feared, a loser, I have been a gainer through the railway ; and this being so, I do not think that I am entitled to keep the money which was given me in compensation for a supposed loss which has not occurred." The nobleman acted on his words, and returned the compensation money to the railway company. This was the story : I cannot vouch for its truth. It would be interesting to know whether any record of such a transaction exists in the historical pages of the London and North-Western Railway Company, if that was the company concerned.

At any rate, it stands as a story in contrast to the other ; and I think that I would rather live and die with a conscience like that of the prejudiced old peer than with a conscience touched by the smarter methods of Mr. Skimpole. It may, I think, be said with truth, that a man whose life is regulated by the letter of the law is yet a long way off from that kingdom of heaven which is within ; unless life is governed by some principle higher than can be expressed in any code, he is still a stranger in the world of good.

SKETCHES OF PARSONS WITH A MORAL

THE clergyman of the stage has too often a fixed type ; but clergymen are of various types : their variety is as marked as that of any other profession. There is the parson who dresses like a groom or a jockey, who looks so unclerical that people of highly ecclesiastical conventionality declare that "they don't like him because he is so unclerical." Kind reader, who may be tempted to echo this verdict—remember the warning, so wise and kindly and needful : "Judge not by the appearance, but judge righteous judgment." I utter this warning the more readily in the present case, because I can recall clergymen whose appearance would most certainly have been described as unclerical ; and yet they were among the best workers I have known. Here is a man who dresses like a sportsman : his only concession to clerical attire is the white tie ; but what a good, practical, kindly parson he is. He runs the parish like a guardian : he has noticed the illness which is so prevalent : he has traced it to the doubtful and indifferent water supply : he has taken prompt action, and now a fine, wholesome and abundant water supply has been provided. He has noticed that the cluster of houses by the railway station is growing in numbers : a new town-

ship is being formed ; his energy meets the emergency, and now a comely and hospitable church stands conveniently placed among the increasing population. There is no affectation about this parson. He belongs to no party in the Church : he offends no one's taste either by unctuous phraseology or sacerdotal pretensions : he is a man among men. You may wish that he had a more reverent manner, or that his spirituality were more apparent ; but he cannot affect a rôle or a pose : he must be just himself. His temperament is practical : he is honest and energetic : he sees what the place and the people seem to need, and he loses no time and spares no pains to supply them.

This man may not be your favourite type of parson, or mine ; but he is a man who is filling his post in a way which wins respect, if not affection. He will be remembered with a regret which will have a note of tenderness in it. "He was a right good sort, he was." This is what you will hear ; and the speaker will turn his face away, as one who fears to let even a passing emotion be noticed.

Here is another unclerical parson. You might take him for a groom, out in attendance on his master on some important duty, for his white tie seems to harmonize with the groomlike costume. He is clean and neat—almost spruce in appearance. His church is a model of cleanliness and comeliness : the service is reverent : decent appointments are noticeable everywhere : flowers appear, fresh and various, as decorations suited to the seasons. As the church is well served, so the people are well visited. Classes and mothers' meetings are regular. Among his brother clergy this parson is regarded as a man who brings to

their discussions a plain, incisive, common-sense view of things. His words are like a fresh breeze, and the heavy, clammy atmosphere of the clerical meeting is refined and clarified after he has spoken. The parsons heave a sigh of content: he has had the courage to say what was glimmering in the background of some minds, and all feel that the tension has been relieved.

Here again is another unclerically garbed parson. He dresses as if he wished to be mistaken for a jockey: gaiters and leggings, a rough suit with brown checks upon it: a grey necktie fastened with a sailor knot—a stick in his hand. So like a jockey he is that you almost picture him on the roadside sucking the knob of his stick. And yet there is in him a gentleness of devotion and a simplicity of spirit which win the hearts of those who know him; and his public ministrations are full of verve, intelligence and true devoutness. What care he takes in the rendering of the service! What power he throws into his reading and preaching! He reads the lesson, and you are compelled to listen: he makes the words seize and grasp you: you realize the moral force of the stories of the old Book which went to form our national character. He preaches, and you know that thought and study lie behind the sermon, but it is not pedantic: there is no affectation of learning about it, there is no assumption of pious mannerism: there is moral earnestness and intellectual energy. You are listening to a man with a message.

And in his parish, what is he? He is the kindest of men, but he is quite unconventional. He mingles among the showmen who come round at the annual fair time; he knows them: he can talk with them—joke with them;

but he gathers them for some special service : he remembers that they are people with souls, and he brings religion to them. How ready he is in emergencies ! Is a sick person in need of night watching ? He will give his night without grudging. Is a young man troublesome, inclined to be dissipated ? He will devote himself to his case, visit him, travel with him, and watch over him with constant vigilance, while maintaining a happy spirit of comradeship.

Yes, he is eccentric : people do not like this trait. He is a preacher of singular power, he is prompt and vigorous in action : a man of wide and tender sympathies : but his good qualities are concealed under a cloak of oddity, and though his church is full and his sermons are effective, a conventional public fail to understand him. But what of this ? Beneath the strange garb and unusual modes of speech there lurks genuine goodness and real power of Christian influence.

Or, here is another—a different type altogether. His fancy runs to an attire which emphasizes his calling. He goes about in his cassock, and a black cord with tassels encircles his waist. If he visits his people, he visits them in his cassock : if they visit him, they find him in his cassock ; his parishioners pretend to believe that he sleeps in his cassock. People of strong anti-Roman views look at him askance : they distrust a man who seems by his costume to be flaunting sacerdotal claims unblushingly before their eyes. Some people remark on his rubicund countenance, and hint that if the joys of domestic life (he is a bachelor) are denied to him, he finds some compensation in what they are pleased to call the pleasures of the table. Yet, as a fact, he is abstemious and an example of self-

denial. He gives liberally to the needy: he stints himself: he is courageously outspoken to rough and idle men and lads. He is sympathetic—tenderly so—to the weak and the fallen; his personal piety is as genuine as his parochial devotion. If he is over careful, as some think, about external or ceremonial points, the deep reality of his religion gives men confidence that with him mere externalism will never choke the unquestioned spirituality of his faith. As we learn to know him, we feel inclined to repeat again the much-needed caution: “Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment.”

May I place another character upon the stage? Here is a parson, neat but not dandyish in his dress; after its fashion it clearly indicates his profession; he wears a coat which is ecclesiastical in outline; his white tie advertises his calling without any hesitation or concealment. He is a little stiff in manner, prim, if not pedantic, in speech. He never condescends to slang: I cannot imagine his ever saying to any friend: “How are you, old chap?” His greeting would be strictly polite—perhaps chilling in effect. You never know if he cares for you. You have an inward though unaccepted belief that he has suspicions of your orthodoxy. You know that he would be inclined to find lurking heresy in your words, and you are conscious that a general spirit of disapproval of modern habits pervades his outlook upon life. Frankly, he does not attract people to him. Mere goodness of nature would not conciliate him; he distrusts such a thing, because of the established badness of human nature. It is easy to see how such a man might repel you, and how readily we might class him among those pharisaic people who live in a little select circle of their

own, and condemn uncharitably the general world around them. And yet how wrong we should be. Learn to know this man better, and you find that his apparent coldness is the result of constitutional shyness ; that the reserve which marks his manner is not a condemnation of others, but a distrust of himself. His ideal of Christian life is very high. He earnestly desires that his mouth shall not offend, and he, therefore, often—too often—keeps silence from good words, and even kind words ; for he distrusts impulse, and believes in a chastened habit of life. You enter the house, and, although there is an atmosphere of restraint in the family, you soon discover how intense and practical is their religious life. One child—a daughter—is a missionary abroad ; another—a son—is doing good work in a slum parish, and has broken down after an illness contracted in visiting incessantly among cases of an infectious epidemic. The conversation in the home is serene, restrained, cultivated ; it does not include literature in its widest sense ; but the family know Cowper's poems as well as Milton ; they are well acquainted with the *Pilgrim's Progress* and Wilberforce's *Practical View* ; they are familiar with hymns, especially with those which were circulated and sung before the Oxford movement. It is a home of genuine piety which we have entered, and you leave it with the conviction that charity bids us to know all before we venture to form a hasty and ignorant judgment on any man.

Yet another sketch I must give. Here again is a man, greatly respected ; he is looked upon as a latitudinarian iconoclast ; he seems to have no reverence for established usage or historic beliefs. His very air in church seems to be a protest against any attempt to secure a reverent or

decorous order in worship. His surplice is flung untidily round his shoulders ; a precarious button holds it together with doubtful success ; beneath it, and in the long, gaping front of the surplice, you see his everyday costume ; no cassock gives symmetry or conciliating reserve to the outline of his figure. In his movements he is quick, and apparently impatient ; he seems to disapprove of any lingering devotion when once the stated service is over. He offends people by a certain slatternly manner of conducting worship. He offends or frightens them when he preaches ; he is eager, voluble, and deeply interested in his sermon, but he is heedless of the intellectual capacity of his congregation. He has studied much and long ; he has his own phraseology ; but it is not a language understood of the people. He flings out his thoughts with burning zeal, but they are either not understood or hopelessly misunderstood by his hearers ; in his absorbing eagerness to say what he feels deeply, he is often incoherent ; his utterances are taken away piecemeal to their homes by his auditors ; some phrase, in their judgment, reeks of heresy ; it seems to deny or invalidate ancient beliefs. They feel as though they were robbed of their Christian inheritance.

And yet, here again, shall we visit his home ? What a revelation, and what an explanation of all that has been so puzzling meets us here. Here we find a man of simple piety and singular guilelessness of spirit, ordering his household with apostolic care and evangelical zeal. To be present at family prayers is to realize that here is a life guided by the love of Christ, devoted to His service, full of faith in the kingdom which our Lord opened to all believers. And then we realize that his preaching is

intended to make plain a gospel which he thinks has been obscured by unfortunate after-glosses ; that he is trying to speak the truth that he loves ; that the words he uses are quite innocent of heresy when judged by his own range of language, and that a certain unusualness of phrase has given rise to misunderstandings ; that what he sought to say was what the people longed to hear ; but that differences of speech were creating troublesome mistakes. I can imagine that the devout orthodox clergyman who by reason of popular report thought him a heretic, might well feel after a night spent under his roof that this man was a good Christian man, earnest in soul, but entirely misunderstood. And so again, the guest would learn, as we might, to judge nothing before the time.

If I add another sketch, I do so because there is a touch of humour about the parson whom I now describe. He dresses in ordinary clerical attire ; you know that he is not marked by over-scrupulous ecclesiasticism. He goes about his parish, and as he talks you feel that he is a bit of a humorist. He observes his people ; he notes their little tricks of manner, and their characteristic intonation of voice ; he can not only talk to them, but he can tell them how they talk. He is slovenly in church, as though he feared that reverence might end in superstition. He reads the service with emphasis—and the emphasis is all his own ; it indicates—whether you like it or not—it indicates thought. He preaches, and no one can doubt his zeal, but his language belongs to the last generation, and to the people of to-day it sounds like the repetition of empty phrases ; words and collocations of words, which once meant living truth and stirred men's souls, have passed out of currency ;

the spiritual force has evaporated. The people listen with laudable patience, but they nod to one another when they meet outside, and agree that the sermon was dull and difficult to follow. Yet at times the latent humour of the preacher bubbles up in the sermon. Once, for example, when preaching on the text, "If thou knewst the gift of God," he ventured on some interesting examples of missed opportunities. "A man," he said, "owned land in Australia ; he grew tired of it ; he sold it. He had hardly returned to England when, behold ! gold was discovered on the property he had sold. If he had known ! I myself," he continued, "once held a picture in my hands ; I was afraid to buy it : I didn't. Shortly after that very picture was sold at Christie's for a very large sum of money. If I had known !" We can imagine the spirit of mirth which such examples provoked ; but the decorous countenances in the church showed no sign of the amusement which was generally felt. The preacher did not mean to be humorous ; but I think his people knew that the humour of his nature was ready to break out, almost without realizing it himself. He had a gift of smart rejoinder, which was welcome to those who heard it, if not pleasing to the one who had provoked. Thus it happened that a man who had made a fortune in the colonies returned home and bought himself some property in the neighbourhood. This roused the indignation of a pedantic theorist, who denounced the purchase of the property as an outrage on the rights of others—an injury, a wrong, a robbery !

"And why should not the man buy a little land and settle down for the closing years of his life ? Has he not a right to spend his money as he pleases ?"

"No, he has no right to land. The land belongs to God, and no one man has a right to it, even by purchase."

The vicar looked at this advocate of extreme socialistic views, and then said, with seeming irrelevance, "That's a very nice coat you are wearing."

"Yes," said the other, "and good stuff, too ; all good, pure wool."

"You have no right to wear it or own it," said the vicar.

"Why not ?" said the man ; "it's bought and paid for."

"Oh, no," said the vicar, "however that may be, you have no right to own it ; it is stuff which belongs to God, just as the land does ; the sheep belong to God ; the psalmist tells us God's claim : 'Every beast is mine, and so are the cattle upon a thousand hills : the whole world is mine and the fulness thereof.'

Such was the vicar, with his humour and readiness—a man mercurial, impulsive, imitative ; bearing his life as a disappointment, easily depressed, annoyed and almost angered to find, after some thirty years of work, that his people knew so little of their Bibles. Had he not been expounding it in their ears for a generation ? Was it not heartbreaking to find that they were ignorant of some of the most obvious matters of Bible story ? Rumour said that disappointment killed him ; but I think that his people, even now, miss the tall, black-coated figure, the ruddy face, the white hair, the pause on the road, the jerky speech, the quaint remark, the good-humoured raillery. He was the parson, and whatever else, he was, as they said, "a character," and a character is not easily forgotten.

But this, let me add, is no reason why a man should attempt to be a character ; eccentricity which is assumed is

always ineffective. "That is lovely," says Dante, "which is most distinctive"; but shams are not distinctive.

BISHOPS AND BISHOPS

The days when I first made acquaintance with the Northern Convocation stand out in my memory with a special interest or even charm. The Upper House then consisted of the Primate, Archbishop Thomson, the Bishop of Durham was Dr. Lightfoot, the Bishop of Carlisle was Dr. Harvey Goodwin, the Bishop of Manchester was Dr. Fraser, the Bishop of Newcastle was Dr. Ernest Wilberforce, the Bishop of Liverpool was Dr. Ryle, and the Bishop of Sodor and Man was Dr. Rowley Hill. We were all entertained with large-hearted and unstinting hospitality by the Archbishop at Bishopthorpe. The days were given to business, but in the evenings at Bishopthorpe there was a relaxation from severer topics. An atmosphere of social kindliness invited a happy freedom: it became natural to be gay, and it was admissible to allow mirth to have some scope in the intercourse. The result was that quips and smart sayings, humorous tales and witticisms were welcome. There was no affected solemnity, and no unwritten code of manners which prohibited a smile. Decorous dulness was not considered the essential attendant of piety. The religious spirit might flow through natural channels, and laughter was a gift of God.

Dr. Rowley Hill was the wit of the party. He had the quick, happy irrelevancy of fancy which could detach itself from the immediate topic, and fasten upon some humorous aspect. When he urged some friend to visit the Isle of

Man, the friend objected that the sea and its consequent malaise would be too much for him, so he could never go by boat. "Oh, well then, why don't you come by Barrow?" said the Bishop.

Among tales told by Bishop Rowley Hill, I recall one which he told with great enjoyment. The omnibus was at the hotel door about to convey passengers to the station; the passengers were taking their seats, and "Boots" was hovering about expectantly, the last chance of a "tip" had come. Among the passengers was a Frenchman, who had just taken his place near the door of the omnibus. With ingratiating and deprecating air, Boots drew near and, tendering his cap, said in an insinuating and suggestive way, "Remember Boots, sir."

"Vat you say?" said the Frenchman.

"Remember Boots, sir," was the reply.

The Frenchman looked blank and puzzled, and again asked, "Vat vas dat you say—Remember Boots?"

"Yes, remember Boots," said the eager Boots.

Whereupon the Frenchman deliberately turned the handle of the door, stepped in dignified fashion into the road, and flinging his arms round Boots' neck, exclaimed with fervour, "Oh, Boots, I vill remember you as long as I lif!"

One scene I recall. We were all in the hospitable omnibus, which was taking us from Bishopthorpe into York, for the morning meeting of Convocation. As we journeyed, I read to the Archbishop and my brother Bishops, Mark Twain's tale, entitled "Parting with the Family Pet." The effect of the story was just delightful. I suppose we were all just in the mood to enjoy some innocent fooling. Bishop Fraser was happily amused.

Bishop Harvey Goodwin appreciated the humour of the tale. The Archbishop, unwilling to give way too much, was yet moved to irresistible mirth. Bishop Lightfoot fairly abandoned himself to the spirit and movement of the narrative, and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. They were happy, brotherly days which we spent at Bishopthorpe, and the genial tone of them was refreshing. It seemed to unlock the gates of dignified reserve ; we could be ourselves, and let natural emotion have free play. I can now picture Bishop Harvey Goodwin passing on to us an anecdote which he had read in some newspaper. It told of a conversation between two sailors. "Mate," said one of them, "what is a hanthem that I hear folks speaking about ?" "A hanthem, Bill ?" said the other. "Well, it's like this : if I was to say to you, 'Bill, hand me that marling spike,' well, that wouldn't be a hanthem ; but if I was to say to you, 'Bill—Bill—hand me, hand me, Bill, hand, hand me that—hand me, Bill, that marling, marling, Bill—that marling spike, hand me, Bill, that spike—marling Bill spike—hand me that marling, marling spike,' why, that would be a hanthem." The anecdote is trite enough : the keen enjoyment with which it was told is the refreshing element in the incident ; it illustrates the happy freedom of our intercourse, and the absence of that professional reserve which so often dehumanizes our clerical gatherings.

It is unkind to tell tales out of school ; but as all the actors in the following little scenes have passed away, it may not be out of place to chronicle these harmless tales. It is well known that bishops meet for mutual counsel, and talk over their difficulties. Sometimes these difficulties present a somewhat comic aspect to untrained minds.

One such difficulty was brought before his brethren by a bishop who had great skill in argument, and delighted in presenting a question under a wide variety of view. The difficulty was this—

A clergyman had telegraphed to him for instructions. A fire had taken place, and the clergyman was asked to take the funeral of one of the victims ; the body had been almost reduced to ashes : the clergyman desired to know whether he was to use the ordinary burial service or whether he ought not to alter the wording of the service ; for how could he truly say “we commit his body to the ground,” when there is literally no body left ? The bishop had replied that the service must not be altered. Having told the story he proceeded to argue the question after his own ingenious and logical fashion. After all, what does the word body mean ? Must you take it to mean the body as we generally know it ? Yet, if a man had lost arms and legs, would you hesitate to use the word body when it was little more than his trunk which you committed to the ground ? The idea might be carried further—What is a body ? Is it the material bodily framework ? Among the various accidents of life, how often it is but a small residue of the body proper which is left at the last. Disease may have wasted away the bulk of the bodily tissue : accident may have reduced the frame to a mere fraction of its former self ; fire, as in the case in question, may have devoured all but an insignificant residuum of what was once its bulk.

This bore on cremation. If cremation became a widely observed practice were we to use the old service and speak of committing the body to the ground. After all, it might be quite convenient to do so. All we meant was that such

remains of what once was the body were now to be given the sepulture of earth.

After the bishop had delivered his thoughts on the subject, a debate, or rather a general conversation, ensued. One bishop, steeped in patristic lore, gave utterance to his view that cremation was a pagan practice, and that the distinction between heathens and Christians was well set forth by one of the Fathers, who had pointedly said, "They indeed (the heathen) burn, but we (the Christians) bury."

Stirred by this thought, another bishop rose and delivered it as his opinion that cremation dangerously threatened the doctrine of the resurrection, and destroyed the very body of which St. Paul had spoken in his Corinthian epistles.

This was too much for the bishop who had introduced the subject. He rose, and with some vigour and vehemence repudiated the line of reasoning (?) which his brother prelate had used. The words of St. Paul were quite plain : "That which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain . . . : but God giveth it a body as it pleaseth Him."

It was a curious scene : it set one wondering at the very small amount of thought there was in the world, and how readily a man might reach a position of authority and responsibility without having greatly exercised his brain.

Another scene I may give—this was an informal meeting of bishops. Round a table are gathered, perhaps, some dozen bishops. The question to be considered was the fruitful one of Bible difficulties. One devout bishop was sorely troubled on the subject of the 110th Psalm, which critics declared was not written by David, but which, as it seemed to him, our Lord had treated as David's. Christ

had said : "David in the Psalms saith, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand." Must we not believe that our Lord knew better than the critics ? or how were we to explain our Lord's ignorance of the true authorship of the Psalm ?

I wonder whether the mind of the questioner was satisfied with the general reply that Christ was not committing Himself to the question of authorship at all : He was merely citing as belonging to those works which went under the common title of David, just as we might cite from "Blackstone," although the particular case we referred to might be found in an edition of Blackstone made later than the date of the famous law authority.

The question of Bible difficulties is a large one, and soon the old difficulties of Jonah and the Whale and Balaam's Ass were brought forward. When some of the ordinary answers to the Jonah difficulty had been mentioned, a bishop, pious and plaintive, expressed his devout belief : "Well, I feel sympathy with the dear old godly woman who said, 'If the Bible had told me that Jonah swallowed the whale, I would have believed it.'"

Here I must let the curtain drop : the records are of old and obsolete days. We are wiser now : we have learned much since then. We can afford to smile over difficulties which troubled many pious souls.

ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE

Stories of the early years of men's lives have special interest when they give some hint of character which after-life brings out with prominence. The remembrance of

this kind of prophetic feature of boyhood's actions, I think, was stirred in our minds when, in Bradford, during the Church Congress of 1898, we had Archbishop Temple with us as our guest. We had taken up our quarters for the week at the Midland Hotel, and there the archbishop joined us. Is residence under the same roof a revealer of men? If so, the archbishop revealed the best and kindest of natures. It was a joy to have him: his happy freedom, his ready mirthfulness, his strength of mind, his industrious energy, were conspicuous. He stayed with us till the last possible moment, travelling back to London by the night train rather than fail to help us at our evening meeting. At the congress he was a real strength to us: at the hotel he was frank and kindly, full of anecdote and friendly talk.

How vividly he told us of his boyish experience when his mother commissioned him to do some errand in the neighbouring town, and he found that what he had been asked to bring was heavier and more cumbrous than he could carry with anything like ease or comfort; but with him there was no question of shirking difficulty. If a thing had to be done, it must at least be attempted. Accordingly, now lifting, now dragging, now resting, now renewing his efforts, he travelled with his burden the homeward journey, and so fulfilled successfully the difficult and fatiguing task. The incident showed character, and character is the chief asset in life, and the only one which in the long run counts.

On another occasion we spoke about hymns. I told how Mr. Farmer, to whom Harrow owes so many of her school songs, had acted when he wanted to compile a hymn book for Balliol College chapel. He asked a certain

SKETCHES OF PARSONS WITH A MORA.

number of his acquaintances to send him a list of twenty hymns, the choice to be governed by this condition : the hymns chosen were to be such that young men would be willing to sing them, and would not be ashamed, twenty years hence, to have sung them. In this way he got several lists containing twenty hymns each, and out of these he was able to compile a hymn book of some hundred hymns, all of them hymns of strong, robust and suitable character. I asked Mr. Farmer what hymns found a place in the majority of lists. He told me, if I recollect rightly, that the hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," was included in every list. I told this to the archbishop and the rest of our party ; and I added that I thought this hymn the finest or premier hymn in the English language. The archbishop—somewhat, I think, to my surprise—did not agree, and expressed his preference for hymns of a more directly personal kind, and gave as an example, "The King of Love my shepherd is." I am not suggesting that he put this forward as his favourite hymn ; but he certainly showed his leaning towards the class of hymns which give expression to personal faith.

We were thinking of different things. My thoughts were of hymns which suit multitudes, or which embody national or collective faith ; and such hymns I would class among those which might be called fine—an adjective which I would not apply to those tender, sweet, spiritual hymns of individual trust, like "The King of Love," or "Jesu, lover of my soul," or "My God, the spring of all my joys." These, from the clinging intimacy of their language, belong to that realm of spiritual peace and satisfaction in which one no longer considers whether the sacred ode is

FURTHER PAGES OF MY LIFE

fine or not : they are the utterance of emotions or experiences which lie beyond the range of the critical faculty, which judges whether a thing is "fine" or not. The inwardly recognized truth possesses the soul to the exclusion for the moment of the artistic judgment.

In short, at the moment my mind was set upon what my mind appreciated while the archbishop was speaking of what he found soul-satisfying. When we realized this, we were found to be nearer in accord than at first sight appeared. What is fine when sung by thousands in worship is not always spiritually the most helpful when one is alone in one's room, trying to find nourishment and comfort for the failing heart or the burdened soul.

I have been always glad to recall this conversation about hymns. It helped to clear my own judgment, and it seemed to show me how a man, great, strong, courageous and true, might be possessed at the same time of a genuine and touching humility of spirit.

Is it worth while recalling what, I think, must have been my last conversation with Archbishop Temple ? It was at the close of a bishops' meeting. He said he felt tired, and could not do his work. Naturally I suggested rest, which would in time make work easy. "No," he said, "I am tired, and as to my work, I don't want to do it." I answered : "If your worst enemy said that I should not believe him." It, however, was plain enough that the pressure of work had worn out the energy so much that even the thought of work seemed a burden too heavy to bear. Remembering this, I can feel the heroism with which he worked on, and died gloriously in harness.

HOLBECK JUNCTION

I READ in an advertisement the other day that fifteen-sixteenths of convictions for crime were for fraud. I suppose one may believe that crimes of violence decrease as society becomes civilized, but are we more honest?

Be not alarmed, my friend ; I am not going to undertake a dissertation on criminal statistics. The question I asked, and the words which led to it, were only like a preface, which may be happily irrelevant to what follows. While journeying to and fro upon episcopal work, I have often had to spend time at a railway station, and in doing so I have found kind friends among the officials. One station at one period saw much of me. Just outside Leeds there is a station called Holbeck : I used to know it well. It was then the station where tickets were collected from passengers travelling to Leeds from Ripon ; it was the junction also where passengers changed for the Great Northern system, and sometimes for the Midland system. How many hours I have spent in the upper level or lower level stations at Holbeck ! How many good friends I found among the foremen and porters there ! At home we always talked about the Holbeck men as if they were a class by themselves, distinguished for virtues not met elsewhere. To us they were distinguished by kindness, helpfulness, thoughtfulness ; they eased our journeys, they lessened

our fatigues, they carried our burdens for us with a smile. Oh, we were great friends ! Shall I ever forget the good-natured giant, Davey by name, with his huge frame, his paternal eye, his strong and far-reaching voice ? Why, as I write, I can hear it as it rises over the hustling sound of nervous feet, the hum of the luggage-laden trucks, and the roar of the incoming train, as the engine bursts through the arch of the upper line. "Train for Harrogate, Ripon, Darlington, and the North," and then, almost before the echoes died away, Davey was running along the slackening train, was searching the carriages with kindly look, was opening the door of the least crowded compartment and helping us in for the last stage of the journey to Ripon after a long and tiring day. Dear Davey, you almost thought we had proved faithless when the new line was opened and we reached Leeds without passing through Holbeck, or travelled to and from London by a route which avoided Leeds and Holbeck. "You're quite a stranger," he would say, looking down upon me with a wistful expression of face. I declare that I felt almost ashamed that we were taking advantage of improved railway communication. The change robbed Holbeck of much of its traffic and a good deal of its importance ; the staff was reduced, the two or three hundred trains a day no longer rushed and roared through the stations. What it may be now, I cannot say ; but I like to think of it as it was in the days of its glory, when I paced up and down the long platform and talked to the men, and found so much of sweet and true humanity in them all ; when they met me with smiling faces and kindly greetings, when we always made

up parcels of Christmas cards for the Holbeck men, when the stationmaster's room was always at my disposal to rest or to chat in.

It was during one of the inevitable intervals spent in the stationmaster's room that I heard stories of an inspector's experience on the line. Here I come back to the question : *Are we more honest?* The inspector's business was not that of ticket collector but of ticket inspector. His little realm of inspection comprised a portion of the London and Suburban section of the line it extended a few miles north of London to the city.

Are people more honest? He told me that he collected in one fortnight £200 for unpaid fares within his own district. Not all, perhaps, were fraudulent people ; some, no doubt, had failed to book through hurry ; but they were not all forgetful or hurried people who contributed to the £200 which was gathered in that fortnight.

Many were the devices resorted to by the ingenuity of those who shirked honest methods. To nod in a familiar way when asked for ticket and to murmur "Season" was one method : this was generally resorted to by those who were usually season ticket holders, but who sought to travel economically when the season ticket had expired, and so to enjoy cheap travelling before embarking on another period of expensive honesty. Another method adopted was to split the season ticket, as you make split toast ; then, by placing each half in a leather frame, with the rough surface below, you became possessed of the appearance of two season tickets, and you could take your wife to town for the theatre or

concert, posing both as season ticket holders. A man who was nimble of foot and cool of brain could reduce the cost of a journey by bolting out of the train and hastily booking for the last part of the journey while the train was waiting at the station ; he probably booked for the first part of the journey, then travelled without cost for the interval and put himself right, as he would say, by taking a ticket for the final stage. The inspector's eyes, however, were sharp, and the inspector proved to be ubiquitous, and the adroit culprit was unexpectedly confronted by the inspector at the city terminus, and was shown to have in his possession a ticket for the first stage of the journey, and to have given up at the barrier only a ticket for the last stage ; and as the inspector had watched the whole manœuvre, the smart young man was haled forthwith before the magistrate.

But here is the most curious tale I heard among the tales told me that day. A certain man was a clever draughtsman, and he bought every Saturday a week-end ticket from King's Cross to Hornsey. Before using it, he altered HORNSEY to HOLBECK. This required some skill ; but it was done, and done so well that the fraud was not discovered for some time. Every week this man travelled to Leeds, alighting, as his ticket intimated, at Holbeck. No one noticed that the ticket had been tampered with, and even when the fraud was discovered it was not discovered through any clumsiness of the craftsman culprit. It was discovered when a new route was opened for a short portion of the line, and tickets were issued with the additional words : "By West

Yorkshire line," or some such indication of the new route. The new words were wanting on the adventurer's ticket, the lack of them led to inquiry, and the inquiry to discovery, the discovery to conviction and imprisonment.

But now comes the most strange and singular part of the story. What was the object of this weekly journey to Holbeck and back? It was to preach at some evangelistic or open-air service in Leeds. Human nature has its surprises. I confess to a wish that I might have heard what this strange man had to preach; what odd contradictions must have existed in such a man! Did he find in his missionary task a justification of his fraud? Did he lie down to rest on Sunday nights with a quiet and self-approving conscience? Or did he make his preachings profitable, and was he all the while laughing in his sleeve at the deceived congregation and the defrauded railway company?

Was he the deliberate deceiver who, like Horace's false worshipper, besought the gods to help him to appear good while he was not so?

“*Labra movet metuens audiri : Pulchra Laverna
Da mihi fallere, da justo sancto que videri ;
Noctem peccatis, et fraudibus objice nubem.*”

Hor. Ep., i. 16 (543).

“Divine Laverna, grant me safe disguise,
Let me seem just and upright in men's eyes,
Shed night upon my crimes, and glamour o'er my lies.”

Covington's Translation.

But I must leave these Holbeck memories, yet not without a tribute to the kindly, hardworking men who smoothed my way and often revived my heart. You will

not find them in Holbeck now. All are scattered; I saw recently one familiar face which brought back old memories, but it was not at Holbeck. Not one, I think, of the old Holbeck men are to be found there. Davey is dead. The strong, big, kindly man—the father of the platform—has passed on to the other world. The light of that other world shone in his life and brightened his closing days. Holbeck could never seem the same without him.

MR. MILLWRIGHT

I HAVE met men who have interested me and even impressed me by some trait or traits of character which are unusual. Two of these recur to my memory : both are dead now, but there are people alive who perhaps would not wish them to be spoken of by name. I shall, therefore, speak of them by some fancy names.

Mr. Millwright was not a typical Yorkshireman : he was not, that is to say, of the John Browdie sort. He was lithe, active and almost nervously built. He had a wide brow and a face weather-touched and broken into a few broad folds. It could not be called wrinkled, and it certainly was not fleshy or flabby ; but there were distinct marks of effort and energetic attention in its lines. His life had been successful. He had been brought up in a fairly cultivated home, and he had been designed for one of the professions : he was looked upon as the future clergyman of the family—a foolishly attempted anticipation which led to its own defeat. A lad does not like to have his future fixed and paraded perpetually before his eyes. The well-meant, but silly talk of the home provoked an obstinate distaste in the lad's mind, and he turned his thoughts to business, and in business he succeeded.

His success, however, was not due to what we call

business capacity, which often means adroitness and that smartness which is second cousin to fraud. His success was due to the patience which is said to be synonymous with genius : he was a born inventor, and he had the gift of that tenacity of purpose and long-continued attention which so often ensures success. If Sir Isaac Newton was right in saying that he owed his success to his habit of "always intending his mind," this man of whom I write might fairly make the same claim. Witness him when all the workmen and clerks have gone home ! See how he spends the night ! He is lying at full length below one of the fabric-making machines : he is watching the mechanism : he will start the machine and note the interplay of wheels and teeth, of leather bands, or rough canvas foundation, and he will devise some method of simplifying the process, and so effecting economy in production. He lights upon one simple method of economy. When the foundation material passes through the machine, the machine only works upon one length of fabric. If the downward thrust of the machine produces the required result, the upward thrust might be utilized to produce a similar result. Let us run another course of foundation material parallel to the lower one, and let the machinery work upon two lengths at the same time. It will then only need to cut the threads between the two parallel breadths to produce two lengths of fabric instead of one. With a very simple device the productive power of the machinery is doubled.

This is only one of the many simple contrivances which resulted from nights of patient observation and reflection. It was to this power of attention and energy of action that

he owed his success. He became a local magnate—an honoured benefactor of the town where his business was done.

When I was in the town at one time I heard that he was ill, in the hotel where I was lunching. I sent up my card and asked if he would like to see me. He invited me to come. I found him in a small bedroom all alone.

I said, "Mr. Millwright, you ought not to be here alone when ill."

"Bishop," he replied, "I would not let any of my family come. Two doctors from London came down to see me: they sat in that chair in which you now sit. They examined me, and when they rose up I read death in their faces. I said to myself: If I am to get well I had better be alone; if I am to die, I had better be alone to make my peace with God. So I would not have any member of my family with me."

The strength of character which such a resolution disclosed impressed me much, and my interest in Mr. Millwright increased. He recovered and lived to a good old age: he kept his mental vigour to the last. Here, for instance is a letter he wrote me when he was more than ninety-one years of age—

"Knowing how much you are occupied, I will be as brief as possible.

"I do not wish to trouble you by asking you to give me your opinion, but simply to indicate any work or book that explains how, if the 'Garden of Eden' and the 'Fall' is simply a myth, and if there was no 'Fall,' how could there be any 'Atonement'?

“Then what becomes of the Christian religion? You will see that these questions are vital, and require to be thoughtfully considered.”

Whatever crudeness of conception may be thought to underlie these questions, there is no doubt that this letter shows alacrity and sincerity of mind on the part of one who had passed fourscore and ten.

I sent him a book, then much lauded, thinking that, though I found it feeble, it might suggest to him some helpful line of thought. Within a few days it was returned to me: he found it unsatisfactory and of no mental service. My experiment had answered, for now I was able to judge better what kind of work would suit him. He was quite able to take stronger meat. Accordingly I recommended to him a book which, for honesty of mind and frank recognition of difficulties, was in my view the best bit of Christian apologetic I knew at the time. It was a book which certain obscurantist minds had condemned as dangerous, because they failed to read it with an intelligent wish to understand it. This time my effort was successful and Mr. Millwright wrote—

“Let me thank you for pointing out a most admirable book, which was just what I wanted, so full of deep thought. I agree with the author that there can be no religion *without faith*, but on the other hand, faith *without reason*, which I may say hitherto has been almost universally the case with *all* the religious world, is simply a ship without a rudder and may lead to anything.

“Look at what I was taught by the Church: that,

with few exceptions, the whole world was to suffer everlasting fire, because of Adam and the apple ! and there never was such a person !!! There you see the results of faith without reason, and that, too, in the most enlightened country in the world, and the greatest freedom of thought.”

I am not citing these for the sake of the particular theological matters referred to, but for the sake of illustrating the alertness of mind and intellectual interest which marked this remarkable nonagenarian who, after a life of hard work, prolific inventiveness, and unusual business success, could occupy himself in the study of questions which required careful and sustained thought. The vigour and activity of his mind continued with him to the last. His leaf did not wither, and life did not lose its interest ; he knew the secret of old age—the inquiring spirit and well-grounded faith.

GOOD FRIDAY

THERE is a happiness in recalling work in which the glad co-operation of willing workers has been a source of constant joy. As I look back there was no work in which such a loyal co-operation was seen as I met with when we started a special Good Friday service in Leeds. I do not think that any one could have had a more noble and self-denying body of helpers than those who formed what we called the Good Friday Committee. I am not writing a history of that service : I am writing only about the men who for more than twenty years worked to make the service a success.

Good Friday was treated in many places as a holiday, and nothing more. It is true that quiet and devout people went to church that day full of grateful and tender thoughts of the great love of Christ, but there were thousands who took advantage of the slackening of work and treated it as a day for amusement. I have said a slackening of work, for that day was not everywhere or by every employer of labour regarded as even a holiday. Some factories even kept at work all day long : the day had no meaning and no sanctity for some business men. It seemed to me a pity that no special effort was made to bring the sacred memories of the day before the great numbers who ignored its meaning either by toil or by amusement.

A curious story, told me by Dean Burgon, tended to quicken my wish. The story is so remarkable that I tell it here: it may put others on their guard not to assume too readily that what is commonly spoken of is always understood. Dean Burgon—or Mr. Burgon I ought to say, for it was before he was made Dean of Chichester—was seated one Saturday in his study preparing his sermon for Sunday. He was told that the mistress of his school wished to see him. When she came in, she said, “Oh, Mr. Burgon, I have just learned a most dreadful thing!” Mr. Burgon wondered what mishap had occurred, and asked what was the matter. “Oh,” she said, “I hear that when our Lord was put to death they drove nails into His feet and into His hands, and then hung Him up on the Cross!” Mr. Burgon was puzzled by this utterance, and replied, “Yes, yes, of course”; whereupon the schoolmistress said, “But, oh! wasn’t it very cruel?” “Yes, yes, of course it was,” said Mr. Burgon; “but I don’t understand why you come to speak of it just now: we all know that our Lord was crucified. What has made you think of it now?” “Oh,” she said, “I have just seen the new window put up in the church.”

“But do you mean you never knew this before?”

Here, at last, was the key to the schoolmistress’s emotion. She had read and taught that our Lord was crucified, but what crucifixion meant was completely unknown to her. It was the stained glass window with the scene of the crucifixion which first disclosed to her the real significance of that mode of death.

What was concealed from this schoolmistress might

well be unknown to multitudes who vaguely knew the story of our Lord, but had never realized the actual details of what had occurred. Words did not always explain themselves. The word "crucifixion" did not of itself explain its meaning to the mere English reader. Pictures were useful adjuncts to instruction : we taught through the ear, but why should we not teach through the eye also ? Good Friday was only a day of mere relaxation of work to thousands upon thousands. The story of the day : the suffering of the Saviour : the sweet patience : the loving thoughtfulness for others : the pang of loneliness : the persistent malice of the chief priests : the hard indifference of others ; these things might possibly be completely unknown to the multitudes who only welcomed Good Friday as a curious day in which many people had a holiday and some were seen going to church.

Thoughts of this kind awakened the wish to mark the day by some special effort to tell the story of the day to those who treated it with indifference, and never went to church. Hence the Good Friday Committee.

At first there was difficulty : the clergy of Leeds were not sympathetic ; they feared that such a meeting would compete with the church services. For a year we had to hold our hands : then, after a meeting in which I set my views before the clergy, I was rewarded by their acquiescence. I promised that the special service should not begin till the usual evening services were over. I told them that I proposed that the committee should consist of all the beneficed clergy of Leeds, together with five lay representatives from each parish. Thus the committee was formed. Practically

the work was done by the lay members of the committee. As there were fifty parishes in Leeds, the nominal strength of the lay members of the committee was two hundred and fifty. They came together willingly : two hundred and fifty men, who were occupied in hard and onerous work all through the week : they comprised men of all kinds of calling ; but, speaking generally, they were all what would be called working men. Dear, good, strong, sturdy, simple-hearted, Christ-loving, loyal men—a joy and a support to me for more than twenty years.

We met for consultation, for prayer, for social intercourse, for recreation ; we learned by experience the best way of carrying out our object : soon, men possessed of special skill came forward, and gave us the valuable aid which only experts can give. One man, skilled in the use of lantern slides, became our operator, and through the many years of our work never once failed us ; another, once a sergeant in the army, undertook the task of building the platform ; besides special work such as these, the work of the committee was to distribute the tickets for our Good Friday service. This was a task which needed judgment as well as zeal. Our aim was to invite and admit only men who went to no place of worship : we wished to reach those who were outside the influence of ordinary religious organizations. It is to the credit of the committee that this task was so well fulfilled. The further duty of the committee was to act as stewards on the night of the service. Thus we had scattered throughout the hall of meeting, two hundred and fifty men, members of the committee, distinguished by the badge of their stewardship. It was in

1890 that we made our first attempt to hold this special service : Good Friday fell that year upon April 4. The only hall available that year was the drill hall — a large empty building, destitute of furniture. As the hall was not even provided with seats, we had to do the best we could to provide them ourselves. Then I first discovered the genuine and solid zeal of the men of my Good Friday Committee. No difficulties daunted them. Seats were needed : sitting accommodation must be provided. If we could not have seats, we would hire boards. Boards were brought in : rough benches supported upon blocks of wood soon filled the hall. The men worked hard, bravely and quickly. The vigorous earnestness of the committee overcame all obstacles. The night came : the platform on which I was to stand was provided. At a distance from this, in the centre of the hall, another platform was erected for the lantern : Mr. Reed, of whom I have spoken, had charge of the lantern : near him sat my wife, who handed to him the slides as they were required, keeping to the order which she and I had arranged beforehand.

It was an anxious moment when the hour came for the service, which was an experiment and, in the view of some, an innovation : the hall was full of men : the hymns, which were thrown upon the screen, were taken up with zest. There was no organ, but the committee led the singing with such energy, that soon it seemed that the whole assembly had joined in the hymn. Happily it was Yorkshire, and in the West Riding of Yorkshire they know how to sing.

It was at this meeting that I had a small experience

of telepathic influence : for a moment I feared that my memory would fail on a matter which, especially at an experimental service, might be of importance. In arranging the order in which the slides were to appear, we had put them into four or five groups : each group was divided off from the others by a hymn, for we had three hymns, I think, at intervals during the address. My task was to remember the slides which were to appear in these several groups. When we had reached the last hymn but one, and while they were singing it, I bethought myself that I had better run over in my mind the slides in the order in which they were needed in the next group. I went over the first three or four, and then my mind was blank : I could not pick up the recollection of the next slide. Time was running on : the verses of the hymn were diminishing : I must recall the whole number of remaining slides : I was lost for want of the fourth or fifth slide, which I could not recall. The fear that I could not recall it in time only served to paralyse my power of recollection. Then I deliberately tried telepathy. I set my mind hard to influence my wife's mind, and I mentally asked her. What is the fourth or fifth slide for the next group ? Then, as if by magic, after a short but sensible interval, it came back to me, and I was able to follow the order of the closing slides.

Now there is nothing remarkable in this so-called telepathic experience. Indeed, it will be said, as I said to myself at the time, there is no evidence of any telepathy here ; all that happened was, that the memory recovered itself, and gave back the missing slide. Yes, that is just

what I said to myself might have been the case ; but I carried the matter a little further : I wished to ascertain whether, at the moment when I was mentally asking for the slide, my wife was aware of my influence upon her mind ; so, without telling her of my experience, I questioned her about the service and the singing ; and then she told me that when the last hymn but one was being sung, she was enjoying the wholehearted way in which the men were joining : she was happy in just listening to the volume of sound given forth by such united singing. While thus just listening, it came suddenly into her mind that she must go over the slides for the next group, and accordingly she did so. It came as a kind of necessity upon her at the moment when I was exerting my mind to influence hers for that very thing. I am not pressing this as an instance of genuine telepathic influence, for it is obvious enough that the experience both of myself and my wife might be accounted for in another way ; but I may here say that the experience does not stand alone. More than once I tried the same mental effort with the object of arresting my wife's attention and getting her help, and, whatever the full and true explanation may be, I found the experiment successful.

For example, once when I was holding an ordination in the private chapel at Ripon, I noticed, in the middle of the Litany, that the Bibles and New Testaments which were to be given to the candidates for Orders, had been forgotten, and were not in their place at hand. I was at the east end of the chapel : my wife was at the extreme west end ; but again I fixed my mind to arrest her attention : I fastened it on the thought of the missing books : I looked towards

her: she saw my look, and in a moment, without any hesitation, she sent some one for the missing books and they were brought in. These are trifling matters from one point of view; but they were not trifling at the time, and the success of my experiments, however they are to be explained, was a great relief to me both in the chapel and in the drill hall.

The service in the drill hall was the beginning of the work which my Good Friday Committee carried on with me for twenty-two years. Our first service was held in 1890: and it was held for the twenty-second time in 1911, my last year as Bishop of Ripon. I took the service, by the wish of the present Bishop of Ripon, in 1914, but this lies a little outside my own record, though it was a joy to meet again those loyal helpers, who for upwards of twenty years had never failed me.

The bonds between us were drawn more closely as the years went on. We understood one another: we loved one another. We had taken several excursions together, and an intercourse when visiting towns of interest, in meeting the fatigues and pleasures of the journey, served to make strong the bonds of a friendship which was begun in a joint endeavour to be of help to our brother men.

The excursions—we had fifteen in all—included, besides our house at Ripon, Brussels, Cambridge, Oxford, Windsor, Belfast, London, Chester, York and Ryther. The tale of our adventures on these excursions would be too long to tell. Brussels was, I think, the most remarkable, as it was the most adventurous of them all. It was not to be expected that many could afford the time or money for

a visit to Brussels—nevertheless, as many as fifty joined in the trip. They left Leeds on the Friday night before Whit Sunday : they reached Brussels early on Saturday : we took them out to Waterloo : there we had lunch ; we brought them back to Brussels and took them to the Exposition, which was then open. The engineering section attracted some of our party, and it was amusing to see an eager Englishman trying to get a mechanical explanation from a Belgian who knew no English. We had to act as interpreters on more than one occasion. We had, indeed, more than one laughter-provoking experience. The men were much impressed when they saw, as they journeyed through Flanders, the women working in the fields. "Eh," said one of the party, "the next time I marry, I shall marry one of these women who can work, and besides, when she scolds me I shall not understand her."

The buildings in Brussels were a kind of revelation to some of the party. "This," said one of them, as we came up to the Palais des Beaux Arts, "this reminds me of the age of Sardanapalus !" On the Sunday we attended the English Church : it was an imposing party which entered the church that morning : more than fifty of us, all of whom joined lustily in the singing. "Aye, didn't we lift the roof off?" was what was said. We made a goodly addition to the number of the communicants in the little church.

On Monday we went to Antwerp, saw the churches and the Zoological Gardens, and returned to Brussels in time for dinner, after which the party started back for England and were landed at Leeds on Tuesday morning.

The arrangements for the excursion were undertaken by Messrs. Lunn, and they were admirable. A courier was with the party all the time, and he relieved us of a great many small details of business: he made himself responsible for the tips and prices of admission to the various places we visited. I think that our party caused great astonishment to the hotel-keepers: the party was scattered for sleeping purposes among three hotels; but all met for the principal meals in one hotel. The men of the committee were accustomed to sing the grace before and after their meals, and when the fifty men lifted up their voices for the purpose, there was grave astonishment, which bordered on alarm, among the officials of the hotel. However, before the Monday was over, they had accepted the position, and no doubt regarded the singing as another proof of the madness of the English.

The Brussels excursion was in every way a great success, and I feel sure that many of those who were with us in 1897 feel their interest in that happy excursion deepened now as they have read of all the savage and wanton cruelties which an unscrupulous and ruthless enemy has brought upon that land which we saw then peaceful, industrious and happy, little dreaming then that sinister ambition would tempt a powerful people to violate their pledged word and stain their honour with a stain which centuries of virtue can hardly wash away.

Perhaps next to this visit to Brussels our excursion to Belfast possessed the greatest interest: it had a characteristic of its own; for it was marked by the ready hospitality shown by the working men of Belfast to those of Leeds.

It came about in this way. The Bishop of Down and Connor (Dr. Welland) had been a lifelong friend: his father and my father had been friends, and the friendship descended to the next generation. To Dr. Welland I owed much: in days when I was a schoolboy, and he was an undergraduate, working hard for honours, he came as a visitor to our house. He was a most industrious student, and I admired the indefatigable diligence which he showed even in those days which he might have reckoned as holidays. It so happened that I was at that time face to face with a step forward in my education: I had to commence Greek, and in the initial stages our guest, Mr. Welland, gave me useful help. I used to say in after years that he taught me my Greek alphabet. Time went by: he found himself bewildered in a question which in those days exercised the minds of theological students in a degree which would amaze the students of to-day. There were those who, laying heavy emphasis on the doctrine of Election, would have it that our Lord's death purchased, as it were, the body of the elect, and only these: the benefits of His death and sacrifice did not avail for others. Only the elect would be saved, therefore only the elect had been redeemed, otherwise the sacrifice was in part a failure, which was unthinkable. The question, therefore, which was raised took this form: Did Christ die for all men or for the elect only? The Calvinistic view, as it was called most unfairly, for it was contrary to Calvin's teaching—the Calvinistic view or the view which advocated a limited redemption by Christ's death, fascinated young Mr. Welland. My father, who took a deep interest in him, wrote a long letter on

the subject, and the letter was the means of liberating Mr. Welland's mind from the narrow and harsh conceptions of this so-called Calvinistic doctrine.

Later, when I had won an open scholarship at Cambridge, and we were spending the summer in Ireland, Mr. Welland again helped me by coaching me in mathematics : and three or four years afterwards, on the Sunday after my ordination, the first church in which I officiated was the church in Dublin in which Mr. Welland ministered. Thus in the earlier part of my life my lot was often cast near to Mr. Welland. Years passed by, and our lives were sundered ; he remained in Ireland : my lot was cast in England : and during those years we scarcely saw one another. In process of time he became Bishop of Down and I became Bishop of Ripon, and I ventured to invite him to come over and preach for our diocesan charities. He kindly came, and our friendship revived. While he was with us I had to meet my Good Friday Committee, and he accompanied me. He did more : he spoke a few kindly words to the men, and as he heard of our excursions he very cordially invited the committee to visit Belfast. I think that the Bishop was surprised at the alacrity with which his invitation was accepted ; the moment he mentioned the idea, the consenting acquiescence and appreciation of the meeting expressed itself in long and loud plaudits.

So the visit to Belfast was arranged, and as it happened, it was fixed for a most appropriate time : it coincided with the opening of the Belfast Cathedral. It was marked by the warm and generous hospitality of these northern men of Ireland. A committee of working men, brought

together in much the same way as our Leeds committee, aided in arranging the hospitality : in this way every member of our Good Friday Committee was received as a guest during his stay in Belfast. More than this, on our arrival, we found that an excursion to the Giant's Causeway had been arranged. This meant that we were conveyed to Portrush by train, that lunch was provided for us on the train, that from Portrush to the Giant's Causeway we were taken by the light railway. We rambled over the great mass of pillared stones. The angles formed by the stones had been discussed, and one of our party was thence-forward intent upon finding what he called "the octopus stone"—"I want to find that octopus stone." At every point some unexpected and unknown friend appeared eager and ready to help us on our way. We returned to Belfast in the evening : on Sunday we attended the cathedral. On Monday we saw the great dockyards of Harland and Wolff : the *Baltic*, if I remember rightly, was nearing completion. We saw over her, and her name became familiar to us later on ; for on the occasion of my two visits to the United States, in 1904 and 1912, we travelled by the *Baltic*, and found her to be a steady and comfortable vessel.

The members of our Good Friday Committee left Belfast amid the warm cheers and enthusiastic farewells of the Belfast men, whose hospitality they had enjoyed. Friendships were formed, and a happy sense of brotherly kindness between the two cities was created. Our committee greatly wished to return the hospitality of our Irish friends ; but, unfortunately, some difficulties arose which prevented the realization of this hope ; but I have very

little doubt that the interchange of visits between the working men of different towns works for good in creating good feeling and a good understanding based on mutual respect and sympathy.

Our excursions to other places had their peculiar interest. I think that our working men will never forget the personal interest and almost princely hospitality which was shown them by the Warden of Merton (Mr. Brodrick) when we visited Oxford, or the lunch given us in Trinity College Hall the day we visited Cambridge.

These little sketches will seem dull and uninteresting to my readers ; but, dear reader, forgive me. If you had known these dear men of Leeds as I knew them, if you had seen their devotion to our task, their natural chivalry towards my wife and daughter during these excursions, their heartiness, their generosity, you would find in every chronicle of their sayings and doings a deep and abiding interest.

I might chronicle some of their sayings : I might tell the tale of other excursions, but, full of interest as these were, I am inclined to think that perhaps their visits to us at Ripon were among the happiest of our experiences. On the two excursions to distant places only a certain proportion, something from thirty to forty per cent. of our members, could command the necessary time ; but when they came to Ripon, nearly all could come for the whole or part of the day. Moreover, they could bring their wives with them, and this gave an added zest to their enjoyment. Then games and contests were planned : prizes competed for ; we had lunch in the open air, if the weather allowed : happily it, generally

speaking, was favourable. Our last act on these occasions was the little farewell service in the chapel, when the men lifted up their voices in hymns of praise. The last act, did I say? No, there was one more, but it was not on the programme. As they went out, they clustered round the porch, and one of their number proposed a vote of thanks to my wife and myself ; it was readily seconded, and carried with cheers ; and then, amid cheers and waving of hats and hands, our dear friends of the committee left us, and they left behind the benediction of their simple-minded loyalty, their hopefulness, their helpfulness, and their prayers.

As a token of the bond of our common work, I designed a badge for the members of the Good Friday Committee. It was in the form of a Maltese or eight-pointed cross. The eight points represented the eight Beatitudes : here, then, was the cross lying within the circle of the Beatitudes. The cross—the highest symbol of self-sacrificing love—had too often been employed as the emblem of persecuting bigotry. It was needful to remind the Church, and the Knights of Malta set up their symbol to do so, that the cross ought to be carried in the Spirit of Christ. To make this clear, our badge bore monograms which represented the initials of the leading words in the Beatitudes. Happiness, we reminded ourselves, does not lie in merely bearing the name of Christ, but in being filled with the spirit of Christ. On the other side of the badge we had the XP, the monogram of Christ, and the words *Beati in Christo* (Xto). Thus the badge claimed our loyalty to our Lord, not in letter only but in spirit.

The Beatitudes became the little canticle of our meetings. Whenever we met for prayer, we united in saying together the Beatitudes.

This chapter is a tribute to the loyal-heartedness of the body of men who worked with me as brothers in enterprise, and perhaps the best way in which I can close this chapter is by adding here the little record which we issued as a souvenir when we had completed the full twenty-one years of joint work. The souvenir gives the memorial letter which I wrote as a record and a farewell to my much-loved comrades: it gave also the list of places which were included in our periodical excursions. Those who know what bonds of confidence are created and strengthened by common work and common travel, will realize how strong was the tie which bound us together and how affectionate are the memories which remain.

Here, also, I gladly record the fact that the Good Friday Service is still held, and that it was conducted this year (1916) under conditions which seem to promise its happy continuance. I am grateful to those whose fostering care has made this possible, and I can only hope and pray that future vicars of Leeds will show the same loving care which the present vicar (Dr. Bickersteth) has shown in the enterprise, and that future bishops of Ripon will support it with the same kind sympathy which the present bishop (Dr. Drury) has given.

GOOD FRIDAY MEMORIES, 1890-1911

EXCURSIONS OF THE GOOD FRIDAY COMMITTEE.

The Palace, Ripon	.	.	.	July 19th, 1890.
The Palace, Ripon	.	.	.	July 1893.
Liverpool	.	.	.	Summer 1895.
Brussels	.	.	.	June 4th to 7th, 1897.
The Palace, Ripon	.	.	.	1899.
Cambridge	.	.	.	May 26th, 1900.
Oxford	.	.	.	June 29th, 1901.
The Palace, Ripon	.	.	.	July 26th, 1902.
Windsor	.	.	.	August 15th, 1903.
Belfast	.	.	.	June 3rd to 6th, 1904.
The Palace, Ripon	.	.	.	July 15th, 1905.
London	.	.	.	July 7th, 1906.
Chester	.	.	.	August 31st, 1907.
The Palace, Ripon	.	.	.	June 27th, 1908.
York	.	.	.	July 27th, 1911.
Ryther	.	.	.	September 16th, 1911.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE GOOD
FRIDAY COMMITTEE

ON the 4th of April, 1890, we made our first attempt to have a Special Service for Men on Good Friday Evening ; we met that night in the Drill Hall ; the Drill Hall was not provided with seats, so we were obliged to bring in boards and build up rough benches as best we could. In this the vigorous earnestness of the members of the committee showed itself ; and difficulties were overcome.

In the next year, 1891, we met in the Town Hall for the first time, and since that date our service has been held there. We tried an experiment in 1891, however, which we did not repeat ; before the service in the Town Hall,

we held a service at the Miners' Hall. Good Friday that year fell upon March 27th, the day after my Jubilee of life ; so that I was fifty when we held our first Town Hall service, and I was seventy when we held our last service this year.

I am glad to know that my successor will continue to hold the service, if we can secure permission to use the Town Hall. I am glad for every reason ; we should not like to see the service discontinued ; it has, we venture to believe, been a means of doing good ; it stands, moreover, for ideas which we wish to keep before the minds of men. It is the witness that there are great truths and abiding facts connected with Good Friday. To commemorate a birthday is common enough ; to commemorate a day of death is in the history of religions unusual ; no note of triumph is heard when a great leader or teacher passes away, but the death of Jesus Christ our Lord awakens a whole series of thoughts which have brought to the Christian world a teaching more noble and more permanent than surrounds the cradle of great men. The world is not to be won except by the Cross ; it is only when we learn to die that we learn to live ; it is only when we lose ourselves that we truly find ourselves. This truth enters into the heart of Christian teaching ; it is symbolized in our Baptism ; it is continually commemorated in Holy Communion ; we are buried with Christ in Baptism ; we avow ourselves partakers of His death in the Holy Communion.

Thus the death of Christ becomes the witness of an abiding fact ; the death was a fact in history, but it becomes an abiding fact, for it needs to be a fact in our spiritual

history also ; only as we share this great sacrificial spirit of Christ do we fulfil the end and purpose of our Creator ; for we can only reach the highest by sharing the spirit of the highest, and the spirit of the highest is love, and sacrifice of self for love's sake is the supreme test and witness on earth of the Spirit of Love.

We, as a committee, have represented varying schools of thought ; some members have been connected with churches which might be called High ; some with those which might be called Low ; and others moderate and others broad. But by whatever name the world might call us, we were united in the desire of glorifying Christ by proclaiming the power of His Cross, and by carrying it in the spirit which He taught and showed.

And so, the badge which we have worn for many years past has expressed this principle. The Cross of Christ carried in the Spirit of Christ. Too often the Cross has been uplifted in the world in a spirit the very opposite of that of our Lord. It has been lifted up in arrogance, and in pride ; it has been held aloft as the victim writhed and perished under the persecuting hand of cruel and Christless men ; it has been clung to as a charm ; it has been saluted as a banner on the battlefield ; its original value and virtue has been forgotten ; worldly thoughts and ambitions have overlaid its first beautiful significance ; but through all the perversions and ignorances which have grown around it, there have been men and women who held to the spiritual principles which it expressed ; these found the inner joy which comes to Christlike souls, who have been able to say, “ I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.”

Our Badge is designed to keep alive this truth, that the Cross is to be carried in the Spirit of Christ, for thus only will the Beatitude of the Cross be realized. So we took the dear words of our Lord, those which tell us what constitutes the foundation of inward happiness ; the Beatitudes became the little canticle of our meetings, and when we sought to gather together men to hear the Story of Divine Love, we knew that we were striving to bring them to that joy which is within—the joy not of outward possessions, but of that disposition of soul which could find gladness independent of earthly conditions, and which in the consciousness that God's love shone all through life could understand that there was a gladness in sacrifice as well as in success, and could, therefore, enter intelligently and heartily into that exclamation of St. Paul, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

The only way, dear friends, to live in the world is to live with hearts above the world ; and the only way to live above the world without conceit or cynicism is to live in the Spirit of Him Who loved us and gave Himself for us.

I have put down these thoughts, as they express—though lamely—the aim which has been ours in the mission work to which we have put our hands for more than twenty years. We have thought together of Christ's character and of the Love which inspired it, of Him who saved others, not Himself ; we have sought to explore the heart of this happiness which was stronger than shame and pain ; we

have marked the consistency of His Love in utterance and in action ; we have seen the difference between the Cross met with petulant resentment and the Cross carried in love ; we have noted the Cross as the sign of the victory of good, as the symbol of spiritual freedom, changing the attitude of the world towards suffering ; we have touched on the power of that Cross in the history of mankind ; we have seen how it tests character, and humbles and elevates the soul, banishing the evil dreams of sin and unfolding the all-embracing, all-sustaining power of love ; and lastly, we have marked the loyalty of Christ's love to man, and we have felt that the Cross is a challenge and call to our loyalty to Him who revolutionized the world by the revelation of the Father's Love.

These have been some of our thoughts—may He who lived them and inspired them enable us all to live in Him, and to breathe forth the beatitude of His presence, wherever we go.

This little preface to a souvenir of our meetings I write for you, my dear brothers in Christ, who for twenty-one years have given your time, your work, your prayers, your patience and your love to an enterprise which has been dear to us all and has bound us together in the realization of a love which change cannot disturb and which death cannot destroy.

W. BOYD CARPENTER.

6 THE LITTLE CLOISTERS,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.

Christmas, 1911.

CHRIST IN THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

THE BADGE MEANS

ON ONE SIDE—

XP(R), *i. e.* the first two Greek letters of the name Christ.
Beati in Xto. *i. e.* Blessed in Christ.

ON THE OTHER—

FOUR MONOGRAMS, VIZ :

1. PHMC. Poor—Heaven. Mourn—Comforted.
2. MEHF. Meek—Earth. Hunger—Filled.
3. MPG. Merciful—Mercy. Pure—God.
4. PCPRK. Peacemaker—Children. Persecuted for Righteousness—Kingdom.

The Badge thus reminds us of the Eight Beatitudes (Matt. v. 1-9). It tells again who are truly blessed. Happiness does not lie in bearing the name of Christ, but in being filled with the Spirit of Christ (Rom. viii. 9).

Those who wear this Badge bind themselves to seek to make Christ in all things pre-eminent (Col. i. 18), and to begin to do so by seeking to make the Spirit of Christ the pre-eminent power in their spirits. They will not be content to do the work of Christ unless they do it in the Spirit of Christ.

It is suggested that those who wear this Badge should (1) repeat to themselves every week the Eight Beatitudes, adding a prayer for the Holy Spirit's help to enable them to live in the Spirit of Christ; (2) remember one another at Holy Communion once a month.

FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDSHIP

It is ill writing one's reminiscences, if one can only chronicle human affairs. Man's life, no doubt, is social, and the interplay of mutual influences, thoughts and emotions contributes to its interest ; but man is surrounded by creatures of humbler creation, as we say ; and man's treatment of these creatures measures his character, and they in their turn influence his moral growth. Professor Huxley used to say that he respected the house of which the cat was an honoured inmate ; he felt that a certain largeness of humane feeling was indicated by the affection and care bestowed upon the harmless, necessary cat. However this may be, I can chronicle the way in which a cat claimed and won a place—yes, a very kindly place, in my regard.

Betty—I called her so—Betty was not beautiful ; she could not claim admiration for her long silky hair, for her brilliant colouring or her alluring eyes. She had no record of infantile attractions on which she could rely ; she did not come to us as a fluffy round ball, full of fascinating kittenish ways, hunting some rolling thing or prettily entangling herself in a ball of string. She had no claim of young, graceful movements or mature beauty on which to rely for her maintenance. She just came to us—how, I do

not know ; in fact, she planted herself upon us without invitation or apology. And she was not beautiful ; she was just commonplace—a grey tabby cat, and not fair to look upon when measured by other tabbies ; she was lean, grey and unkempt in appearance. Yet, with all her disadvantages, she won an established position among us ; her quiet persistency, her quiet assumption that we could not refuse her hospitality ; her faith in our goodness was a subtle and successful kind of flattery, and we succumbed ; and Betty became an inmate of our house.

I was then at 50 Highbury Hill—the house I occupied when I was Vicar of St. James's, Holloway—and Betty became by degrees my study companion. Perhaps the children were too noisy and too demonstrative in their attentions ; the dining-room had attractions, no doubt, but the nurseries were too vibrant with startling activities ; there was peace in the study, and so Betty found her way to the study and was my comrade while I read or wrote. She soon discovered the cosiest corner in which to repose ; she selected the one easy chair, and curled herself up in it with calm dignity ; she had appropriated it as her own, and had I been never so desirous of lounging in it, I believe I should never have dared to assert my claim. To do so would have seemed to have infringed sovereign and well-established rights. In reposeful comfort, therefore, Betty yawned and stretched, curled up and slept in the soft arm-chair. I can hear the critic say : “And you really tolerated this utterly selfish conduct ?” Dear critic, I did ; call me weak, if you will ; but bethink you, Betty was a refugee who sought my protection and hospitality. She dreaded

the children ; but even more she dreaded the onslaughts of Charley. Let me explain : "Charley" was my aunt's dog. She had come to keep house for me, and she could not be parted from Charley. Charley, to my unsympathetic mind, was a most detestable dog ; he was by way of being an English terrier, but I doubted the purity of his pedigree ; he was broad-set, brawny, self-indulgent, arrogant ; he would tolerate no rival ; cats he regarded as belonging to a despised race ; they were to be hunted, harassed, chased and chivied wherever they were found. So Charley at once declared war upon Betty, and the only sanctuary open to Betty was my study. There she sought and found peace ; there Charley never came ; and there, there was to be found an inoffensive and quiet creature, who welcomed her and allowed her the choice of the most comfortable chair. From the storm and turmoil of the house, and from the outrageous persecutions of Charley, Betty sought and found an asylum in my study.

And Betty became very companionable. At first she was content to slumber in my armchair ; but after a time she began to show an interest in me ; her interest then grew to what I may call a grateful affection ; and she used to descend from the chair, leap upon my writing-table and put out a timid and appealing paw, as much as to say : "We are companions in misfortune, and we are happy in this quiet refuge." If I continued writing, she would pat my pen and demand my attention. I soon understood her : she wanted to be talked to and to be petted ; so I would stroke her and talk soothing nothings to her. She seemed to enjoy it all, and was reluctant to leave me. Then I

would say : "Now, Betty, that is enough ; I have work to do, and you must go back to the chair." She soon understood, and would be content if once or twice in the morning she might jump on the table and be petted and stroked and talked to ; then she would gravely and gracefully retire to her slumbers. She was only an ugly, uninteresting tabby ; but she had affection, and she showed a real interest in the man who stood to her as protector and comrade.

Probably the sad loneliness of that time heightened my sense of Betty's companionship. There were moments in which I felt that she and I were the victims of common misfortunes ; we were both lonely, and we both desired quiet. So a subtle sympathy drew us together. If you talk to an animal much, and give it your trust and tell it your confidences, you humanize it by degrees, and a bond of common feeling will grow up between it and you. I know that I felt sympathy with Betty ; I think that she had, in some sub-conscious fashion, some sympathy with me.

"Cats have no personal attachment. Their love is for places, not for people." This is the common opinion, I believe. It was expressed, I remember, when I had to migrate from Highbury Hill to Paddington. "You will never take Betty with you," some one said ; "she will remain with the house ; she will never accept a changed residence." So the opinion went. However, I believed in Betty's attachment, and I took her with us when we moved. I brought her to my study in Queen's Gardens ; the old chair was there ; the writing-table was there, and I was

there ; and Betty accepted all ; she showed no signs of uneasiness. She slept in the chair ; she leaped on the table for her mid-morning caress ; she patted my pen till I put it down and stroked her and talked to her. The change of house did not trouble her. She had what she wanted and she was content. Like human beings, she found quiet and comfort in kindness and in familiar things ; so the old habits of friendly intercourse were continued as before ; in the new house the attachments were the same as they had been in the old.

Do you wonder that I grew fond of Betty ? Do you wonder that I felt for her in the hard, harsh days when Charley and the children terrified her ? Do you wonder that in those days I commemorated Betty in the following fashion ?—

POOR BETTY.

Poor Betty, with your soft warm fur
And gentle loving ways,
You only of the household now
Bear memory of past days.

The cosy fender was your own,
Where peacefully you purred,
There one fond hand would stroke your coat,
And speak the kindly word.

Then you would rise and arch your back,
And give contented yawn ;
Or rub your cheek confidingly
As nearer you were drawn.

Or you would bound the staircase up,
And purr and leap before
The steps of her who welcomed you
Within her chamber door.

And you would sit beside her hand
And peer within the glass ;
Or leap upon her shoulder
And round her fair neck pass.

And she, she loved you well, poor Bet,
And watched your kittens play,
For she loved all joyous guileless things,
With her bright, pure heart of May.

But now the warm sweet love of home,
Has passed from out the door,
The children all are scattered
And the mistress gone before.

Strange faces round the kitchen glance,
Strange hands light up the stove,
Strange voices in the house are heard,
Strange feet on stairways move.

The hard, rough dog your peace assails,
And wearies you with chase,
Snatches your best-loved morsel,
And curls up in your place.

Your presence meets with doubtful looks,
No welcome voice you hear,
No gentle hand caresses you,
Or fondly draws you near.

Poor Betty, you are lonely now,
Ah ! Betty ! so am I !
You crave to meet a touch of love,
Poor Betty, so do I !

Yet come, poor Bet, sit near me now ;
We both may take some ease ;
Enjoy this quiet, foe-free hour,
Be still, and purr in peace.

“ George ” was, for a season, the chief personage in our house at Ripon. From the hour when he first came to us

till the day when he breathed his last, he was unique and supreme, the centre of attraction.

George—when he came to us—was a dear, round, fluffy ball of a creature, who could lie on one's hand—a wrinkled-faced, black-nosed pug he was—a delight, a curiosity, a charm. He grew to be an institution. Let little people learn how important they may become. If they knew the story of George's powerful reign, they might take courage. The early days of George's life were days of affectionate admiration. All sorts of sweet and kindly nonsense were poured into his ears. He learned to take everything for granted, and he learned quickly. The one thing which, perhaps, he was slow to learn was that church was a prohibited area. We thought we had taught him this fairly well, before we took him to Niton, in the Isle of Wight, where we had hired a house for a few weeks in the summer. But whether George thought that the Isle of Wight was under different laws from Ripon, or whether he thought that laws were suspended during vacation time, I cannot tell ; but the fact is that, though we thought him left at home in safe security, he pursued us to church. When he arrived at the church door he was smitten, I suppose, with modesty or influenced by reverence ; for he did not search us out in our seat. He contented himself with taking refuge under a seat near the church door. How long he would have remained there in decorous silence I cannot say ; but an accident cut short his laudable quietude. It was a hot summer day, and drowsy insects were on the wing. Among them an active wasp intruded into the church, and dived down to where George sat with quiet and

patient dignity. I fear that the wasp was guilty of some assault ; for George on a sudden roused some sleepy members of the congregation, as he dashed precipitately from the church. This, I believe, was George's solitary act of transgression of the established order of Sunday and church.

George was an imitative creature. At one time we had two great St. Bernard dogs, yclept Dante and Gemma—Dan and Gem for short. They were fine creatures—good-tempered and friendly ; but they aroused, I think, some jealousy in George's breast. He would sometimes, perhaps in play, but more probably, I think, in resentful jealousy, assail them ; they bore it with good-natured toleration for a time, but occasionally, when George's persistence became offensive, they would give him a warning nip. In the winter, when the snow was on the ground, the joy of the St. Bernard dogs was supreme ; they raced over the land ; they buried their noses in the snow and tossed it in the air. Then a ludicrous sight might have been seen. George would not be behindhand in any performance which attracted attention ; but the spectacle of George trying to bury his snub nose in the snow, then ridiculously endeavouring to toss it over his head, was a spectacle of mirth—indeed of a mirth which came close to contempt. It is to provoke an amusement perilously near to disdain, when creatures attempt to do something which is beyond their nature or their skill. I think we understood Michel's feelings about David, when we saw George trying to sport with the snow.

George was a trial in one serious matter ! We kept

sheep on the land in Ripon, and gradually there came in complaints about George. He was worrying the sheep. At first we paid little attention to these complaints. It seemed absurd to suppose that a small dog like George could do much damage to sheep which were three or four times his size ; but the complaints became more frequent and more serious, till at last I was told that George was responsible for the death of no fewer than seven sheep. It had become a very grave matter. However much we liked George or were diverted by his pranks, it was out of the question that we could keep him to prey upon our sheep. It was difficult to bring the matter home to George. Punishment, if not clearly connected with the offence, was useless. At last, however, my opportunity came. As I was walking one day up the drive, George suddenly made for the sheep, who fled, frightened, from their foe. I pursued : I caught George ; with the help of the bailiff a sheep was seized, and then we bound George tight to the sheep's side. When we had made the bonds firm and fast, we let the ill-matched pair go : George was compelled to go as the sheep returned to its comrades ; but I followed, and I chased George and the sheep in and out among the other sheep till George was faint and tired. Then I gave him, after I loosed him, a goodly thrashing.

Thus George was cured. He had been exposed to three painful experiences : fear was his when he found himself helplessly bound, dragged and chased among the flying and disordered sheep ; disgust was his, for the smell of the sheep was odious to him : but he was tied so fast that he was compelled to sniff up the oily odour of the sheepskin,

and lastly came pain when his beating reminded him of his offence. George was cured : only once afterwards did I see a sign that the chasing instinct was not wholly gone. Once he made a half-start, as though he would pursue the sheep ; but a word of warning checked the impulse, and ever after George left the sheep in peace.

This was George's great offence, and we were all much relieved when it was purged. It is ill chronicling the faults of one's pets : it is a pleasanter task to record their amusing tricks and their virtues. At dinner George was a constant source of interested observation. I am afraid that I must admit that George was self-indulgent and greedy ; but out of his greediness came one of his accomplishments. I would place a piece of biscuit a little way from the edge of the table : George, standing on his hind legs, would try to reach it. If too far for his mouth, he would try to sweep it near with his paw. As he succeeded I placed the piece further and further from the edge, till at length George, educated by failure and success, was able to sweep a fairly wide area of the table with his extended paw. With age George grew fatter and the exertion of biscuit hunting was too much. He loved ease, and he would sit before the fire, groaning with a kind of apoplectic enjoyment of the warmth and comfort.

But if George had small accomplishments and some faults, he had one great virtue—magnanimity. This was displayed in one great and conspicuous instance. We had at this time a handsome blue Persian cat—a stately creature whom we called Sultan. Sultan was more like a dog than a cat in his habits and temper. He never scratched unless

he were attacked : he never showed his claws when an accident occurred which might have provoked a nervous reaction. I once trod upon him in the dark upon the stairs : he only moved himself away with quiet dignity, he showed no ill feeling : he understood us and he knew the difference between a mishap and an unkindness. Sultan was master in his own house : he had his own establishment ; but he never allowed one of the kittens to come beyond the prescribed limits : if one thrust its little nose round the edge of the blue baize door which led to the kitchen, it was cuffed and sent back by Sultan. It was with regard to Sultan that George displayed his magnanimity. George and Sultan were rivals. Sultan was privileged and lived a good part of his time in my study : he was free of all the living rooms ; this was pain and grief to George, who could tolerate no rival in our affections, but in spite of jealousy George was magnanimous.

One cold winter night in December, when the snow was on the ground, I was awakened by George's barks. George slept in the outer hall. I listened to the barking ; I hoped that it would soon cease, but George continued to bark at intervals, and at last it was clear that I must go down and see what was the matter. I descended the stairs and I opened the door of the outer hall. George frisked with delight and wagged a welcoming tail. "George," I said, "you are a humbug : you only wanted some one to come down to talk to you ; there's nothing wrong : you are a humbug ; go to sleep, and don't disturb us again." Having said this in a solemn and self-assertive way, I began to withdraw ; but George would not have it. As I began to close

the door, he barked again, and I had to return. George looked wistful : there was evidently something for me to do ; but what it was I could not guess ; so, interrupted now and then by George's half-barks, I returned, and then I understood. Outside the front door I heard the faint mew of a cat. I opened the hall door, and in stalked Sultan, proud and indifferent, while George gambolled round him with delight. There was a good fire burning in the grate, to welcome the exile, who exchanged the snow and the bitter cold without for the warmth and shelter.

George's barking was now explained. I have little doubt that his efforts resulted in the saving of Sultan's life ; but Sultan treated the incident without emotion : it was George who indulged in manifestations of joy. In this there seems to lie a parable.

George received his name because he had the air of the first gentleman in Europe, and George retained his fine manners to the end. Even when he was ill and under the veterinary surgeon's care, his scrupulous maintenance of polite usage impressed his host. There was pathos in the way George preserved his dignity to the end.

George was succeeded by Prempeh, a lithe and active dachshund. Prempeh was light brown in colour : he moved like lightning : he early showed his love of comfort, and his power of adapting himself to the ways of the house was remarkable. We determined to provide Prempeh with a wife, and two candidates were sent to us on approval. Prempeh was allowed a free choice : it was soon made. After a cold interview with one, a somewhat stout and thick-set animal, Prempeh began the most joyous game

with the other. Like children they played, and showed a touching gladness in each other's society. So the wife was chosen : her name was Julia, but we called her Ju. They were a happy couple, almost inseparable : indeed, they formed a comradeship in wickedness which caused not a little trouble ; for they took to hunting, and Ju was the instigator of every adventure.

Near the house was a gravel pit, which was the happy home of rabbits. This pit was the realm of temptation to Prempeh and Ju. Ju, Eve-like, was the leader. She would come to the drawing-room, where Prempeh was reposing in happy contentment : she would look at him with eager invitation in her wicked eyes, and Prempeh would obey. She could not carry on the hunting without Prempeh's aid : he was smaller, thinner, and more active : it was his part to enter the rabbit holes and drive the frightened rabbits before him. Ju stationed herself at the further outlet, and stood ready to pounce upon the victim as it emerged into the open. Such ardent hunters were the pair that they literally cleared the pit of rabbits ; and then came their banishment. The instinct of hunting was too strong for the couple, and, having driven the rabbits from one ground, they extended their researches and depredations further afield. They invaded our neighbours' land, and soon complaints were made. The havoc wrought by Prempeh and Ju was more than our neighbours could stand. To cure the couple of the propensity, which had become a habit, was impossible. Our only resource was to banish them. And so, with much regret and many an ache of heart, we found a home for our dear little dachshunds : it was far away, somewhere in the

Shakespeare country. I have a photograph of the naughty pair, which their new and kind hosts sent us as a remembrance of two of the happiest, most fascinating and most mischievous little dogs which ever delighted the hearts of their owners. Dear little joyous friends they were : they knew the order of the house, and they availed themselves of every privilege which that order offered. As soon as the servants were stirring, the pair knew that their chance had come. They flew up the stairs : they scratched, eager and impatient, at our bedroom door : they would take no denial. They were admitted ; they leaped upon the bed, and buried themselves under the eiderdown quilt. There they lay in happy warmth. The bell for chapel would sound, but they did not stir ; but the moment the gong sounded they were up and tore downstairs. They did not favour religion, but they were ready for breakfast.

In pursuit of food, Premeh developed extraordinary skill. I tried the same plan which I had tried with George. I placed a piece of biscuit near the edge of the table : Premeh could not, being small, pat it with his paw and draw it within reach ; but Premeh, being light, could leap. He soon learned to leap and seize the morsel with neat dexterity. Gradually I increased the distance, till the biscuit would be six or seven inches from the table edge ; and Premeh would leap and seize it with unerring aim, without damaging or disturbing anything on the table. He was a beautiful and clever dog, and it was a sorry day when we had to part with him and his less nimble but more naughty comrade in mischief.

F. W. ROBERTSON

I NEVER heard Frederick Robertson preach : I never saw him. This was my loss ; but probably I should not have been able to appreciate him : I was too young, for he died when I was twelve years of age. Mr. Frederick Harrison, in his interesting letter to the present Dean of Durham, says that, "his appearance, voice and manner were the very ideal of a fashionable preacher." The only other description of Robertson's preaching which I have heard was given me by the late Rev. Canon Money, who was for some years Vicar of St. John's, Deptford. It came about in this way. We were both present at a meeting, the object of which I cannot recall. Among the speakers was one who addressed us as a man who was thinking out a subject and quietly giving us the result of his thoughts : he had not the air of a man who has completely mastered his subject, with its divisions and subdivisions and conclusion all clearly arranged beforehand ; nor was it the air of a man who is nervously anxious to say what he has to say and to get people to agree with them then and there : it was rather the air of a man who sees truth coming to him and lets others share it as it comes. There was little change in the expression of the face : the gestures were few, and not in any sense dramatic ; they only added a kind of occasional emphasis to what was said. When he had finished and an

opportunity came, Canon Money turned to me and said, "That is very like the way Robertson preached." I have no means of endorsing the view thus expressed, for Robertson was only a name to me : my only acquaintance with him was through that medium by which he held converse with the whole world—his published works.

Everyone knows how widespread was the influence of his sermons—how they were read by thousands who would never read ordinary books of divinity or the stately discourses of antiquated divines or the pompous reiteration of cant phrases which won the title of "sound" sermons.

But though I was not privileged to know or hear Robertson, I nevertheless seemed to be brought near to him by family association. He was, for a time, curate to my uncle Archibald Boyd, then Vicar of Christchurch, Cheltenham, and afterwards Dean of Exeter. My aunt Fanny often stayed with her brother in Cheltenham, and through her I heard much of Fred. Robertson. He was a sort of hero to her, at any rate for a time, and she would give me vigorous and pathetic sketches of the man whom she so greatly admired.

She has passed away, but among her papers were found a little bundle of Robertson's letters. They possess a varied interest. Some of them were written when he was travelling abroad, and give pictures of his journeyings : some touch on his experiences when he was ministering at Oxford : some allude to matters at Cheltenham, and others again to his task at Brighton. Thus, through my aunt, I was brought into closer touch with Robertson than otherwise would have been possible.

My uncle was, I know, somewhat troubled when Frederick Robertson's Life first appeared, as it seemed to suggest that there had been a personal conflict or quarrel between Robertson and himself. This he very emphatically denied, and I believe that I am right in saying that the publishers were quite ready to give Mr. Boyd an opportunity of telling his own story on the subject. I do not, however, think that this ever was done. It may therefore be interesting if I set down here one other thing which came from my uncle on the subject of his relations with Robertson.

In reading these we ought, I suppose, to recall the atmosphere of Cheltenham at the time. The residents were orthodox, according to the fashion of the day ; and many of them possessed that sleepy character of intellect which rests on words and phrases, and resents the introduction of any new vocabulary which might necessitate exertion of mind.

On one occasion Robertson preached a sermon: I think the subject was our Lord's temptation. The pews were disturbed : something unlike what was customary had been said ; the unexpected had happened, and the unexpected must be heresy. Complaints were heard, and letters of expostulation were addressed to the vicar, Mr. Boyd. He held his peace ; but a few weeks later, he was preaching on a kindred topic, and he set forth what he felt to be the truth about our Lord's temptation. When the service was over, and vicar and curate entered the vestry, Robertson turned to my uncle and, with a light in his face, said, "Thank you, thank you ; you said what I tried to say."

I do not, of course, mean to imply by this story more

than what applies to the incident in question. I do not think that there was, or could have been, absolute intellectual agreement between my uncle and Robertson on all theological points : I think that their formulæ would have remained different on many matters : they were a generation apart. But I think that what really happened was this : my uncle was able, as he listened to his curate, to discover what the congregation missed, the essential ideas which Robertson wished to express. The vicar, with greater experience and longer practice, was able to say in language more consonant with the thoughts of his people what Robertson really wished to say. The truth which was uppermost at the moment in Robertson's mind was capable of being stated in language which would not arouse suspicion. Further, it may be said without cynicism that the congregation would listen with much less keen scent for heresy to the vicar, whose orthodoxy was taken for granted, than to a curate about whose orthodoxy they were not assured. Whether this be a true account of the matter or not, the anecdote is pleasant, as it shows a magnanimity on the part of both vicar and curate.

Once, only once according to my uncle, did any shadow fall to chill the friendly feelings between Robertson and himself. There was a time in which my uncle admitted that he became aware that a certain aloofness of feeling had arisen between them. It was one of those apparently causeless impressions which might contain the seed of later personal alienation. It may have had its origin in some heedlessly repeated piece of gossip : the theological temper of Cheltenham at the time was favourable for the diffusion of misunderstandings. When my uncle realized the situa-

tion he sought for some way to put an end to it. The chance of doing so came to him as he was out walking. Suddenly, as he turned a corner, he encountered Robertson. In a moment there flashed upon him a happy thought. He went up to Robertson and, shaking hands, he said, "Robertson, shall you and I agree that Lot's wife was a very foolish woman?" For a few seconds Robertson looked bewildered, then, as the significance of the question broke upon his mind, his face broke into smiles as he said, "Certainly." From that time forward there was no looking back, no brooding over insane fragments of gossip, and the friendliness of their personal relations was unbroken.

These things, of course, belong to what we may call ancient history. It must be nearly seventy years since Robertson left Cheltenham. It is impossible, I should think, to test the accuracy of every event or incident which marked Robertson's life at Cheltenham; but it seems only right to record anything which sheds a kindly light upon a page which has been, perhaps, looked upon as one of almost unrelieved blackness.

The regard and even affection which Robertson felt towards Mr. Boyd is expressed with clearness and perfect frankness in the following letter—

9 MONTPELIER TERRACE,
BRIGHTON,
January 15th, 1849.

MY DEAREST MISS BOYD,

I will enter at once upon the subject of your questions, without adverting to the other parts of your kind letter. "Did I ever complain of your brother's unkindness?" "Had I ever cause to complain?"

I reply to the second first.

Never from the moment I began to work at Christ Church till the moment I left it did your brother cease to act towards me in a liberal, kind, and Christian way. Never can I be sufficiently grateful for his repeated acts of considerate solicitude. Except Charles Jackson, I do not know any man from whom I should have received so many. And you have my free permission to say to any one, as emphatically as I can express it, that I do not believe it would be possible to find any parish in England where the relations of an Incumbent towards a curate were more faultlessly sustained. But to say this is only half the truth. They were not only faultlessly, but affectionately sustained. I am not now giving vent to feeling, but answering your question in a businesslike way.

Perhaps, however, from the significant way in which your second question, "Did you ever complain," etc., is put, I ought to go a little deeper into the matter before I answer it.

What I have already said would seem to make a reply to this superfluous, and if it were not that your anxious tone seems to imply that some real expression or other of mine has been repeated, or exaggerated, or distorted, I should answer at once "Never." And I do answer, I *recollect* nothing which could have been so understood. But a negative extending over six years back is hard to make, as sentences often pass the lips on the impulse of the moment which are forgotten in an hour, unless treasured up by some benevolent peacemaker. I must, therefore, with pain, advert to another part of the matter.

I once told your brother frankly and openly that

(justly or unjustly so far as my expectations were concerned) I had been disappointed during the latter portion of my stay in Cheltenham by the cooling of his manner towards me ; that I had given him a very ardent attachment, and that for many months he had exhibited a growing coldness—that, of course, I had no right to claim friendship in return for friendship, but that it had galled me much to go on as we had been doing lately, that nothing but the feeling of his kindness, which had been once so hearty, could have kept me in a disagreeable post so long—that when that heartiness ceased, the disagreeable character of the position became intolerable—that I had not a single act of omission to complain of, but that I had missed that which gives the flavour to acts, and that the point which turned the scale at last in the decision of giving up was this.

We had a long explanation ; and your brother mentioned several circumstances which had insensibly led to all this.

These feelings indisputably were on my mind—I expressed them to your brother. I do not remember that I hinted them to any one else—except to one person, and if I did in that case, it was, I believe, only vaguely. But it would be very rash to declare positively that I never did so—for, when a thing weighs heavily on the mind, in particular moments it is apt to come out. As such a feeling certainly did exist, I will not, therefore, affirm that during three or four years last past no sentence has ever escaped my lips upon the subject—especially as you refuse to give me the name of the person to whom it is alleged to have been said, and do not even tell me what was said or affirmed to

have been said. But this I can say, that my memory is a perfect blank upon the subject ; though I assume that there must have been some expression of disappointment of mine on which all this is grafted. I do not know that I ought to have given an answer at all unless your informant had been willing to give his name. But I am far more anxious to satisfy you than to insist upon the strict justice of the matter. If it be a man who has told this story, and if it be by his own wish that his name is concealed, you may convey to him my opinion that he is a coward—if it be a lady, you may tell her what I should have thought had it been a gentleman.

My reply, therefore, on the whole is this. Your brother's active kindness to me was uniform ; beyond what I received ; substantial, real, true, and except for a few unfortunate occurrences in which I believe misunderstanding was the cause of all, most affectionate. In the reciprocation of *warmth* I was disappointed, latterly, perhaps unfairly and over sensitively and exorbitantly. I told him himself that I was disappointed, I do not know that I told any other person so. But I will not be positive in so very wide and vague an assertion. The feeling was within ; it may have got out. But I am not aware that it did. I think, however, I may be pretty positive that I never said the words which have been repeated, whatever those are.

But it is exceedingly painful to go on in this way, qualifying denials in the dark, and as you may not tell me any more, I feel that what I have said now will amount to a presumptive proof that the story you allude to is correct.

Blessed are the peacemakers ; and accursed are the mischief makers. I would stake a great deal on the conviction that your informant is a “pious person,” which is a compendious equivalent for busybody, mischief maker, slanderer and hypocrite—now, as 1849 years ago.

Of this letter you may make whatever use you like. Not a sentence of it is private.

Ever, in unchanged friendship,

Most affectionately yours,

(Signed) FRED. W. R.

The time came—it was bound to come—when the strain and uncongeniality of Cheltenham life was too much for Robertson. The spirit of petty gossip, the hopeless inability of ossified orthodoxy to understand ethical enthusiasm, the need for more leisure for study, the craving for an atmosphere of intellectual comradeship, made a change imperative ; but when the parting came there was a feeling of regret on Robertson’s part. The following letter shows clearly how kindly and affectionate were the relations between him and Mr. Boyd, and all under his roof.

MY DEAR MISS BOYD,

I feel it due to your great kindness to tell you myself and not let it come through a third person, that I have to-day given up the curacy of Christ Church. It is not necessary to go into all the reasons. It is partly in compliance with medical advice, and partly from a feeling of unfitness for ministerial work which becomes day by day more depressing. Possibly I may not take duty again, but this is a thing for after consideration.

I should utterly mistake your warm and friendly heart if I did not feel sure that this will be a matter of sufficient interest to you to excuse my writing. I was much touched by your kindness last week, and shall not easily forget it. Your sisters and yourself have treated me like a brother, and you will forgive me if I say that I feel all a brother's regard and warmth of affection for you. I do not attempt to express all I feel in this parting from you and your brother. I am not happy.

Believe me,

Most sincerely yours,

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

RODNEY HOUSE,

Friday.

In my uncle's view Robertson needed mental repose ; he suggested that he should close his books for a time, and take a holiday, and, unburdened by anxious thought, give himself the opportunity of entire rest. There may have been wisdom in the suggestion ; but it was a course which was impossible, I should think, to a man of Robertson's temperament. Among the clergy there are some men who are like lawyers : they speak to their brief, and they can handle the case committed to them with effective force. Such men know little of the mental struggle which is the portion of those who cannot accept a brief till they have satisfied themselves that it is drawn in harmony with the facts. As long as these different classes of mind exist, there may be friendliness, but there can hardly be perfect intellectual sympathy between them. The difference of temperament does not imply lack of mental honesty on

the part of either ; it only means that to one the ministry is the continuous opportunity of presenting an aspect of truth which has become a conviction ; to the other the ministry is the perpetual duty of following truth through the various aspects it assumes, as knowledge grows, and experience shows fresh disclosures of life. To the one the message is a fixed and divinely authenticated message ; to the other the message is never felt to be divine till it can be translated into some human form.

We have had both classes of teachers in the Church of Christ, and both have served to enrich the thought and revive the spirit of faith.

There is no doubt to which of these classes Robertson belonged, and the freshness of his message to men was due to the scrupulous intellectual honesty of his thought, and to the attractive human form in which he could present truth.

I have mentioned the letters which he wrote to my aunt. They prove that he regarded her as one who had both the capacity and the wish to sympathize with his struggles to reach a satisfactory outlook upon his life of ministry. He gives expression in one of his letters to the happy freedom which he feels when he has exchanged the climate of Cheltenham for that of Oxford. In this letter he rejoices to find that his admiration of Tennyson as a poet is shared by many thoughtful men at Oxford. The implication is clear enough. I can well believe that the Cheltenham of 1847 could not receive Tennyson. I can recall a conversation which I heard twenty years later in a Blackheath drawing-room, which probably illustrates the Cheltenham standpoint. Some adventurous person asked the company

“Who was the greatest living poet?” A man recognized as a leader of evangelical thought took upon him, with amazing promptness, to answer the question. “Oh, Bonar, no doubt.” I gasped; I was silent; there are some occasions in which amazement makes speech impossible. Could there be a more cruel thing to an excellent, pious, hymn writer like Horatius Bonar, than thus to thrust him among the gods? It was one of those fatuous utterances which do much to alienate thinking men from a form of religion which could produce such undiscriminating and ignorant judgments.

This reminiscence of mine may serve as an introduction to Robertson’s letter in which the verdicts upon Tennyson are referred to. It illustrates, I think, and helps to explain, the joy which Robertson felt in breathing the air of Oxford. There he was no longer living in an exhausted receiver. The fresh currents of free and impartial thought were circulating in the colleges and common rooms; ecclesiasticism had not then begun to strangle common sense and honest judgment. Ideas were abroad, and organization had not yet had power to destroy them.

4, QUEEN STREET,
OXFORD,

June 29.

A letter is such a joy to me here in banishment! I found yours lying at my door this morning, where my letters are always put, reclining against a taper earthen vessel, containing water, a hint taken from Punch’s surmise of the 1 lb. loaf of bread standing beside Lord John Russell’s door at Windsor. I took it up in a kind of delirium, or trance of ecstasy—put it on the table, and endeavoured to go through the

usual rehearsal of my previous day's reading with which I occupy that morning half-hour. But, alas ! my toilette lucubrations for to-day were not worth much, broken and disconnected. Glimpses of expected pleasure—recollections—visions in the shape of a female form, flitted and glittered and danced before me in the intervals of Gerando's French philosophy and the dark depths of Schleiermacher's metaphysics—like pale threads of starlight that you see with long intervals of black, in a long line up to the horizon when the sea is agitated and nervous.

And now to touch on points in your letter. I have not heard of the appointment of my successor, and only a week ago the Bishop told me he had found no one. He asked Mr. Tucker of Madras, but he unfortunately had just accepted a church. However, the report may be true. People here are very anxious, almost feverishly so about it, for the Tractarian reign in this parish had brought the congregation down to twenty-five or thirty. Taking it all in all, though, there are many drawbacks ; if only the stipend were a little better, I should prefer remaining here to going to Brighton. There is much that is very encouraging, and I am free and happy. My congregation is chiefly composed of tradespeople, but unfortunately a large proportion of it is from other parishes. In term time gownsmen were beginning to come, and I would rather, far, far rather, work among such than among the pampered theologians of the upper classes, whose profound ignorance makes them obstinate in their own narrow, silly orthodoxy. Rather a great deal would I deal with the honest radicalism of my chief parishioners here, who stand firmly against the foolish

assumptions and the arrogance of Oxford clerical high churchism, but are ready to give a manly, independent and candid attention to anyone who will stand on generous though firm ground, than with those petrifications of a fashionable watering-place whose liberality is chiefly liberality of certain flames to which they consign those who differ from them. I do not dispute their title to deal with those flames. Very likely they have a clear right of property therein, which at all events I will not attempt to rob them of. But of the two, the Romanist who presents his antagonist with the flames of this world and the Protestant who talks of private judgment, and promises everyone who contravenes *his* judgment a liberal supply of the flames of the next—(witness Baptist Noel!), I can only say the latter is the worse Papist and Apostle of infallibility of the two. It is not a beautiful spectacle in the eyes of Him Who is Love. The Romanist excommunicates the Protestant. The Protestant reciprocates, from his Coward's Castle in the pulpit and platform, curses loud and deep amidst the clatter of parasols and the applauses of ignorance, against the Romanist. The Tractarian sneers at the Evangelical from the University pulpit : in acknowledgment of which politeness the Evangelical in his accredited formula of oath, not swearing—oh, no!—sends the Tractarian to— Dr. Hook, whom I heard a few days ago, says publicly that every man who does not hold baptismal regeneration in the Church of England is as much a rogue as he who does hold the doctrine of Transubstantiation : and a few weeks ago I heard himself abused as a Papist in dense darkness. Mr. Ward cuts up Luther, and Archdeacon Hare excoriates Mr. Ward with flagella-

tion and vituperation. The Unitarian looks on and says, this is Christian unity ! till, like the celebrated exclamation of Tam o'Shanter which brought the whole legion of witches on his luckless mare, the Unitarian receives a significant proof that these combatants *can* upon occasion realise unity, by the peal of deafening and combined curses with which they altogether salute the intruder upon the amiable meeting. You look into *his* controversies, and you find he has not been much behind them. For curses he has returned contempt. What a striking historical picture all this would make, especially if over it there were written Prize Picture, composed on a subject as proposed by the R.A., "A new Commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another ! "

I did not attend any of the Lectures, a very Gothic proceeding on my part, I have no doubt you will think ; but the truth is I wanted to avoid all excitement and keep my mind and heart calm for work. I have three sermons a week, besides Confirmation classes and instruction in the school, which occupy six hours every week : besides visiting the sick. And I could not do this thoroughly if I suffered myself to get into the exciting worlds of thought which are being presented now and which so dissipate the mind, as you run about from section to section. I was and even still am much tempted to go, for I hear on every side accounts of intense interest recited. Yesterday Prince Albert came amidst the ringing of bells, and a salute of twenty-one guns which the townspeople fired in his honour, but I left those who think a prince the real standard of human greatness to run after him. I would rather have seen the great and good Chevalier

Bunsen. I know nothing grand in this world except adorned human nature. Goodness is grand, and genius in a smaller way is great, though I am no worshipper of talent, or Titans. But princes and rank and such small fry I would not turn out of my way to see. Manhood and the mysteries of the human heart I can find without a title: and this world holds little now for me that is marvellous, except that. Sir Peregrine Maitland received an honorary degree in full uniform at the commemoration—a man disgraced for doing his duty in India. I gave him a deep and hearty cheer, as the fine old fellow stood meekly and unmoved and simple amidst his thunders of applause. And when I saw him afterwards in a great meeting shrinking into a corner and sitting listening like a child, I felt that, after all, the despised life of Christ is the only grand thing this earth has seen (except that which resembles it). Jesus Christ and the crucified—by which our Evangelicals understand that they are to preach only or chiefly the crucifixion of Christ—robbing the whole passage of its sublime significance, as if the Apostle did not mean to say this, that he gloried in a Saviour humbled: shamed, not applauded: crucified, not enthroned: that this is the true majesty of man: that he would not do as the Roman Catholic missionaries did, represent Jesus as a victorious conqueror, but as a martyr for the truth. He did not say he would preach chiefly the Crucifixion of Christ: but that whatever he said of Christ should not obscure the fact of his humiliation. He would preach Christ: but that Christ a humbled one. He would speak of goodness, nobleness, purity, heroism: but never should it be forgotten in his teaching that the Divinest form of

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these is Condescension. Let the world run after its Marquises, Dukes, Prince Alberts, and lionise them in its way. The homage of his heart should be prostrated before love and manhood even in disgrace ; the love which sacrifices itself for others—the manhood which is as dazzling to the heart in the cottage of a labourer as in the state carriage of a noble.

I am happier and more at rest in heart here than I have been for a long, long time. Except this week I have scarcely spoken to any one except my parishioners and bookseller. I am alone. But I have plenty of work—elasticity of mind to do it all without any effort greater than what is a healthful exercise of mind—know that when I preach, I preach not to be judged, but to say out what is in me, one heart imparting its earnest convictions to other hearts, and not troubled with reflex work upon itself, self-consciousness, self-measurement, self-criticism, but revelling in entire self-forgetfulness. Even when University men of high talent are present, I have been at ease—preached not for them, but for my tradespeople—knowing that they, as men of talent always do, will make allowances. And oh, what a lesson has it read me and might read Cheltenham of humility ! I have talked with and preached before brilliant and gifted men, who differed from me, who were intellectually as far above me “as the sunlight to the moonlight,” &c., with more confidence, and received from them more respect, more unwillingness to differ—more distrustfulness of their own judgment and reverence for another’s, than during five years I ever met from the beings in Cheltenham who read the *Record*, Charlotte Elisabeth, and D’Aubigne on the Reformation !

I had nearly forgotten to tell you that Tennyson is deeply admired here by all the brilliant men. Stanley, our first genius, rates him highly. Hannah, who has guided nearly all the first and double first-class men for the last three years to honors, told me he considers his poetical and psychological powers more varied than any poet he knows. And the Dread, a choice selection of the most brilliant among the rising men, have pronounced him to be the first poet of the day. So you see I have some to keep me company in my judgment. And at all events he is above ridicule. Pray inform Miss Dalzell of all this. One of our first professors raves about him.

I have left myself no room with all this chatting strain to tell you how angry I am with you for supposing that I was annoyed by not receiving a letter from you. One letter is precious enough to amply repay and outweigh ten of mine, even though you write so large and say so little, and send such disappointing sheets containing three words in a line and four lines in a page.

Pray put my address in full next time you write. My name is no longer in the Oxford Calendar, and as I had just come and was not known as one of the parochial clergy, the post office could not tell at what college they should apply. Brasenose would have found me. And now, dearest Miss Boyd, farewell !

Ever most sincerely and affectionately yours,
(Signed) FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

His life at Oxford was a happy interlude, and its influence helped in preparation for his work at Brighton. Whatever may have been his own feelings respecting the

relative comfort of work in Oxford or in Brighton, it will be with Brighton that Robertson's name will be always associated. He was Robertson of Brighton to the men of his own day, and he is Robertson of Brighton to the thousands who to-day rejoice in the inspiration which they owe to him.

The spirit in which he contemplated the change from Oxford to Brighton is made clear in the following letter, which possesses the added interest of the language in which he speaks of the then Bishop of Oxford, who in his turn was a man, as we know, viewed with suspicion by a certain section of Churchpeople.

This morning I received a letter from the Bishop of Oxford, informing me that he has appointed a temporary successor to St. Ebbes, and that I am therefore free after next Sunday. So my work is nearly done, over which I cannot rejoice, for it has been very delightful: regular, hard, and not unblest. I am quite certain that I could be of service here—both in the town and the university—more so, perhaps, than anywhere in England. However, it is very plainly not my appointed post. If Brighton resemble Cheltenham I shall soon be at Home, in the still Country. My spontaneous thoughts more and more shape themselves now into longings for rest—Rest in God—Rest in the place where mysteries are solved and heartaches cured. Five years of Cheltenham have been to me as ten elsewhere. I am not the man I was—temper, mind, character, all are deteriorated and degraded. Here, once more in life, the ghost of former thoughts has hovered round me, strength of will, high aims, and inward harmony. One last, beautiful dream—

such as you only get when your working hours alone are spent with men (and those hard and severe), the hours of relaxation in quiet, alone, and with God. However, it is drawing to an end—and now hurrah ! for bustle, glare, restlessness—and the drag of existence, that *will* drag on !

The Judge has just passed my window to the assizes with music, shouts and holiday. What are people shouting for ? Good fun ! He is gone to make some wretched hearts more wretched still. What a contrast their feelings must present to the sounds outside ! Surely the only sensation which sinners have a right to feel towards sinners is a sensation of pity. The wretched, suffering, tempted poor—how little they get of anything beyond platform and pulpit sympathy.

The Bishop of Oxford preached here a few Sundays ago, before all the savants and great men. They crowded to the church, which was filled to suffocation—a sea of men, the ladies occupying a very small proportion of the space. It is said to have been very brilliant. But he is wearing himself out, burning away fast. And as usual with all men who will not be partisans, he is suspected, reviled and charged with the meanest motives on every side, except by those who know him intimately and well, and they admire and love him in a way I have seldom known. His Master had exactly the same life of it. I do admire the Bishop of Oxford—and admire him the more for the hearty, enthusiastic admiration that he can feel for others' excellence. It quite did my heart good in a conversation with him the other day to hear the warmth of his generous praise of one or two men to whose writings

he acknowledges a great debt. For seven years now I have felt that he was a true man, and defended him. Now I feel more sure of it than ever. And now, dearest Miss Boyd, farewell.

Ever most affect.

Yours,

(Sgd.) F. W. R.

It is interesting to notice the hesitations which men show in life. Hesitations are of different kinds, but once we can classify the hesitation which a man has displayed in any crisis we have a key to his character—or, at any rate, we feel that we know him better. Fredk. Robertson was a man whose powers grew with sympathy and would have withered under indifference. He was sensitive to the influence and, above all, to the sympathetic support of others. His was one of those natures which would reach its best under what we may call a mothering influence : under it his energies quickened, his thoughts grew in amplitude and clearness, and in the outpouring of the ideas which sympathy released, he felt his way to clearer conceptions of right and truth. Such a nature suffers from a continual and painful self-distrust : it needs comradeship that it may talk out its thoughts : it does not surrender its own right of decision, but it yearns for the support and guidance which the interchange of ideas can give. The letters written to my aunt convince me of this aspect of his character. He found in her one to whom he could speak freely, letting his thoughts run on, groping their way to foundation principles, and striving to reach that aspect of truth which scorns “the falsehood of extremes.” Truth

was to him not mere correctness of thinking, but sincerity of feeling and integrity in action. The following extract from a letter written from Oxford shows us the worthy and honest hesitation which he felt in choosing the place of his future career. Is it to be Oxford or Brighton? was the question of the moment. He distrusts himself: he wishes that the question shall be decided for him.

The reader will perhaps recall Mr. Frederic Harrison's view that, at Brighton, Robertson's appearance, voice and manner were the very ideal of a fashionable preacher. How far Robertson himself was from desiring such a reputation the following extract will show—

“I must tell you, however, that nothing yet is decided respecting my future location. I have referred the whole decision to the Bishop of Oxford. Having agreed to take his opinion as God's guidance, I was tempted at first to think that though his release left me free in honour to accept which I chose, yet it would be playing fast and loose with God, as Balaam did, to desire a second reply to a ruled decision. But on second thoughts, I perceived a great difference in the cases. New circumstances, unsought and unforeseen by me, have arisen: difficulties on the one hand in the failure as to the curate and the house, and a way unexpectedly opened on the other by the committee's application to the Bishop. I am therefore bound to inquire which is God's guidance. I was willing to take Oxford when it seemed my duty. Am I equally willing to follow a new path, if distinctly pointed out? There is a remarkable similarity in the two sets of circumstances. Both Oxford and Brighton were refused by me once,

and both a second time pressed upon me. I dread Brighton because of its temptations—to vanity, to lightness, to live for popularity instead of God, to be satisfied with superficial instead of deep religion—to sink, with all high and pure aims, into a mere popular preacher at last, *i.e.* if I could ever be popular. But I have put the matter out of my own hands and asked the Bishop to decide—not what is best for me, but what I ought to do. So at least I act honestly."

The Bishop, as we know, decided for Brighton, and Brighton had the six years of devoted ministry. I feel that I must add one letter : it differs from the rest in that it deals with religious matters from an experimental point of view. His clear and sane readiness of thought does not desert him, but with it is allied the happy simplicity of religious faith.

MY DEAR MISS BOYD,

I return your list with a few marked, which I believe would suit your purpose. I have added two or three more, which are valuable. It seems to me that biography, where there is not sentimentalism but reality, is the most likely way to win an appreciation of what is peculiar in Christ's religion from those who know it not in power. I say likely, because of course the success depends on God's sovereign will, and all our best contrived expedients may be baffled, while the result is brought about by means the most apparently improbable. But we are insensibly moulded after that which we admire, so that we even catch the tones and peculiarities of those whose character is venerated for quite other qualities. It seems just on this principle that our Lord's pattern works upon the heart when

it is truly admired and studied, so that we, first "beholding," are then "changed into the same image—from glory to glory."

But after all, the selection must vary with the character of mind for which it is intended, and our best plans may err. Your surest effort will be unfainting prayer for the friend in whom you desire a change which nothing of human contrivance can effect, and which is supernatural. If your desires are crowned by God, there will be a purity in the joy, which no other feeling on earth can give. I pray that it may not be in vain.

Yours ever sincerely,

(*Sgd.*) FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

Saturday Evening.

The following lines are probably new to the world ; they breathe the spirit of pure and happy friendship, and they express the grateful emotions of a man who found the sustaining strength of womanly sympathy, in days which were darkened by doubt and trouble, with the painful consciousness of weakness. They show us something of the struggles of spirit by which he was tried, in days when there was probably fighting without, and undoubtedly fears within.

PARTING LINES TO MISS F. B.

We may meet not beyond to-morrow,

But one word before we part ;

It must be a tone of sorrow,

But its music is vent to the heart.

There are thoughts too free and glowing

For the trammels of common speech ;

There's a tide in the heart's depth flowing,

Too high but for song to reach.

FURTHER PAGES OF MY LIFE

Thou hast known me in days that are over,
 As weak as the spent sea wave ;
 And hast seen me unmanned discover
 What were shame to the firm and brave.

Yet through all thine unaltered spirit
 For weakness itself could mourn,
 And was blind to each fault which could merit
 One curl on the mouth of scorn.

Farewell to the lip that trembled
 For me with a sister's fear !
 Farewell to the eye that dissembled
 The start of a woman's tear.

The hour of that weakness is over,
 Though lost be the earnest of life ;
 And if need be, Resolve can cover
 Each swell of remaining strife.

Oh ! strange are the shapes which Feeling
 Can assume to disguise its throe,
 When sarcastic calm is concealing
 The quiver of heart below.

There's a laughter whose light animation
 Is the knell of a hope that's gone—
 The bitter and proud isolation
 Of a soul that would suffer alone.

Love itself may be frozen—yet never
 Shall my heart be congealed to thee ;
 To the spell of thy kind tones ever
 My spirit flows clear and free.

On the sward by the mouldering ruin,
 Still green is the fairy ring ;
 And thy name, in life's cold undoing,
 Will be one last spot of Spring.

Farewell to thee, sister dearest !
There were friends in the bright years past ;
But to her who in sadness was nearest,
One blessing from me at last.

F. W. R.

January 1847.

Six years later he died. Six years of work at Trinity Church, Brighton, closed without his friends or his congregation realizing how wide and lasting his influence was destined to be. He died on August 15, 1853, exactly six years from the day on which he commenced his work at Brighton. "My friends," he said, after two hours of agony, "My friends, I must die. Let God do His work." They were his last words spoken, but the work did not end with his death. His words went out far and wide, and God worked by him long after his voice was silent.

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE

AMONG happy memories few are brighter than the recollection of those acquaintances which ripened into friendship. Among these I must reckon the warm attachment which sprang up between Mr. and Mrs. Shorthouse and ourselves. I met Mr. and Mrs. Shorthouse first at the house of a parishioner of mine, Colonel Ratcliff, when I was at Lancaster Gate. In one of those unaccountable ways we seemed to find each other, and a correspondence, happily broken by interchanged visits, gave continuity and strength to our friendship. "Friendship," said the late Professor Jowett, "should be carefully fostered." In this case it was ; and letters and visits nursed the growing affection between us. It began very simply.

There was a paper written by Mr. Shorthouse which was, I think, unique, in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*. It covered, if I recollect right, a single page of the magazine. It was a parable drawn from a game of whist. The cards were dealt, and as they fell without any sign of order or sequence on the table, and suits were mixed up with one another, the cards, noting the haphazard fashion of their experience said, "We are the sport of chance." The cards were gathered up and the game began, and the suits were kept to themselves ; spades followed spades, hearts followed hearts, and so on, with such regularity that the cards now

declared that they were under the rule of inevitable and inexorable law ; they said, "We are the victims of fate." Then somebody played a trump, and the cards saw that thought and will entered into their destiny, and they said "Our lot is ordered by intelligence."

As I wished to recover the paper I wrote to ask the date of its publication. This will explain the allusion in the commencement of the following letter. In the same letter I was able to tell him, in confidence, that Queen Victoria appreciated his writings. My letter brought the following reply—

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
December 12, 1883.

MY DEAR CANON BOYD CARPENTER,

The little "apologue" you refer to appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for July 1882. I seem to have only one copy, and that a poor one, or I would send you one at once. I have no doubt, however, that they are to be procured.

I have always regretted that I saw so little of you when we met at Colonel Ratcliff's ; my wife was more fortunate, as she sat by you at dinner, and in consequence greatly enjoyed the evening.

I am naturally much gratified by what you tell me in confidence. I had the honour of being allowed to present a copy of *John Inglesant* to H.R.H. the Duke of Albany, and also, at the request of the Librarian, to send a copy to the Queen, but yours is the first intimation I have received of personal interest in the book.

With kindest regards from my wife,

I am, Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

THE REV. CANON BOYD CARPENTER.

In my reply I asked what he wished me to do with some verses he had sent, and as in the following reply he put them at my disposal, I feel that I may now give them to my readers.

LANDSDOWNE,

EDGBASTON,

April 9, 1884.

MY DEAR CANON BOYD CARPENTER,

Many thanks for your kind letter ; we were quite ashamed at sending you so many books, and very glad that you are not overwhelmed.

The verses on the Prince belong to *you*, I do not mean to make any further use of them. I could not let the week, which began so happily for us in Windsor Castle, pass without expressing in some feeble way my sympathy in the sorrow and compassion which the nation is feeling ; and the obvious adaptation of the Dean's (Stanley) poem struck me as very forcible, which no doubt others will make use of.

If you think that the Princess would like to see the lines, make what use of them you will. I am not sure whether the first three verses would not end better—

“He travelled *Here*.”

With kindest regards to Mrs. Carpenter,
From

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

The verses were given a title derived from a phrase employed by Dean Stanley. They were called—

“THE UNTRAVELED TRAVELLER”

Through Science' mazy lore,
 Through Art's environment,
 Through Music's blandishment,
 He travelled once.

Through Love, our Human Love,
 Through Hearts of Peasant-born,
 Through courtly life and purified,
 He travelled once.

For good of suffering men,
 For love of Human kind,
 In travailing for Truth,
 He travelled once.

And now beyond the stars,
 Beyond the passion of our trembling love,
 Beyond our groping quest
 He travels still.

The Eternal Spaces opening,
The Love, not ours encompassing,
 Travail, not ours inspiriting,
 He travels on !

The Iris born of Love,
 The Halo round the face of Love,
 The welcome of the Man of Love,
 The Throne of God !

J. H. S.

5th Sunday in Lent, 1884.

One little work by Mr. Shorthouse, *Little Schoolmaster Mark*, interested me in a special way, and my interest was stimulated by a letter from Mr. Shorthouse which challenged my ingenuity.

This letter I regard as very characteristic. Mr. Shorthouse had a very strong feeling that the stories which he

wrote had been given him : he was but the instrument of transmitting them to the world, and though they were his work, their full or truest significance might be as much a mystery to him as to the reader. The questions he raises have their origin in this conviction of his, that the products of his pen were not the results of previous imagination on his part, but were visions with messages which it was for him as well as others to seek to understand. As in this letter he, as it were, challenged me to suggest a solution of the problem, I gave the matter some thought, and I ventured to write a second part or continuation of the tale. There might have been an impertinence in doing this, but I know, from my personal and friendly acquaintance with him, that he would welcome rather than resent such a sign of interest in his work.

The letter was as follows—

LANSDOWNE,

EDGBASTON,

December 15, 1883.

MY DEAR CANON BOYD CARPENTER,

Many thanks for your letter. At the risk of troubling you I should like to tell you that Mr. Ainger, the Reader of the Temple, whom I have the great pleasure of knowing, *preached* on Little Mark some Sundays ago, and sent me a very interesting (as all he writes must be) extract from his sermon. He takes the moral of the story to be, that if Religion is made a *plaything* or an *art* instead of an absorbing passion, it will die.

I would rather say that the story is that of one of many failures to reconcile the *artistic* with the

spiritual aspect of life. If I knew the solution to this problem I would gladly write a *second part*. Can you help me to it? Is religion always to be a stranger and alien from life's *Feast*?

The Prince was not a *strong* man, but I have great sympathy with him. Was it not the Princess Isoline's *disappointment* in her *extreme* phase of religious life that *killed* Mark?

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

In reply to this challenge to make suggestions, I wrote my solution. This was the postscript which I wrote. I do not know that I should, at the present day, agree with the line of thought I then adopted. I place it here as an incident in our correspondence.

I called it "An Afterthought." I submitted it, with a thousand apologies, to the author of *Little Schoolmaster Mark*, and I prefaced it with the lines—

No cunning hand is mine to touch the lyre,
Yet let my voice be heard within thy choir.

But Little Schoolmaster Mark was not dead. He only lay in a trance, motionless and still as death; so that all around him thought that he was dead. He looked very fair as he lay there. A calm and sweet expression, with a touch of happy wonder in it, was seen upon his face. One after another came and looked upon him, where he had been laid out in the little temple-like building which adjoined the house, and where once worship was carried on. It chanced that the Princess [wife] and the Princess

Isoline found themselves face to face one day with Little Mark's body lying between. A flush of half pity and half shame was gathering in the Princess's face when she looked up and met the Princess Isoline's countenance, which was wet with tears. For an instant a touch of defiance seemed to tremble on the Princess's lips, and then she drooped her head and her eyes fell on the calm, marble angel face of Little Mark ; and she said gently, "He was very good." And Princess Isoline whispered in choked accents, "And so beautiful." "Beautiful and good," said a voice near at hand. The two ladies looked up ; the Prince was there. "The things fair are sweet : sweeter than I knew," said the Princess Isoline. "The things good are sweeter still, my sister," said the Prince's wife. "Both good and beautiful met in Mark," said the Prince ; "and only in him of all men I ever knew," he added, as if speaking to himself. "I wonder why," said both the ladies, speaking at once.

But Little Mark's mind was far away. When the sudden fall came he lost all thought for a time, and then a deep and exquisite repose was his. He seemed to be in an air so light that he hardly touched the ground ; and so pleasant—neither too hot nor too cold—that a dear delight of being took possession of him. He seemed to be in a garden-house, where birds were flying and flowers were blooming. On a branch of a tree he saw two birds : one was of most brilliant plumage, dazzling as a bird of Paradise, the other was a dull and dowdy-featured bird. It began to sing ; its voice was sweet and clear as an angel's,

but the brilliant-featured bird only uttered a harsh note. A sadness came over Little Mark. "The fair is never sweet, nor the sweet fair—not even in heaven," he said, for Mark thought he was in heaven. And then a quiet, patient feeling came upon him, and he said to himself, "I must wait." He watched; and presently a servant came in and spread some food upon the ground. The birds flew down and devoured it; and Little Mark, looking at the pearly white food, said, "It is manna." But the birds soon had eaten it all up; and then a wonder took place. The dull-featured bird sang, and as she sang her plumage grew bright and fair; and the splendid-winged bird looked on, and tried to sing. As he saw the wings and feathers of his companion bird grow beautiful, he seemed to find voice, and his croak grew into a song, loud and sweet. And the two birds lifted up their voices together and sang till the voices seemed but one, and they shook out their fair wings and made their nest together. Then Little Mark turned to the servant and asked what food it was which made the fair grow sweet and the sweet grow fair. And the servant answered, "It is Angels' Food."

And then the vision faded, for the trance was fast coming to an end; and he heard the voice near him, which was saying, "I wonder why." And Little Mark, still dazed with his vision, and not knowing that he was brought back to life, or that it was the Prince who was speaking, answered, answering his own thoughts more than the question, "All because of the angels' food," he said.

"What is that angels' food?" said the Prince. And Mark answered, still half dreaming out his own

thoughts, "The only food of angels is love, for they feast their hearts on God, and God is Love."

"Mark is right," said the Prince, as Mark started up and looked round him in surprise. "Mark is right; only when the good and the beautiful are nurtured in love can they be wedded." "That is it," said Mark. "I see it now. Good is not good that springs not from love, nor can fair be the fair that grows not from love: love only is the seed from which alike the fruits of life and the flowers of life can grow."

No more was said. The wife of the Prince and the sister of the Prince kissed one another, and the Count was banished from the court, and sweet songs of praise were heard in the little neglected temple. And Little Mark was happy.

LANSDOWNE,
EDGBASTON,
March 7, 1884.

MY DEAR CANON BOYD CARPENTER,

Many thanks for your kind letter and most kind wish to see us at Windsor this month. I have read your final chapter to "Little Mark" with the greatest pleasure and interest. The opening is singularly like what I have written, only I think Mark is dead and I fear the Princess (wife) must go through a longer purgation. Your idea, I think, is just what we want—the ideal of the Greeks—*καλοκαγαθός*—the godlike and the beautiful in one—what we want is to apply it to real life. We all understand that Art should be religious, but it is more difficult to understand how Religion may be an Art.

I am not without hopes that it may gradually work itself out.

As to your most kind invitation, we very seldom leave home in the winter, as we are neither of us at all strong, and are very dependent upon warmth, especially my wife. Your offer is so very attractive that we can hardly deny ourselves such a pleasure. We should be at liberty after the 21st (as we have engagements up to that day). Should you like us to spend *Sunday* with you, or would the *Monday* or *Tuesday* be better? We should much enjoy a *couple of days* with Mrs. Carpenter and yourself.

You will not let us come unless it is absolutely convenient to *Mrs. Carpenter* in every way.

With kindest regards from my wife,

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S. At Col. Maurice's request I have written an article on his father for the *Nineteenth Century*. It is a wonderful subject and a great honour, but rather terrible.

I was asked to give the Annual Address to the members of the Midland Institute at Birmingham, and I wished to refresh and enlarge my acquaintance with Birmingham worthies, and I bethought me of the help Mr. Shorthouse could give me. The result was the following letter which I print because it possesses an interest of its own, and because it discloses a side of Mr. Shorthouse's mind which would hardly be suspected by those who delighted in his works—

LANSDOWNE,

EDGBASTON,

Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity,

St. Michael and All Angels, 1895.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

Mrs. Carpenter, at the end of her very kind letter says, "Can Mr. Shorthouse tell the bishop a few of the most important Birmingham worthies?" I am not sure whether is meant past or present worthies. The *past* would take a lot of thought and writing, and the *present* would imply a very inodorous task, which I would rather not attempt, but a few thoughts occur to me which, while not mentioning names, seem to indicate some phases of Birmingham life which, I think, are not without use in the present day.

Birmingham was a *free town, not a corporation*, and outside the "*Five Mile Act*," and in the days of the Restoration a *sort of Cave of Adullam*. Anyone might come in and set up in business, or Religion, or anything else. This accounts for the great preponderance of Dissent which has always obtained: although it is worthy of remark that the *rector of St. Martin's* (the parish church), at the *Restoration*, was *John Ryland*, a *Cavalier parson of the best type*; a man of such a character that these chief of Dissenters, together with the rest of the people, never spoke of him except as "*that Holy man*."

It is a remarkable thing that this "*freedom of the City*" has continued to the present day. Scarcely a single man who occupies an important position *was born in the City*. I do not think that any one of the Members of Parliament was born in Birmingham. *I am not sure of Mr. Dixon.*

But what I want to arrive at is the statement of

what seems to me to be a continuation of the best form of the FEUDAL SYSTEM which, to my certain knowledge, after an experience *on my own part* of nearly fifty years, and on the part of *my family* of more than 150, of the manufacturers of Birmingham—a close and friendly relationship between the master and his best workmen. This did not imply any *non-sense of Socialism*, or any *interference* on the part of the workman, but a thorough recognition of the relative value of the position as master and servant, and a firm response to the duties of responsibility on both sides. I am far from claiming this characteristic as peculiar to Birmingham; I have no doubt that it existed, and still exists, *in Yorkshire and other great manufacturing centres*. I am sure that it exists in Birmingham at the present day: but the establishment of Limited Liability companies naturally tends to do away with this feeling, and I seem to feel that such a thought as this, put in your inimitable way and words, would not be without use in an address to Birmingham men in their town hall. I remember when I was a boy, just in business, seeing a distinguished manufacturer, a man who lived in a beautiful country house in a little park—*there were such places within two or three miles of the centre of Birmingham fifty years ago*—sitting on one side of the old-fashioned carved mantelpiece of his office with an old workman (not a *manager* but a *foreman* in his working dress) on the other side over a friendly cup of tea, engaged in important and interesting discussion on manufacturing matters, and whenever a workman, old or young, displayed any industry or any talent, he did not miss his reward. I know that the same sort of

thing is going on now ; but not, I fear, to such a universal extent.

I cannot close this letter, seeing that you are to be guest of Mr. Chamberlain, without saying that I am very much impressed by the unquestionable and striking success of the great idea and scheme which he originated for the advancement of Birmingham to the rank of a county metropolis, and the consequent improvement and advantage of all its inhabitants. Coming as this does from a perfectly impartial source, from one not at all prejudiced in favour of Mr. Chamberlain, it may be of some value, and at any rate it will end my letter, as I began it, in recognition of the work of Birmingham people who were not born in the city.

We shall only have a few days' holiday in October at Weston-Super-Mare, so must postpone the pleasure of a visit to Ripon to a future year.

I am, my dear Bishop,
Yours very affectionately and admiringly,
(Signed) J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

Mr. Shorthouse delighted in hearing good stories, and he had a way of turning them over in his mind, and then presenting them to his friends in a form edited and embellished by himself. I remember well how he came down one morning at Ripon, and rehearsed with great delight his own adorned version of a tale I had told him the previous night. His genuine enjoyment of things beautiful and things humorous gave a charm to his visits : he had none of that timid conventionality which lives in a perpetual panic lest it should by accident lose its correct pose. He

understood that in this life God had given us all things to enjoy, and he rejoiced in all the play of nature in its beauty and in its mirthfulness. All that was base and unworthy was outside the circle in which he lived. His spirit was citadelled, like the New Jerusalem ; without there might be dogs, but within there were the lovely, joyous and laughable things in which men's hearts could take delight.

This happy spirit remained with him, I believe, to the last. I saw him on what was practically his deathbed : he was worn with his long illness—he was painfully emaciated, and I feared that he might be unequal to any conversation. My first instinct was to leave as soon as I could ; but I was soon undeceived. His mental vigour and clearness were remarkable : he entered into discussion of many points with his old eagerness and quaint originality. I spoke of his little parable of the playing cards, and he told me that a poem containing the same idea had been sent him from America. We spoke of other matters, still deeper and diviner, and the happy, childlike spirit of trust breathed through his utterances.

When I left him I knew that I had seen him for the last time, and it was, and has been ever since, a joy to look back and recall the joyousness of one who lived as though the upper atmospheres of life were as real as the lower, and were those with which his soul had the nearest affinity.

MY HOURS OF SICKNESS

Do you know what it is to be smitten with an illness which brings no pain, but just powerlessness? When you take up a book, and its weight is too much for your inert hands? When you begin to read, and the weary brain cannot take in a single idea, and the words and letters seem a concatenation of senseless symbols? When you can only lie still, and all power of reaction is faint? When you are too feeble to be other than content, but yet are conscious that days are monotonous and uninteresting? When you easily become the victim of some familiar tune which tyrannously repeats itself to your inner hearing? When you wonder whether any happy distraction could deliver your brain from the reiteration of impish ghostly sounds? When everything seems to have come to a standstill: when the hopes that the time of illness may, by its enforced leisure, give you time for reading, are proved to be vain? When the blood forsakes the brain, and the indifference which comes from weakness reigns supreme over the low and stagnant life?

I have known such days—prolonged into weeks—when sleep refused to refresh my nights or thought my days: when my wife would read to me night after night for hours at a time, till I heard in her voice that much-needed

A "BEAU" DRAWN—AT A VENTURE



slumber was calling to her to cease, while my bloodless brain only caught fugitive fragments from the legends of Don Quixote or Gil Blas. Then we would try to sleep ; but as soon as the light was put out and the story put away, wakefulness would come to me with a yearning for the happy unconsciousness of sleep. And then some tag of painfully appropriate poetry would begin to haunt me—

“O Sleep ! it is a pleasant thing,
Beloved from pole to pole.”

But though the lines would jingle in my ears, the blissful sleep did not glide into my soul.

One day during such weary experiences my wife said to me, “ Why not paint ? ” Paint ! I had never had a lesson in my life. Was it not Cato that began to learn Greek at sixty ? That was more reasonable and possible than that I could learn to paint at fifty-three ! However, if I could not paint, I might play the fool with colours, and a paint brush is not too great a weight for a tired hand. I copied some water colours, and a fine mess of things I made ; but at length I amused myself with clumsy efforts to give form to passing fancies. I suppose I felt like the builders of our abbeys and cathedrals when they were left free to run riot with their imagination over fantastic designs for gargoyles or the mouths of water spouts.

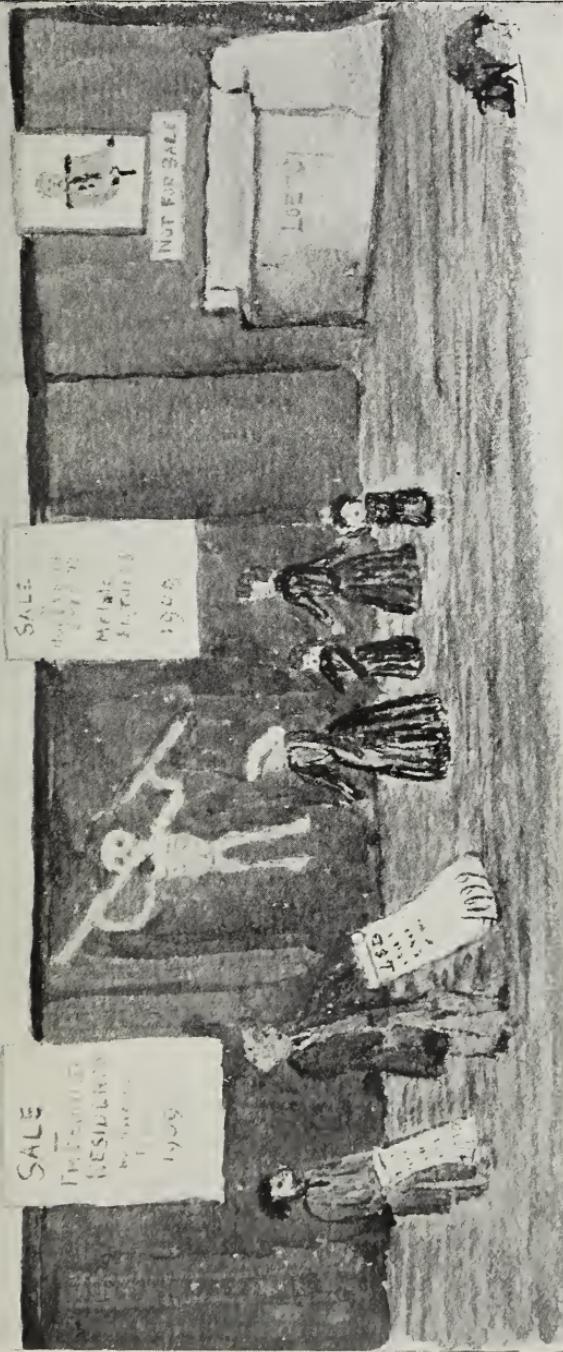
I tried painting objects—a glass filled with flowers ; but my wayward fancy scorned to be tied within such limits. There is a curious humorous instinct which visits us in times of illness, and I wanted to be amused ; and so I tried to amuse myself. If the reader will forgive the exhibition

of my frailty, he shall have the opportunity of laughing with me, or at me, as the mood may suit him.

Here are some of them. Call them the perverse fancies of a sick brain if you will ; yet they served to pass away some weary hours, in which strenuous effort of body and mind were alike out of my power.

They will explain themselves ; but I make a few notes here. The death duties, or rather the ways in which they are levied, seem to me neither wise nor considerate. The hour of death brings sorrow and distraction enough, without adding the inquisitorial power which comes to reduce resources at a time when, perhaps, financial pressure is great. If the Government had adopted the suggestion of a well-known banker, the country would have benefited in revenue and the present harsh and oppressive system would have given place to a method more generally acceptable. But the British public show great patience and forbearance, even if they do not manifest much wit, in allowing the present unwise and burdensome system to remain.

The banker's suggestion was that the death duties should be raised by a system of insurance payments, and that the Government should be their own insurers. An annual payment would gladly be borne by many whose great desire is to secure the welfare of wife and children. Such a system would have given to the Government a much steadier revenue, besides the possible profit on the insurance business.



[To face page 220

Thus cold intrusive cruel law
In hand with grief doth come,
And Death now armed with double dart
Makes havoc of the Home.

The good brave man his duty did
Freely while life held breath,
His orphans now are harshly bid
Pay duties on his cæath.

WAR MEMORIES

THERE is some fitness to-day in recalling memories of the Crimean War. It stands out in my memory with special vividness, not only because it was the first European war of my lifetime, but because I had kinsmen who fought in it and who were associated more or less closely with its vicissitudes.

I shall never forget the day when as lads we stood behind the railings of St. Nicholas' Church and saw the troops marching by on their way to embark. The old tunes and songs of that day sometimes ring in my brain. I think that "The girl I left behind me" and "Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue" were among the most popular.

I remember how, a little later, when we were in Ireland, we bade good-bye to my cousin, William Boyd, who was going to join the Scots Greys. He, poor fellow, never came back: he was one of the cholera victims. Talking of cholera, I recall a story told me by Lord Strafford, when he was Colonel Byng. I often met him at Windsor, and the tale he told was one of the most curious I have ever heard.

It was during the terrible Crimean campaign, when cholera and disease were working havoc among our troops.

One day it was reported that a certain officer was dead—a victim of cholera. The same evening, when a few brother officers were gathered, the conversation turned on the dead man. He was senior in years to many of the officers ; he was one of those men who had retired from active service, but who, on the outbreak of the war, had offered to fight for his country : he joined the regiment as what would to-day be called a “dugout.” It had been a question among the younger officers whether the Major (I think that was his rank) wore a wig ; and now, as the little brotherhood of officers gossiped in the tent, they reverted to the question of the wig : Did the Major wear a wig ? “Well,” said one, “we can settle that now by going and looking.” The regimental doctor was present ; he had given the certificate that the Major had died of cholera, and he was ready to go with the party to the mortuary. A doctor attached to another regiment accompanied them on their expedition of investigation. They entered the mortuary : there lay the cold, impassive form of the Major who had challenged their curiosity. As they were looking, the doctor from the other regiment exclaimed, “That man is not dead.” The regimental doctor differed. “The question is easily tested,” said the other doctor. The test was applied : a slight prick and the blood began to flow. The man was not dead. It was a case of cholera trance. Restoration measures were taken and the Major’s life was saved. Those who love to mark the part which little things play in the drama of life will reflect that in this case the Major owed his life to the legend of the wig. We have heard of a man’s life hanging on a hair, but never before of its hanging on a wig.

BROAD BASED UPON THE PEOPLE'S WILL,
ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO PAY HIS DEATH DUTY



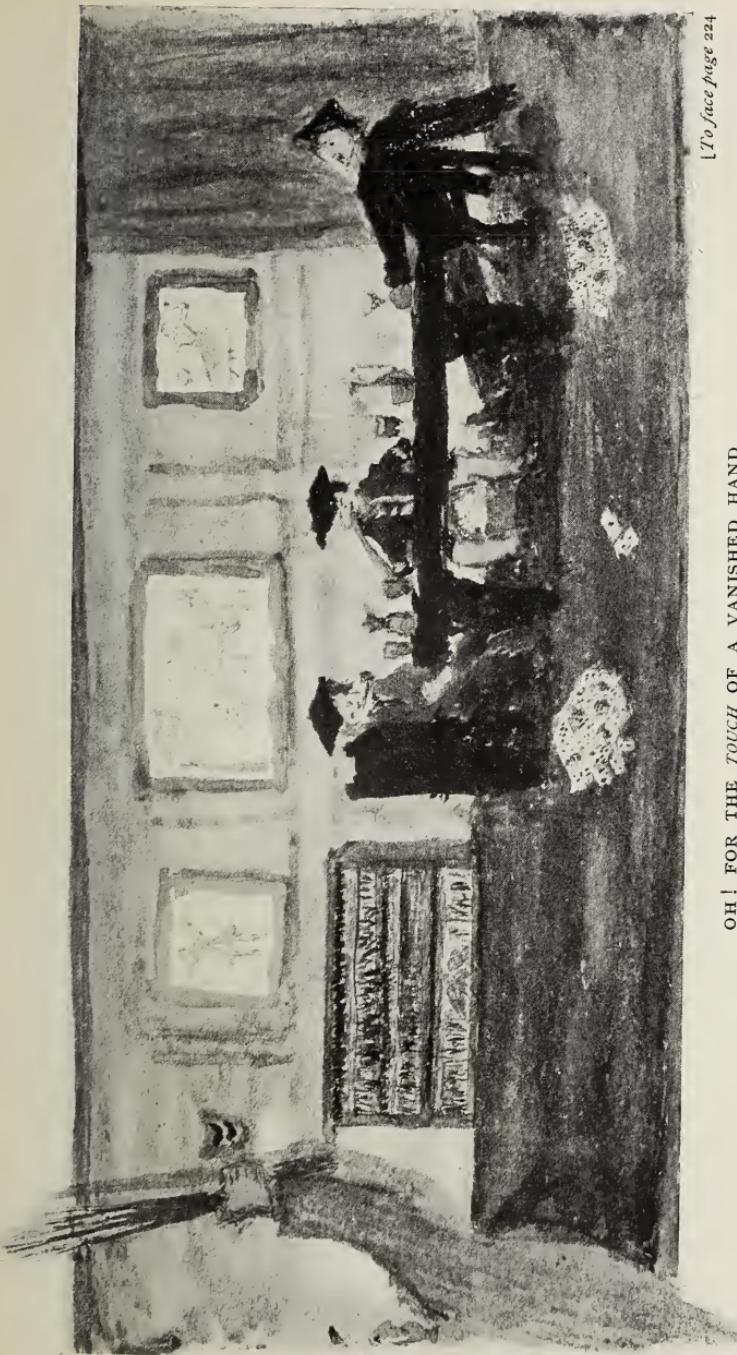
In the Crimean War I had several relatives. The most distinguished soldier of these was Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde. I have explained in my previous volume the story of his early life and of his connexion with my grandmother—I have a cousin now alive who went to the Crimea with a letter of introduction from my grandmother to Sir Colin. When this cousin of mine visited my grandmother, she said to him, “When Colin Campbell left he gave me a seal, and he promised that whenever I sent him a letter sealed with that seal, he would do, if in his power, whatever I asked him—I am now going to seal my letter of introduction with that seal.” My cousin, Duncan MacNeill, took the letter and went to the Crimea. He joined his own regiment, the Scots Greys; and now he tells me in his happy, whimsical way what he did—or rather did not do—with the letter. He never presented it to Sir Colin. “I argued,” he says smilingly to me, “I argued to myself in this way: If I present the letter Sir Colin will put me on the staff, and I shall have to leave my own regiment. I will stay where I am.” So he remained with his own men, and took part in the siege of Sebastopol.

When Sebastopol fell, he was among those who entered the fortress to occupy and guard it. He was full of curiosity to see the small defence-chambers which the Russian soldiers had used, and he obtained leave to examine one. Soon after he came out, a young English officer was seen to emerge from one of these dens: he had a book in his hand. The commanding officer hailed the young man, and demanded the book. It was given to him. The commanding

officer glanced hastily over its pages and, looking up, he said, "I don't suppose that many of you can read Russian ; but here is a curious thing. This book which has been left behind by the Russian soldiers is a Russian translation of Dickens' *Pickwick Papers*." So our opponents in the Crimean War were able to amuse themselves during the long hours of the siege with the works of an English writer —probably the most popular writer of the time. It is a happy omen when the interchange of literature can continue between peoples even in time of war. The brotherhood of letters is a bond of peace, and it is a deplorable thing that Germany should have used up so much literary energy in sowing seeds of distrust and hostility during recent years. This has added a bitterness to strife which had no counterpart among the combatants in the Crimean War.

The story of the Crimean War was, like most of our wars, a story of stupefying blunders. The sufferings of our troops in the Crimea were great, and the surprising part of the matter was that they were needless. For long the troops suffered in patience, but at last the tale of their pains and privations became known. Public opinion demanded inquiry, and in deference to it, two commissioners were appointed. One of these was Sir John MacNeill, whose brilliant and heroic work in Persia had done so much for British influence there : as his comrade in the commission Colonel Tulloch was appointed. They set off for the Crimea, animated by the simple desire to report truthfully and advise as wisely as they could for the health and feeding of the army. They were not welcomed too warmly by the officials of the army, who felt that their efficiency was

OH ! FOR THE *TOUCH* OF A VANISHED HAND



questioned by the appointment of the commission. Like all who are conscious of shortcomings they resented inquiry. In spite of difficulties a report was drawn up. It was inevitable that it should call attention to blunders and negligence. Supplies were in Balaclava harbour, while the soldiers were suffering from want : food in plenty could be had from Black Sea ports. Our troops were starving amid plenty, because the transport was inadequate and the commissariat unintelligent. It was the usual story of well-intentioned blundering. The commissioners had done their work : they presented their report to Parliament ; and then the curse of political partisanship began to show itself. To shield some cabinet minister from blame, the facts brought to light must be obscured, and to do this the commissioners must be disparaged. Military pride, which had resented a parliamentary inquiry into army affairs, joined with political necessity to belittle or ignore the services of men who had, at the bidding of Parliament, undertaken a difficult and ungrateful task. Further inquiry was demanded, and to appease official jealousy and to protect discredited incompetency the further inquiry must be conducted by the military. This was the device of incompetency to cover uncomfortable facts. To crown all, the commissioners who had made their report were to be summoned before the new board of inquiry as though they were accusers instead of authorized investigators acting under Parliament. The position was absurd. Either the commissioners should never have been sent, or they should have been supported. Parliament had sent them : the Government had acquiesced and had sanctioned their mission, and now that difficulties

created, not by new facts, but by wounded officialism, had arisen, Government left their own commissioners in the lurch and sought, like Pilate, to wash their hands of the affair.

Sir John MacNeill, as might have been expected of a self-respecting man, declined to attend the new inquiry. He had done what was asked : he had given his report ; so far as he was concerned the matter was finished. He had nothing to withdraw, nothing for which to apologize. It was a slight on his integrity to expect him to attend. The Government must bear its own shame if shame there was. His hands were clean as his report was honest. His refusal to attend was the only dignified course. Not only was no recognition of his services forthcoming : the Government allowed him to be victim of unjust and unworthy suspicions.

Happily for England, the public mind is often more healthy than the official mind. While the Government was seeking to conciliate jealousies and accommodate political differences, the people of the country saw clearly the immense services which the commissioners had rendered. The people knew that somebody had blundered : that the commissariat department had been hopelessly mismanaged ; the people recognized the public spirit and clear honesty of the two commissioners, and there was presented to them an address of public thanks, which did much to compensate for the lack of official recognition. It was certainly more valuable, because more genuine, than the precarious approval of politicians blinded by partisan timidities.

Later on, Government gave in a halting fashion tardy

and inadequate recognition to the men who had courageously rendered such invaluable public service.

GORDON AND WOLSELEY

I suppose that we ought to dwell only on happy memories ; but, if so, we should be dropping out of our thoughts some of the experiences of life. I recall one time when, in common with the greater number of Englishmen, my heart passed through the stages of anxiety, doubt, hope, and disappointed indignation. It was the time when all our thoughts turned to the East, and we were watching the lonely figure of the man who, in solitude, represented the majesty and honour of England—when it became clear to most of us that Gordon's life was not secure in Khartoum. Now his statue is there and stately buildings have arisen, which tell the tale of the power which even after death may be wielded by a good and honest man. But then apprehension filled our hearts ; for Gordon was alone and unsupported ; his word was not being made good to the peoples around him ; the Government seemed apathetic—indifferent to the fate of the man who represented his country in a distant and doubtful land. Public feeling began to stir. If the Government would do nothing, the country was ready to do it. *The Times* was ready to lead in the equipment and dispatch of a volunteer army to go on an expedition of rescue or support. The columns of our newspapers were filled with letters which expressed surprise, indignation, anxiety, but all animated by the same spirit of readiness to help an enterprise which all thought was the duty of Government,

but which, if the Government failed, the country was bound in honour to undertake.

It was some relief to our anxiety when at last the Government broke silence. We were assured that the Government was quite alive to its responsibilities concerning General Gordon. We took this to mean that they were prepared to send a mission of relief ; but we were mistaken, for we did not weigh or measure the words of politicians, and so we failed to realize that to be assured that the Government were alive to their responsibilities did not mean that they recognized special responsibility for Gordon's safety. We were mistaken, fatally mistaken ; the official words reassured the anxious, and the practical steps for the raising of a relief force were abandoned.

But time went on, and no rescuing force was sent out ; as the season advanced the difficulties of a successful enterprise increased. We all know what happened. Gordon was killed ; our expedition was too late. It seems to be an English failing—or rather a failing of English governments. There is a proverb which says “To be wise too late is the exactest definition of a fool” ; but to the Government which let Gordon perish a stronger word ought to be applied. The deceived people of this country ought to have ostracized the Government which allowed this dishonour to befall them.

One eager apologist for the Government was in the habit of declaring that the expedition had been sent at the time which, in the opinion of experts, was sufficiently early and the fittest. Once when he made this statement in my hearing, I ventured to express a doubt. I had good reason for

it, but I could not at the time disclose my authority, which came from Queen Victoria, so I was obliged to be silent as the defender of the Government reiterated, with an air of unquestionable confidence, his statement. Later, I had the opportunity of asking Lord Wolseley what were the facts of the case. I happened to sit next to him at the Royal Academy dinner. It was in 1888, and the evening was memorable to me because of the high order of the speaking, and the very striking speech of Lord Rosebery, who had to speak in a discouraging atmosphere, and showed great skill and self-command under very difficult circumstances. During a quiet interval I asked Lord Wolseley to tell me, if he was at liberty to do so, whether the Gordon Relief Expedition had been sent out at a fitting time. He told me quite readily and frankly that he had urged that the expedition should be sent months before ; that Lord Hartington wished to send it, but that Mr. Gladstone would not. He spoke of his affection for Gordon ; so that personal as well as professional reasons made him wish to start while there was time to secure the success of the expedition.

The dilatoriness—to call it by no worse name—the dilatoriness of the Government was bad enough ; but after the assurance which disarmed public anxiety for Gordon, the delay was criminal. It was a blot, and a serious blot, upon the record of a great career.

Lord Wolseley was full of interesting recollections, and once he gave me the story of an adventure of his in early life, and the encounter with Lord Clyde which followed it. He told me this when we met at Canterbury in the opening

days of the twentieth century. This was the story : As a young officer he took part, as we know, in the siege of Lucknow. He received orders from Lord Clyde to seize and hold a certain tower which would give command of one district ; on entering the town he made for this tower, and after a struggle succeeded in occupying it. When he took notice of the neighbourhood he discovered that near at hand there was another tower which would, if taken, give him an improved position ; he accordingly gathered his men, attacked the place, took the loftier tower, and was able to establish himself in a stronger and more commanding situation. "After I had done it," he said, "and when things were settling down after the fight, I took care to keep out of Lord Clyde's way ; for I knew that he would scold me." But the interview could not long be postponed, and soon Lord Clyde met him, and let loose his tongue in vigorous and emphatic terms, blaming him for exceeding orders. Lord Clyde, I gathered, could use strong language when he chose ; he indulged in it that day ; but when he had finished his set speech of condemnation, he shook Wolseley warmly by the hand and said, "But you did quite right." So the sting was taken out of the censure ; the cause of discipline was maintained, and the promptness of courageous initiation was approved by the old veteran.

He also told me that when the soldiers entered the town, nothing would or could keep them from drinking any wine they came across. They had been warned that the natives had poisoned the wine, but fear did not restrain them—indeed, the men believed that the tale of poisoned wine had been invented to prevent them taking it. For-

tunately, the wine drunk on the occasion did not prove to be poisoned.

There are some who say that justice has not been done to the services which Lord Wolseley rendered to the army in promoting its efficiency, and improving its fighting power. This is a matter beyond my judgment. I can only narrate things which interested me, and which were told me in simple and soldier-like fashion by Lord Wolseley. He was always, as I knew him, kindly and natural in manner, as became one who had served his country well.

LORD ROBERTS

From time to time I have heard conversations in which the characteristic qualities of various races have been discussed. Some of these have possessed special interest, either because of the experience of those who have taken part in them, or because of the coincidence of opinion which has been brought to light ; or perhaps the way in which some popular delusion has been shattered. Of this latter class I may mention the Irishman, who is as little understood in England as is the Hindoo. The Irishman on the stage is usually as unlike an Irishman as the stage parson is unlike the real thing. Perhaps, however, it is better to let popular delusions have their way ; they are at least picturesque, and though hopelessly inaccurate, they serve to preserve a type of character which it is pleasant to believe represents a class or type.

The Irishman is supposed to be an inexact thinker, a man who refuses to take a serious view of life, because he

is always fascinated by the humour of things, and he prefers a joke to any piece of business ; he is, moreover, an imprudent and usually an impecunious creature ; money slips quickly through his fingers, and he is as careless of coin as he is about keeping his roof weather-tight and his bedding in repair ; he is untidy, and he does not mind living in a dirty and slipshod fashion ; he is plausible and amiable, and if he does not tell the truth it is only because his amiability refuses to wound or dishearten you. The happy-go-lucky Irishman goes laughing through life, waving his shillelagh, flinging out his jokes, and carries his childish insouciance to the grave. Such is an approximation to the picture of the Irishman that is accepted by a large proportion of the British public.

But Ireland, like England, is a country of contradictions, and when we speak of Irishmen, it would be well to ask whether we mean a man of the north, or a man of the south ; or indeed of east or west. Races in Ireland have blended, and Celt, Saxon, Dane and Scot—yes, and Spaniard too, have left their mark upon the old country. The fabled Irishman whose portrait I have sketched is not, after all, to be found as a matter of course anywhere in Ireland. You may meet him now and again in Dublin, and you may find him in a Wicklow village. You will not find him in Belfast, and I doubt whether you will be likely to meet him in Galway or Cork. The man of Celtic race is the man who would be selected by most people who were looking for a typical Irishman ; but the man of Celtic race bears little resemblance to the laughing, irrelevant creature of the stage. The Celt is timid and practical, tenacious of

family ties, and willing to sacrifice himself for family interests ; he is affectionate, and his affection, blending with a timid dread of the future, creates a certain inconsistency of character which, because it puzzles people, is generally ignored. The strong sentiment of family affection gives rise to a momentary extravagance ; but the apprehension of the future establishes an almost penurious thriftiness. It is here that British judgment is so greatly astray. If we measure an Englishman with an Irishman on money matters, you will find that the money-saving instinct is much stronger in the Irishman than in the Englishman. The Englishman possesses a self-reliance which tempts him to ignore the future and the chance of a rainy day. The artisans of England are not given to thrift. They spend their wages up to the hilt ; for they believe that what has been done and won once can be done and won again. This difference explains, I think, the fact that the savings' banks returns in Ireland are so much higher in proportion in Ireland than in England. Many an Irishman who lives in a hovel, which probably an Englishman would disdain to occupy, has a store-stocking up the chimney, and could cross your hand with silver if he would. But this timidity which leads him to provide against bad times does not imply any lack of courage. On the field of war the Irishman will not be one whit behind the Englishman or Scotchman in deeds of daring.

One morning at breakfast, at Sandringham, three or four guests met who were leaving by the morning train. Lord Roberts and Mr. Arthur Balfour were at the table, and presently we were joined by a Foreign Minister whose name I have forgotten. The conversation turned on the

behaviour of English, Irish and Scotch troops in the field. I think that I started the topic by asking Lord Roberts if he had noticed any characteristic differences among such troops.

He said, "If you see a specially brilliant thing done in the field, you will find that, nine times out of ten, it is an Irishman who has done it." He described the English as being steady and trustworthy in fight, and especially good in defence; but he said, "Take them for all in all, I think I would rather command Scotch troops: they have more *élan* than the English and more steadiness than the Irish." But I gathered that, if it was needful to defend a difficult position, the Englishman would make the most of it.

Parallel to this view of race qualities may be placed the following opinion given by one who knew sailors well. He was a chaplain who had ministered in some Seaman's Mission, and knew sailors belonging to all nationalities. He said, "Taking sailors all round, one is as good as another: the Swedish, the Dutch, the French, the Irish, the Scotch sailor is as good as the English; but if it is a dirty night, and there is an ugly job to be done on the topmast, you must get an Englishman to do it." This is a view resembling that of Lord Roberts: the man needed at the last resort is the Englishman.

I am tempted here to tell another tale which bears a similar moral. I was dining with the manager of *The Times*. Among the guests was the Rev. John Watson—better known as Ian MacLaren, the author of *The Bonnie Brier Bush*. Mr. Watson, as a Scotchman, was eager to know how young Scotchmen acquitted themselves in

journalism, and he plied our host with questions. At last our host gave the following general opinion on the qualities and powers of English, Irish, and Scotch leader-writers. "You know," he said, "that our leading articles are not devised by the men who write them. We talk to our young writers and tell them the line we want to be taken. If the writer is an Irishman he requires twenty minutes' talk before he writes ; if he is a Scotchman he will need half an hour ; if he is an Englishman he will need an hour."

"Well, and with what result ?" asked Mr. Watson.

"Oh, the Irishman writes the most brilliant article."

"But what about the Scotchman ?"

"Well," said our host, "the Scotchman writes a good article, but he is apt to put into it some idea of his own which we don't want. If, however," he added, "we want an article which requires special care, because some very important issues hang upon the tone and phrases of it, we must have an Englishman to do it."

All these three anecdotes lead up to one conclusion : The Englishman is the emergency man of the world.

Perhaps it is not making too long a leap from these stories of racial qualities to record here a judgment given concerning the late Prince Consort by Lord Palmerston. It was told me by Lord Mount-Temple. Of the Prince Consort, Lord Palmerston said, "He was a man who would have come to the front, whatever vocation in life he had adopted. If he had been a soldier, he would have become a general. If he had been a lawyer, he would have been a leader of circuit and a judge." This opinion, given by one who had good opportunities of judging, seems to me

to give a pathetic interest to the life of the Prince Consort. He had the capacity to distinguish himself in some active career : with the capacity there was, no doubt, the desire for some sphere of individual self-expression ; but the conditions of his life denied him such outlet for his energies. He turned to the only things that were open to him : arts and letters ; and yet, when he sought to help in the organized recognition of Art in English life, his efforts were misunderstood and misrepresented. His earnest wishes to help were treated as uncalled-for interference. When he proposed to make Kensington a great centre of art treasures, *Punch* represented him as almost a purloiner of national pictures. Activity checked, and the natural energy deprived of every legitimate outlet, robbed life for him of much of its savour. We are not, perhaps, surprised to find him saying, when speaking of the King of Portugal's illness (it was typhoid fever), "If the Queen had been taken ill with it she would have recovered, for she wishes to live ; but if I had been attacked I should have died, for I have no wish to live." I remember that Queen Victoria said something of the same kind to me, which confirmed this view of the difference in temperament and feeling between her and the Prince Consort. I have met in some quarters a tendency to belittle the Prince Consort. I never knew him, so I have no personal experience to draw upon ; but I think that this disparaging tendency is perhaps due to the fashion which treats with disdain everything early Victorian. From all I have heard I am inclined to believe that this disparagement is mistaken. Those who knew and met the Prince Consort frequently formed

different views. I can recall with what affectionate admiration an old servant at Windsor Castle spoke of him. This official had charge of the royal plate, and understood and appreciated the artistic value of it. To him the memory of the Prince Consort was the memory of one who possessed the knowledge and taste of an expert in these and all other works of art.

The theme of racial characteristics started this chapter. It leads me to recall some characteristic memories. I have often asked men what was their earliest recollection, and at what age did their conscious memory, as it were, begin? The variety of answers has astonished me. The most remarkable discrepancy in age which I met with in my inquiries was that between the early recollections of Lord Goschen and Mr. Henry James. I found myself on one occasion, which I might call historic, seated between these two men : Lord Goschen on my left and Mr. Henry James on my right. I put my question to both of them. Lord Goschen replied, "The first thing I can remember was riding my little pony from Charlton to Blackheath to begin my time at Blackheath Proprietary School, and I remember the many indecorous questions with which the boys at the school assailed me ; but so little do I remember of my time there, that, though I remained four years at the school, I cannot say whether I was happy there or unhappy." I then turned to my right-hand neighbour and asked the same question. I received a more astonishing reply. "I remember," said Mr. Henry James, "what took place before I was twelve months old." He explained his reply as follows : "When I was six or seven years of age my

parents took me to Paris. When I arrived I said to them, 'I have been here before.' The second visit revived some memory of the first: the objects seen were familiar."

Naturally this was only the evidence that the buildings seen by the child a few months old had impressed themselves on the retina or brain. This was the revival of an impression rather than a conscious recollection; but it quite harmonizes with the story told by Dr. W. B. Carpenter in his *Mental Physiology* (pp. 430, 431).

The story related to the Rev. Septimus Hansard, who was for some years rector of Bethnal Green. Mr. Hansard visited Hurstmonceux Castle, which he was desirous of seeing. When he reached the ruin he found it to be familiar to him. He searched his memory and he could not recall any visit to the place. He wrote to his mother, who replied that when he was about twelve months old, he had been taken to Hurstmonceux and left outside while his father and mother went over the castle. The child outside had had the features of the building impressed upon his eye, and the visit paid in later years simply recalled these earliest impressions. These seem to me to be the raw material of recollection.

KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH

THE month of May 1910 will have a mournful memory for thousands. In the closing days of April, King Edward the Seventh returned from Biarritz. The people were content to believe that he returned invigorated and refreshed by his stay abroad. On the 1st of May he was at Sandringham inspecting some alterations and improvements made in his much-loved country home. That day week the churches were draped in black ; the gay colours of May vanished from the streets ; the people went about in mourning dress ; voices were lowered ; vehicles were driven slowly and softly past Buckingham Palace, where the Royal Standard, which for a week had floated bravely, was half-mast high. On Saturday, the 7th of May, it was known in every part of the world that King Edward the Seventh was dead.

The news was received with profound and startled emotion. The loss came upon the majority of the King's subjects with bewildering suddenness ; for though he ascended the throne comparatively late in life, there had been no sign of what is commonly called failing health : the probabilities pointed to a longer reign than the nine short years which had passed since his accession. But in the midst of the regular activities of his royal office, and at a time when all eyes looked to him as the one person in

whose hand was the key to unlock the gate of pressing difficulties, the end came, and the subjects of the empire were plunged in deep and dismayed grief. They were left also to understand, if they could, the full significance of the loss which had befallen them.

Their first thoughts leaped irresistibly to the gracious lady who, the first day she set foot upon our shores, had awakened their admiring welcome, and who, by virtue of her charm of manner and simple goodness, had won their trust and their love. To her first went forth the people's sympathy ; and their prayers and their solicitude were for the widowed Queen. But in the early days of sorrow any estimate of the meaning of the sad event was impossible.

After the first shock the leading minds of the country—the statesmen, the writers, the teachers—began to measure the national loss. When they did so, and when they endeavoured to express the loss in words, the general harmony of opinion which was expressed seems to attest the correctness of the conclusion which had been reached by so many independent minds. What was said was accepted as true : the eulogiums on the late King caused much emotion but no surprise. And this fact is the most surprising fact of all connected with the King's death ; for the mourning and sympathetic words which summed up the value of the reign described the late King's influence and power in a way which would have seemed extravagant and impossible in 1901.

Ten years before, while Queen Victoria still lived—or even nine years before, when the King was commencing his reign—few could have anticipated the high reputation and

widespread renown which these days of mourning proved King Edward to have won. He was a well-known and popular figure in England and throughout Europe, and, as far as acquaintance with his character and talents went, some forecast of his reign might have been attempted by those who had watched his career ; but not the most courageous or sanguine of his friends and admirers could have dreamed that within little more than nine years his death would evoke such an unbroken flood of eulogy and such widespread testimony to his work and worth as a king. He was then, as he always has been, a popular favourite—a country gentleman, alive to agricultural interests and alert to accept and promote every well-tested method of improvement, and yet not a mere farmer-prince, a keen sportsman and a travelled man, whose figure was familiar in the health and pleasure resorts of Europe—and who possessed in a high degree the *joie de vivre* and a warm wish that others should enjoy life also. It is true that in the later years of his venerable mother's life he discharged with that grace and *bonhomie* which were peculiarly his own some of what may be called the ornamental functions of royalty ; but none of these duties were adequate tests of kingly capacity. Everyone knew when he ascended the throne that the new sovereign was a kindly man, possessed of gracious manners, quick perception, and native dignity ; but few, if any, would have ventured to predict that his reign would close among tributes to the wide and effective influence of his reign.

Let anyone go back in memory ; let him forget for a moment the record of that reign of nine years ; and then let him read the eulogiums of later days, and he will realize how

far they go beyond anything that could have been imagined at the commencement of King Edward's reign. Let me take, first, the public utterances of our responsible leaders in the Houses of Parliament.

Lord Crewe spoke as follows : " We look back at these last nine years with thankfulness and pride. I think we all recognize that at the time of the late King's accession the task before his Majesty was one of exceptional difficulty. He succeeded at a comparatively advanced age to the great Queen who had become in her lifetime almost a legendary figure, and whose person seemed to be, as it were, part of the British Constitution itself. Whatever King Edward's reign might be, it could not be the same as that of Queen Victoria ; and now, as we cast our thoughts backwards, we are able sincerely to declare that, though different, the late reign has not suffered by comparison. The prosperity, the orderly progress of the nation, the strengthening of imperial ties, and, above all, the maintenance of peace, if these be the signs of a great and glorious reign, they are fulfilled in that of which we are now lamenting the close."

Lord Lansdowne followed : " The nation," he said, " is absolutely unanimous at the present time. We know at this moment no distinction of party, race, or religious persuasion. . . . The nation has lost an illustrious head. . . . His Majesty had established relations with the chiefs of other states and with the public men of other states which enabled him to bear unostentatiously, and strictly within the limits of the Constitution, a distinguished and useful part in international affairs ; and, to my mind, amongst the many remarkable attributes of the late King, none was more re-

markable than his power of creating what I can only describe as an atmosphere of international goodwill and good feeling—an atmosphere the presence of which diminished asperities, if asperities were there ; made difficulties easier of solution, if there were difficulties ; and contributed immensely, if I may use the words of the Address, to the consolidation of peace and concord throughout the world. At this moment I am convinced that there is not a *Chancellerie* in Europe which does not recognize that by the death of Edward the Seventh a great international force has been removed from the public affairs of Europe—a force which always operated to the public good, and which I think all are justified in believing will not cease entirely to operate now he has left us."

Mr. Asquith, in the House of Commons, said : "In external affairs his powerful personal influence was steadily and zealously directed to the avoidance not only of war but of the causes and pretexts for war. He well earned the title by which he will always be remembered : the Peacemaker of the world."

Mr. Balfour—after pointing out that ordinary diplomacy is no part of the monarch's duty—said : "We must not think of him as a dexterous diplomatist. He was a great monarch, and it was because he was able naturally, simply through the incommunicable gift of personality, to make all feel—to embody to all men—the friendly policy of this country, that he was able to do a work in the bringing together of nations which has fallen to the lot of few men, be they king or be they subject, to accomplish."

Lord Rosebery, a few days later, in London, spoke no

less emphatically : "It is not too much to say that our late King—I say it in my heart and conscience—in view of the character and the weight that he had established in the councils of the world, in view of the efforts he was constantly making for the promotion of peace, in view of the sympathy by which he was enabled to knit together nations other than his own, was at the time of his death one of the greatest agencies for good existing in the world."

It would be impossible to give even a summary of the public eulogies of great personal authorities—all of which were cast in the same strain of honest and genuine admiration of the late King's personal force and influence—but two utterances which come from more private sources will be of interest. In Egypt the foreign element spoke of the King as the chief of European sovereigns, and a responsible French official declared that the death of the King would be worse than the death of the President. Perhaps the most felicitous eulogy came from the German Emperor, who telegraphed these words : "King Edward represented the incarnation of the fine qualities of his country. Britain, in mourning him, mourns herself."

These words of warm appreciation are not the words of careless rhetoric. They have been uttered or written by statesmen of tried position—possessed of wide experience of men and affairs ; they have been uttered for the most part in the hearing of those who carefully watch every phrase, who are ready to consider and criticize the words selected, weighing whether they are adequate, and who would resent empty panegyric as strongly as they would unkindly depreciation. And it is interesting to note what

we call the common denominator in which all agree. We may remove from our thoughts the obvious and surface features of their appreciation. The late King loved sport, and the English people love it too ; he took pleasure in the recreations of his people ; he felt also for their sorrows, and he desired to see the sufferings of his people alleviated by all that human skill could devise and achieve. To this his practical interest in hospitals and the establishment of the fund which bears his name amply testify. He possessed a ready kindness : a thousand stories of the late King's quick thoughtfulness were told throughout the country. One which is typical of his prompt sympathy may be cited. At a great public function in a large provincial city a lady was present whom the King had met, perhaps, half-a-dozen times before. His quick eye noted her in the crowd ; he immediately stepped forward, and showed how exact and kind his remembrance of her was by expressing with genuine solicitude the hope that her health was now re-established. But these, pleasing features as they are, were not those to which the greatest weight was attached. The loss recognized by all was the loss of one whose influence was a steady factor in great matters. This was the common denominator of their appreciation. He was one whose place and personality made him a force on the side of national stability—a force valuable at all times, but more than ever valuable in times of national anxiety.'

This is the great feature upon which the wise men of our day have been led to dwell.

The *Zendavesta* speaks of a kingly glory made by Mazda—a glory that cannot be forcibly seized. There is

such a glory, which shows itself in unasserted but real strength ; it is a glory of character which cannot be gained by force—either physical or intellectual : it can only be won by habitual rectitude in one's calling—by virtue of that simple-minded and loyal devotion to the life-task which is given to each of us. The value of this glory and strength is plainly told in the English history of the last eighty or ninety years. The predecessors of Queen Victoria had not done much to endear the Throne to the people : they lacked the kingly glory which is above force. It was reserved for a woman into whose girlish hands the sceptre was given to win by her blameless life, by her tender and ready sympathy, by her genuine and unselfish industry in national affairs, the affectionate loyalty and reverent attachment of the people.

When King Edward ascended the throne at an age when all that needed to be learned must have been learned beforehand, men hoped more than they expected from his reign. But soon, to the qualities which all knew that he possessed other powers were displayed, and the nation recognized that the sceptre was in the hands of a prince possessed not only of attractive but of right kingly attributes. His rare sagacity, his unerring tact, his happy, alluring grace of manner were enough to transform foes into friends, and lukewarm friends into staunch champions ; but beyond all these there was in him that kingly rectitude of spirit, which never descended to intrigue, never sought, as other monarchs have been tempted to do, to create a king's party ; in short, he knew that he was a constitutional sovereign, and he unflinchingly accepted those limitations which often meant the lonely endurance of much anxious responsibility ; and in spite of

conditions which must have made him crave for sympathetic conference with old and trusted friends, he went through his task with heroic silence and remained chivalrously loyal to his constitutional advisers. It is not given to very many to know when and how to speak ; it is given to fewer to know when to be silent ; it is given to fewer still to keep silence, even when silence is best. But King Edward the Seventh was able to do this with such constancy and consistency that it is not too much to say that he was himself a martyr to his own ideal of constitutional duty. In this he showed that quality which, as Tennyson sang, marked the Prince Consort's character—"sublime repression of himself." Thus he could keep silence, but wherein he could rightly express himself he was happy in his utterance : when the needs of others was the theme he could plead warmly and bravely on their behalf. In all good causes he sought, and successfully sought, to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of others. In this the recognized loyalty of his nature increased the range of his influence ; and when the cause for which he worked was the amity of nations he was able, without transgressing the code of diplomatic etiquette, to promote that spirit of personal friendliness which of itself works against international friction. He knew personally the leading men of other lands, and he was able, as Lord Lansdowne said, to create that "atmosphere" which was favourable to the growth and development of friendly international relationships.

When we ask what was the secret which made the late King such a strong national and international power, the answer is to be found not in the record of definite actions

or conspicuous achievements, but in the unconsciously exercised power of his personality. This was the power which created the atmosphere of which I have spoken. It was the effluence of a characteristic personality—genuine, loyal, single-minded—which made his influence strong. His power was not due to deliberate effort, but for that reason it was more effective than any conscious exercise of force. For, as love is stronger than logic, because it is the output of the whole personality, so is that influence which springs from what is the essential being, more powerful and more abiding than the mere intellectual forces, however brilliant and attractive they may be.

The powers and gifts of the late King were in a great measure hidden. As clear water conceals its depth, so his attractive manner and unmistakable kindness concealed much of the real force which lay behind. Here I may be forgiven for speaking of two scenes indelibly fixed upon my memory. I saw him first nearly sixty years ago in Liverpool. It was a day of cloud and continual rain : as we waited for the royal procession, the crimson carpet which stretched along the pier-side and down the bridge to the landing-stage was drenched and robbed of colour : once, if not twice, fresh strips of carpet were laid down. At length we saw the royal visitors : the Queen and Prince Albert passed, but my clearest recollection is of the fair boy, about my own age, whose sunny hair made a brightness upon the grey scene, as he lifted his cap in answer to the salutations of the crowd. Even then, boy as I was, I noticed the native and unaffected grace with which he bore himself. The last time I saw him, he lay with folded hands, calm and still upon his

narrow bed. It was hard to believe that I was looking upon the one whose bright, boyish and untired face I had seen more than half a century earlier ; for in the hour of death's carving, something unrecognized before comes out, and the quiet face and noble head I looked upon showed marks and features of force and power which in life were sweetly veiled by the brightness of his smile and the charm of his manner.

The final lesson of the King's reign is the simple and continuous lesson. We are tempted, in estimating life, to attach wrong values to things ; we rate our powers of mind too highly ; we adorn with fictitious importance our theories ; we cling superstitiously to the narrow range of prejudices which we call our opinions ; meanwhile, we forget that the total man is more than his views : the aura of his influence widens and shrinks not by what he thinks and says, but by what he is : the outflow of his personality spreads further than his words and flows into other hearts with penetrating power.

The survey which I have thus briefly made is, from the nature of the case, incomplete, but it includes, I venture to think, the essential factors of that great problem which is continuously before us in the history of nations. The problem is that of national longevity. Does a nation, as Herder taught, follow like a plant the regular law of birth, growth and decline ? Are the virtues and vices which it displays merely matters of mechanical condition ? What place has reason and freedom in their destiny ? To those who accept the mechanical theory of national life—whether in the optimistic form set forth by Herder or in the pessimistic form of M. Taine—vice and virtue in a nation's

history are mere products, like vitriol or sugar. But to those who discriminate between the character of the laws which prevail in the physical realm and those which prevail in the realms of thought and moral feeling, vice and virtue are related to human will and human reason and cannot be classed as subject to identically the same laws which rule the physical world. The confusion of thought which proclaimed the existence of natural law in the spiritual world has wrought a great deal of unintentional harm. The reign of law may be, and probably is, complete ; but it is as needful to ascertain the laws of the moral and spiritual world as it is to discover those in the material world. And it is a mere indolent assumption to suppose that the laws of the world spiritual are identical with those that prevail in the physical realm. It is absurd to read human history or national history as though it were governed by merely physical agents ; blind forces forming organizations—which we call nations or men—in precisely the same fashion as a chemical body is formed of a combination of simple elements. The true reading of human history is the understanding of the ideas and personalities which have mingled in its making. Great ideas have animated a family or a tribe : they have found expression in one or more great personalities, and the tribe has grown into a nation. The great idea of a protecting and governing God, of the possibility of a splendid future, enforced by the example, the eloquence, and the commanding personality of a great leader like Moses, laid the foundations of Israel's glory. Parallels can be found in the stories of other peoples. Humanity, broken up into families which become nations, learns to follow some great idea—as Israel

followed the Shekinah which led to the land of promise. In doing so humanity enters upon its splendid struggle against the tyranny of mere material forces. Follow the migration of the human race from the East to the West, note its long journey from Asia to Europe, from India to France, and at each stage you will see lessened the fatal power of nature : the influences of race and climate become less despotic. Humanity, once overwhelmed, paralyzed, enervated before the tremendous forces of nature, slowly emancipates itself. Fatalistic conceptions become rarer. Nature is better understood. Man becomes aware of his power : he realizes that nature is his keeper, not his tyrant ; his ideas widen with growing knowledge and with the happy confidence which strengthens as his knowledge of the world he inhabits increases. The realization of great ideas is possible if men will put their lives at the service of such ideas ; but the devotion of the life is the essential condition of victory. Man accepts the condition : the hero and the martyr become figures in history : they are recognized as the men of light and leading, the true benefactors of the race—

“Figlio del sangue è vero.”

And among such benefactors we may rightly place King Edward VII—a great English king among kings, some of whom were great indeed. “We have lost a great king, one of the greatest in history.” This sentence from an admirable leader in *The Times* may seem precipitate in judgment, but there is a sense in which even to-day we may recognize its truth. Greatness is not of one kind alone. The greatness of conspicuous action is not open

to all ; but there is a greatness which, if not dazzling, is of abiding value. There is a greatness which recognizes clearly the limitations which bound its activity, which discerns what may be done within the limits assigned by Providence. In the final verdict upon men and their lives, the judgment will not be according to the public splendour of their deeds, but according to the use they have made of their gifts within the limit of their legitimate opportunities. In other words, it is the character inspiring and directing our activities which gives them their true value.

I had often met King Edward at Windsor or at Osborne when he was Prince of Wales, and he had invited me to preach at Sandringham from time to time. I remember that at my first visit I was anxious on the Sunday morning to be at church in good time. I watched the clock, and when it left me, as I believed, about twenty minutes before service, I started for the church. I had hardly set foot upon the threshold, when I heard a voice calling after me, "Bishop ! Bishop !" I turned, and found that the Prince of Wales was summoning me. " You are going too soon," he said ; " there is nearly an hour before service." Then my mistake became clear : I had forgotten the trick of the Sandringham clocks, which were kept half an hour in advance of the real time. Theoretically it was very easy to readjust one's ideas about time or to reset one's watch, but practically one found that one was the victim of a haunting doubt whether the clock or watch one looked at represented Greenwich or Sandringham time.

This, however, was a trifling matter, and one more for self-amusement than vexation. The time at Sandringham

was always most enjoyable. There was a freedom which sprang from the genial kindness of the King and from the sweet graciousness of the Queen. The household officers and those in waiting were all filled with the same gracious and kindly spirit which the royal hosts possessed.

At Sandringham, too, one met interesting people. I can recall very vividly my meeting there with Cecil Rhodes. It was dark when I reached Sandringham. At the station one of the gentlemen-in-waiting said to me, "The King wishes you to drive up with him." I entered the carriage ; it was too dark to discern any one. The King, however, motioned me to sit beside him, and, as we started, he introduced me to a figure on the opposite seat. I just caught the name, Mr. Rhodes, but I felt uncertain whether I had caught it correctly. However, on reaching the house I discovered that my fellow-guest was the great empire builder.

The next day, Sunday, I preached at Sandringham Church. The collections at the morning service were given to the Gordon Boys' Home, in which King Edward took a keen interest. This interest may be judged by the fact that on the corresponding Sunday in the previous year I had been given the duty of commending this charity to the generosity of the guests at Sandringham. The last time I preached at Sandringham—five months before the King's death—the collection was given to the same object. On this Sunday Mr. Rhodes did a characteristic thing. Walking with Sir George Higginson, he asked, " How much would it require to pay for the keep of one lad always at the home ? "—in other words, what sum of money would yield an income to endow for ever one lad's main-

tenance. A sum of something over £400 was mentioned. Mr. Rhodes gave his cheque for the amount, and remarked that he disliked piecemeal or unfinished work: he liked to do things with completeness.

In the evening Mr. Rhodes came and sat down beside me. He said, "Bishop, how is it that ideas come into one's head—great thoughts which drop unexpectedly into one's mind—the origin and suggestion of which one cannot trace?" I reflected a moment and I said, "I think that when great and noble ideas come to us they are the gift and suggestion of the divine spirit: they are God's message." He answered with a reverent voice, "I don't think I could claim that." And then in a whimsical way, he added, "I call them microbes of the brain."

As I recall those pleasant Sundays at Sandringham, one or two interesting recollections spring to my mind. I recall one Sunday evening in which I sat near the King while the band played. Some piece of Verdi's started a memory in the King's mind, and he told me that when he was young he paid a visit to Italy, and at that time Verdi's name roused the greatest enthusiasm among the Italian people. It was not, however, merely because he was a popular composer, but because the letters of his name stood for the national hopes of the people. Wherever the name was written the prophecy of Italy united under the rule of the Re Galant'uomo was read: Verdi stood for Vittorio Emanuele Re d'Italia.

The last time I had the privilege of speaking to the King was on May 3, 1910. The King had fixed noon that day for the homage of a newly appointed bishop. I

was in attendance as Clerk of the Closet. The King went through the little ceremony with his usual grace and cordiality, but I felt that it needed more effort on his part than usual. He was pale and looked fagged ; but his kindness did not desert him. When the formal function was over, the Bishop rose from his knees and the King addressed him with a few sympathetic words. "You have a large diocese," he said to the bishop, "and a great many parishes in it," and then, with a half-humorous air, he said, "and some of them are not as good as they ought to be," and he looked at me as he added, "we know that, don't we ?" I admitted the truth. Then the King said to the newly made bishop : "They will need a firm hand." This closed the interview. We bowed ourselves out. It was the last time I saw him alive. It was a Tuesday. On the Friday night he passed away.

On the Monday Queen Alexandra sent for me. Soon after noon I was at the palace ; after a little delay I was taken to the Queen's room. The Queen came in, she drew me to the sofa, and we sat down. She said that she felt like stone. I could only say that it was perhaps merciful that we could not realize the full meaning of such a loss at the first. On her return from Greece, when she passed through Venice, she told me how a strong impulse, as though a premonition of coming danger, had led her to shorten her stay abroad and to hurry home. "Stay if you will," she had said to her travelling companions, "I must be with my husband." She told how, when she arrived, the King had stood up and walked to meet her, how, forgetful of himself, ill as he was, he had asked her about everything

and wanted to hear her news. She told how restlessness took hold of him as the end drew near : even when sadly weakened he tried to walk into the next room, how at the last she stood near him with his head resting on her shoulder—how the end came after an interval of unconsciousness.

Then she said, “ You would like to see him.” She led me through two or three rooms till we came into the King’s own bedroom. An oblong room with windows on the left as we entered ; the greater part of the room was free of furniture : at the far end on the right was a folding screen. The Queen passed behind it ; I followed : near the wall, parallel to the windows, was a small single bed, covered with a simple white counterpane ; and there, lying with his hands just touching one another across his breast, lay the dead king. The face was pale ; the expression calm and placid ; he might have been asleep.

I went forward and fell on my knees beside him and kissed the cold right hand which was near me, and for a few moments I prayed. I rose and looked at the Queen. I could say nothing. I kissed her hand : the tears were in both our eyes : my voice refused utterance. At last I stammered out some commonplace remark that he looked peaceful, and that such a peaceful expression would leave a happy memory with her. She spoke about prayer, wondering whether prayers at the bedside of the unconscious could do much good. I said, “ It can never be a mistake to tell God what we need and what we feel. All times are good for prayer.” Then I added, “ Shall we pray now ? ” We knelt by the bedside. I prayed, saying

what came uppermost from my heart. We rose, the tears were in her eyes. I said, "Shall I leave you here?" She said, "Yes," and I left her with her dead.

It seemed but a day since I had been with her at Osborne, when she wept as the sense of the responsibility of sovereignty came over her. Further back my thoughts went to the day in March, forty-eight years before, when as an undergraduate I had witnessed the rejoicings and the fireworks on Parker's Piece in Cambridge and was nearly crushed to death by the crowd which had gathered to do honour to the Prince of Wales' wedding day.

The King is dead : Long live the King ! So go the old words of national faith and hope. From the past we look to the future. The King died at a moment of national anxiety. There were moments in which our fears of national feud were great, but outward events have driven away the clouds. External peril has united the hearts of all.

When King Edward died I ventured to say that such an event called for national searching of heart—now I can reiterate the thought with greater emphasis.

Professor Sir Charles Waldstein, in one of his addresses, told the story of a great foreign statesman who, after a discussion on international affairs, sadly said : "I have been sometimes tempted to ask myself whether the prosperity or continued existence of my own nation is really needful or useful to the world." Whatever answer independent thinkers in different lands may give to such a question, one thing is sure—the nation or people which is not wanted in the world will perish out of it. The

conditions of national existence and true national prosperity are simple and clear. The peoples of weak character—deficient in moral force, destitute of self-reliance, disdainful of truth, lacking the instincts of freedom, and justice—quickly fall under the domination of stronger peoples. In estimating the secret of Anglo-Saxon power, M. Demolins placed it in the self-reliance in which British lads were trained. In estimating the source of the strength of Ancient Rome, another French writer found it in manliness and reverence. Byron struck the same note when he wrote of Rome—

“ ‘Twas self-abasement led the way
To villain bonds and despots’ sway.”

The old Hebrew taught the same truth when he said : “ Righteousness exalteth a nation.” Here, then, at this trying and terrible moment of our history, may we not well pause and take stock of our national inheritance ? If in this great national crisis all party lines vanish, if all can stand, as Lord Lansdowne said, shoulder to shoulder in this common distress, can we not stand together also in the determination that henceforth we will sanction no laws, tolerate no fashions, which tend to the weakening or demoralization of national character ? If health depends upon the quality of the blood, national health and vigour depend upon the moral sympathies and ideals which are accepted by a people and incorporated into their thoughts and activities. And as it is easy to undermine health by adopting a diet which impoverishes or pollutes the blood, so is it easy also, through lowered ideals, lowered manners and customs, to spread weakness, and with it, perchance, seeds of decay throughout national life. Love of sport is

good ; but it is evil when sport falls into professional hands and the public interest is less in the achievements of the field than in the opportunity of some gambling gain. Pleasure is natural and good : “all work and no play” is proverbially bad for men as well as boys ; but a dislike of work, with a feverish love of pleasure, soon works disaster : play ceases to be pleasure, and discontent follows, and meanwhile the capacity for effective and successful work is destroyed. Philanthropists have often striven to secure for downtrodden races their rights, but it is a sign of national decline when men clamour for their rights and speak lightly or seldom of their duties.

To be elected for a constituency and to be privileged therefore to write “M.P.” after his name may attest, and probably does attest, a man’s personal capacity—some energy of will and some measure of judgment ; but it does not always carry with it the pledge of undeviating rectitude and singleness of purpose. It has been allied with flexibility of principle and flabbiness of character. Parliamentary government will suffer, and suffer justly, in public esteem should the House of Commons degenerate into an assembly of men gathered together to register the wishes or will of that section of their constituents which has secured their return. “If government were a matter of will upon any side,” said Mr. Burke to the electors of Bristol, “yours, without question, ought to be superior. But government and legislation are matters of reason and judgment, and not of inclination ; and what sort of reason is that in which one set of men deliberate and another decide, and where those who form the conclusion are

perhaps three hundred miles distant from those who hear the argument? To deliver an opinion is the right of all men: that of constituents is a weighty and respectable opinion, which a representative ought always most seriously to consider. But *authoritative* instructions—*mandates* issued, which the member is bound blindly and implicitly to obey, to vote and to argue for, though contrary to the clearest conviction of his judgment and conscience—these are things utterly unknown to the laws of the land, and which arise from a fundamental mistake of the whole order and tenour of our constitution.”¹ It follows from this that to surrender his conviction of what is really right and good for the country to the demands of party is, on the part of a member of Parliament, a betrayal of trust. I shall never forget the shock I once received when a member of Parliament waited upon me one Sunday afternoon and requested me to sign a petition praying the House of Lords to reject a certain measure for which he himself had voted in the House of Commons. Men who act in this fashion are lowering the standard of public morality, and promoting so far the slow decline of national character and national vigour.

The death of King Edward was a national loss: it stirred our emotions. Since then has come the war, and another set of emotions has been stirred; the value of such feelings of loyal sorrow and ardent patriotism will only be secured if sentiment is translated into action, and if the nation which has experienced a common peril and common

¹ Burke—Speech at the conclusion of the poll at Bristol. *Works*, vol. iii. pp. 19, 20.

grief is henceforth animated by some higher principle of life. We need to resolutely set ourselves to revive those ancient virtues which won for us our freedom at home and our reputation for truth and honour abroad. The deep reverence for the British flag everywhere springs from the recognition of our love of liberty, duty and truth.

One of the London newspapers reported some words spoken by people in that marvellous crowd of sorrowful and reverent mourners who passed through Westminster Hall to pay their last homage to their dead King. One person said, "It is beautiful." Another said, "It is wonderful." A third said, "I should like to stay here and pray." The writer of the report made the just comment that the third speaker expressed most truly the feeling which filled the hearts of that vast concourse of British people. If the spirit of this feeling remains with us, if stronger trust in God and a more genuine recognition of Him in life and conduct fills the soul of the nation, it will do much to raise the tone of popular thought and expel what is selfish and, therefore, vulgar among us.

The best tribute which we can pay as we recall the memory of the late King is to resolve on earnest and unselfish devotion to the welfare of the kingdom which he loved and served so well, and, remembering how much he was able to accomplish for his people by the influence of his personality, to turn all endeavours more to the making of noble character than to the passing of new laws. Laws may be good and useful, but character is a far greater national asset. It is this lesson which national loss and danger are teaching us, and, if we can

learn it, our pain and peril will not have been in vain. If henceforward men of upright character, inflexible honesty of purpose, and unselfish lives are gathered round our King to support and encourage him ; if the lofty and gentle influences of his happy and united home life are reflected in the homes of our country ; if the passion of service expels the spirit of self-seeking ; if personal character is accepted as the real strength of the nation, then the lessons of King Edward's short and glorious reign will not be wholly thrown away.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM

GENTLE reader, I bespeak your charity and righteous judgment as you read this chapter. You will approach it, I fear, with certain preconceived opinions. I do not blame you ; for I do not see how it can be otherwise. The man who is the subject of the chapter looms too large in the imagination of men to-day to be ignored, and his actions in policy and war have been necessarily brought under the judgment of his contemporaries. People have, as it were, made up their minds about him, and they pronounce their opinions with emphasis and without hesitation. I am not here challenging the views of any who have formed their judgment of the Emperor on adequate and carefully considered grounds. I am not putting forward my own opinion as being better than theirs. I am content to say that we can only speak, each of us, from such knowledge as we possess ; we are all responsible to take care that our judgment is brought strictly within the compass of our knowledge, and that the impulses of resentment or disappointment, of hasty ignorance and even natural passion, should be allowed no place in the formation of our judgment of our fellow men.

To speak the final truth—we are none of us qualified to sit in judgment upon one another, and all that we can do is

to set down our impressions based on knowledge, and even these should be set down with the reservation that they are not designed to be more than contributions towards right estimates, and in no sense final verdicts.

Let there, then, be no misunderstanding concerning the drift and purpose of this chapter. I desire only to put down facts within my own experience, and at the same time to express my own views on those later facts which are known to the world. In speaking of my experiences I may be thought to throw into over-strong relief the attractive and good features of the subject : in speaking of the later facts I may be blamed for passing to another extreme. This, I fear, may be inevitable, but I trust that I shall neither set down anything in malice, nor yet, because of the warm attachment of other days, appear to condone things which ought to provoke just indignation.

The method which I propose, therefore, is to set out as clearly as I can the picture of the man I knew, and the traits in his character which did not fail to attract me and to awaken an attachment which was genuine and, I think, justified. And you, kind reader, will, I hope, understand that it could not be my part now or at any time to traduce the memory of a friend, even when in bitter disappointment I found myself unable to approve or defend his actions. If you, therefore, should think that I have dealt with undue tenderness at any moment, kindly remember that it is due to an affection which memory holds dear, even though now the wide estranging sea of difference separates our hearts and hopes and purposes. As I write, whatever I may be writing—words of censure or words of appreciation—there

sounds continually in my heart, like the tolling of a funeral bell : " He was my friend."

My first picture will be one in fair colours, because it is painted before the atmosphere clouded and the thick darkness enveloped us all. It is the picture of the man I knew —towards whose life and friendship I was drawn by circumstances. It was in circumstances tinged with sorrow that I first met him : it was in circumstances just touched with the early clouds of impending storm that I last saw him. In the intervening years—twenty-five in number—the links which fastened the bonds of friendliness increased in strength ; and it would be an unworthy thing in me to deny or belittle the growth of affection and of sympathetic hope which sprang up in my heart during those years. At times I have been tempted, in sheer dismay, to be silent altogether ; but I have reflected that, whatever may be the darkness which these last years have brought upon his reputation and the censures which have been so widespread and severe, it is only right that the other side of the picture should be shown, and even at the risk of being, perhaps, misunderstood, which is easy ; or misrepresented, which is not difficult, I ought to put on record the experiences which were mine in days when I hoped that the securities of peace and the forces which work for the welfare of the world would be strengthened and promoted by the influence which I knew he could wield, and which I had good ground for believing that he would wield, for the realization of our best ideals.

Had we not often together indulged in dreams of what the world might be under the united influence of those

powers which seemed to share common ideals? Yes, I know—I know that other and sinister influences were at work, and that the force of brutal and unworthy ideals was making itself felt throughout Germany; but of these evil powers we knew nothing. I say "we": I certainly knew nothing of the poisonous teaching which was debasing the vision of the German people, and my impression is that these influences had not then flowed into the immediate home circle of the Emperor. I think that there were visions of a noble life, order and influence which rose upon his thoughts, held his imagination, and satisfied his soul. That there were other and less worthy visions which invaded his mind later may be quite true. Every one of us who has any knowledge of himself must know that there are moments when the lower self seizes upon and draws pictures which in our better moments we should repudiate as below the call—the sacred call—of life.

Understand then, dear reader, that what I am drawing now is the picture of what I thought my friend to be, and of what I think he genuinely wished to be in the happy time before lower influences swept in upon his life and bore him away upon a disastrous flood of wrong.

My first conversation with the Emperor William took place at Osborne in 1889. It was in August, during the Cowes week, a few months after he had succeeded his father. It was a Sunday evening. As Osborne House was very full of guests, I stayed with my wife at Canon Prothero's. The Queen invited us to dine in the evening. After dinner, in the drawing-room the Emperor came across

the room and shook hands with me very cordially. He placed himself with his back to the door, and with a very rapid movement swept one arm behind his back. He commenced conversation by saying that he was pleased to meet me, of whom he had heard. This did not give me much opening, but as there had been reports of strikes in some parts of Germany I asked him if he could tell me how they originated. In reply he spoke rapidly and well : he showed himself to be acquainted with the details of the strike movement and with the conditions which had led up to it. He marshalled easily the facts and factors which needed to be known if a fair judgment was to be reached. He gave details of the geography of the affected districts, the racial and religious qualities of the population. The strikes in Westphalia he attributed to three causes : first, the strong Polish element in the district—a people ignorant and fanatical ; he illustrated the difficulties by telling of two men who were decapitated for offences—outrage followed by murder, “crimes I never forgive.” A second cause he believed to be the custom which led rich men to leave the district as soon as their fortunes were made. The methods of these employers of labour seemed to be fairly open to criticism. The Poles were ready to work for comparatively low wages : fortunes were made, and the emigration of those who had made their fortunes left the place in a forlorn condition. The third cause was the absence of any Government works in the district. Wherever Government works existed the scale of living of the artisans improved : decent houses were built. Thus a standard of general comfort and respectability was set up, as in Silesia ; but in Westphalia

this stimulus to a better condition of things did not exist. Hence, partly owing to the character of the population, partly to the heedlessness or want of sympathy of the employers, and partly to the lack of Government example, things were in a bad way, and the population ripe for strike.

The conversation then changed from Germany to Rome, which the Emperor had recently visited. He spoke in a vivid and interesting way of his reception at the Vatican. The Pope read a statement very carefully prepared. Its theme was the restoration of Rome to the authority of the Pope. The Emperor interrupted the statement, and asked how it could be expected that the Protestant Emperor should restore it. The Pope paused, made no reply, but continued his set speech. Later, the Emperor, raising his voice so that all who were present might hear, said : "I tell you that if the King of Italy left, the people of Rome would rise against you and make the Vatican and its Library national property." In the view of the Emperor the policy of the Pope was to make war between France and Italy, in the hope of thus regaining Rome. In such a war Germany would be neutral. Speaking of France, the Emperor said : "France is the surprise box of Europe. Boulanger might come to the front and be emperor—who knows ?"

He gave me a graphic picture of Windthorst, a man much in public view at the time. All through this conversation I was struck by the mastery of details he showed and the fresh and vivid manner of his speaking.

Early in 1905 I had a letter from Lord Knollys telling me that the German Emperor wished that the King would

send a prince, a peer and a prelate to attend the ceremony of the dedication or opening of the new cathedral, or Dom Kirche, in Berlin, and that he wrote to intimate to me the King's wish that I should go to Berlin as the prelate of the party. Prince Arthur of Connaught was the selected prince, and Lord Churchill the selected peer for the occasion.

Our party reached Berlin soon after seven on Sunday morning. A guard of honour met our train, the stalwart and imposing troops made the station pavement resound with their martial tread. The sight of these men lifting their knees up to the level of their navels and bringing their feet down with a stunning force had to me an air of musical comedy, but comedy spoilt by the deafening echoes which their stamping made. Prince Arthur and Lord Churchill were taken to apartments in the Schloss. Captain Wyndham and I were whisked off to the British Embassy. There I was shown to my room, and after the long and dusty journey I rejoiced at the opportunity of a bath, feeling that there was time to take things quietly, as the only engagement I knew of was that of my promise to preach at the English church at eleven o'clock. I was proceeding leisurely when a knock came to my door, and a voice from without announced to me that the Emperor would receive us at half-past nine. It was then getting close to nine o'clock. I hastily completed dressing. I scrambled down to the breakfast-room. I managed to seize some toast and to swallow half a cup of coffee. We flung ourselves into the carriage and were whirled off to the Schloss, where we arrived for the reception. We were shown into a room which bristled with models

of ships of war. The sight of these, I confess, startled me. I was not prepared for such a manifestation of marine ambition.

The Emperor came in ; he was very cordial and in high spirits ; his quick eye detected something wrong in Captain Wyndham's uniform, and he chaffed him about it. As he greeted me he said, "It is a shame first to make the Bishop sick and then to make him preach a sermon." The suggestion, however, was needless, for we had had a calm crossing. Two things were in the Emperor's mind : the trouble in store for England through the German action against the Jesuits ; those who found things too hard in Germany would find refuge in England. The other matter was the recent fire in Long Acre, which had destroyed some large show-rooms for motor cars. The misfortune would be good for German trade. These topics were lightly and laughingly touched upon. I was growing apprehensive about my engagement in the English Church at eleven. However, we were dismissed before long, and I had just time to go back to the embassy, to robe and to reach the church.

In the evening I dined with the Emperor at the Schloss. There were perhaps forty guests. The party broke up early, and I was not sorry to get to bed. The following day, Monday, was the day of the great ceremonial which had brought us to Berlin. The new cathedral was solemnly dedicated. The new building was the first Protestant Dom erected in Germany. It cost half a million of sovereigns. Its dome rose to a height nine feet greater than St. Paul's. It replaced the simple old church, which was erected some

hundred and fifty years earlier by Frederick the Great, and which had sheltered the remains of the Great Elector, of King Frederick I (of Prussia), and King Frederick William II. The cathedral had been eleven years in building. At the dedication service addresses were given by Dr. Dryander and Dr. Kritzinger. "Ein' feste Burg" was sung between the two addresses and "Nun danket alle Gott" was sung at the close.

The service lasted about two hours. The stately dome was filled by a distinguished congregation ; dazzling uniforms were to be seen everywhere, against which the black robes and white collars of the Lutheran clergy looked sombre. We lunched at the Schloss ; I found myself seated between the Grand Duke of Baden and Admiral Zecharias of the Danish Navy. After lunch we attended a levée, being first introduced to the Emperor, who, thanking me for the little silver clock I had sent in commemoration of his silver wedding, said he had never seen one like it. The arrival of the clock had caused, I may here mention, considerable misgiving among the officials of the palace. When the parcel arrived, some suspicious servant detected the ticking of the clock. Immediately imagination suggested danger. What infernal machine was this which was introduced to the Imperial abode ? Not till inquiry had been made and I had assured them that the parcel only contained an innocent clock was the gift handed over to the Emperor. The clock was one in which the minutes were marked on the pages of a little book. There was a kind of poetry about the structure ; an invisible finger turned the pages of the record of time. Every minute a tiny page was turned. I

had sent it to the Emperor the night of my arrival, and with it I had sent the following lines—

Take, Gracious Sir and Madam, with my rhyme,
My little gift, a chronicler of time,
Whose quiet finger, like an ancient sage,
Doth firmly hold, then turn the frequent page.
Thus quick and bright, like stars that disappear,
The passing days have brought the silver year.
Glad days they were, despite the hours of grief,
And sweet their tale ; for love did turn the leaf.
And for the leaves unturned you have no care,
Nor seek to read the future written there ;
For God is love, and be life long or brief,
God marks the days, and He doth turn the leaf.

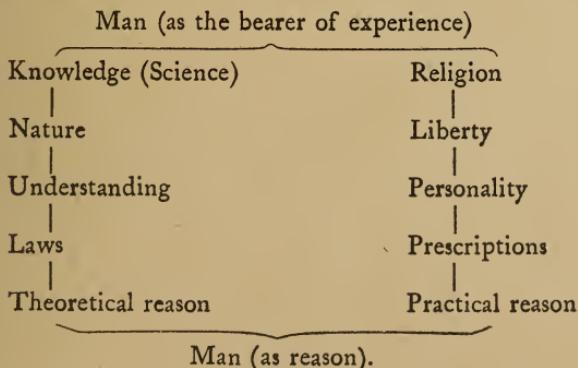
But this is a digression anent the little clock, the like of which the Emperor said he had never seen. Of course, in such a levée, where guests were received one by one, the audience was the briefest possible to each. From the Emperor's presence we were passed one by one into the Empress's audience chamber, and here only a few kindly words were spoken.

In the evening there was a splendid banquet—some three hundred guests sat down ; but before the dinner I had one of those surprises which fling upon one unexpected responsibility. I was in the room where the guests were rapidly assembling, when the Emperor appeared ; he came to me with an envelope in his hand. This he gave to me, saying, “I want you to look at the enclosed. Study it, and let me know after dinner what you think of it.” The envelope contained an analysis of Mr. Houston Chamberlain's book on the *Philosophy of Kant*. The Emperor said a

few words about it and then left me. Almost immediately afterwards the signal was given and the guests streamed into the banquet-room—the Weisesaal. We took our places. It was a large room panelled with white marble and adorned with life-sized statues of the kings of Prussia. The guest on my right was an old veteran of the Franco-German War, who spoke of the numbers engaged in the Russo-Japanese War compared with those who fought in 1870. He thought that the numbers engaged in some of the heaviest battles of the earlier war were about equal to those which joined in conflict in the struggle then going on in the East. The battle of Mukden had not then been fought. During the dinner the Emperor looked down the table, and when he had caught my look in response he smiled and took wine with me.

Meanwhile I was anxious to study the letter he had given me; I managed to take one or two surreptitious glances at it, and this was what I found—

This author, Mr. Houston Chamberlain, has adopted a most ingenious method of defining the character of man in its double composition respecting the terrestrial and the religious man in him, namely—



Happily, the analysis told its own tale, and enabled me to master the general line of thought which was to be discussed.

The dinner over, the guests were marshalled into the long drawing-room—strictly a broad corridor of the castle, flanked with pictures. Conversation went on freely as groups were formed, and as the evening wore on I worked my way towards the doorway through which the Emperor must go, as I felt bound to show myself ready to meet his wishes and to discuss the problem he had put before me. I noticed that he was surrounded by a small knot of Lutheran clergymen to whom he was talking with great animation. Amid the buzz of conversation I heard the court chamberlain say : “The Empress is getting tired ; I must do something.” Presently the Emperor moved away towards the door. It was then late, after eleven o’clock, and I had made up my mind that my presence would be dispensed with and the projected discussion postponed ; but it was not to be. The Emperor came along, speaking a word here and there to his guests. When he came near, he drew me with him, saying, “Now, if you want a chat, come and have tea with us.” Whereupon we passed through several large rooms ; in each a guard of honour was stationed, placed down the sides of the room ; there was history in their uniforms, and we seemed to pass from the middle of the eighteenth century to the dawn of the twentieth ; the uniforms of one of the earlier guards recalled the troops which might have fought at Dettingen ; the last room was made splendid with the white uniforms and glittering ornaments of the Imperial Guard. At length we reached a

solid mahogany door through which we passed into a spacious and well-furnished library. Here the Emperor introduced me to the superintendent of the royal theatres. I was interested in the national recognition of the Drama, and I took the opportunity of seeking to ascertain the method of supporting and encouraging dramatic art in Germany. The cost appeared to fall very largely upon the Emperor's private purse ; he used to contribute something to all theatres which were officially recognized as royal, whether at Berlin or Hanover or elsewhere. As the conversation then turned on the drama I gave the Emperor a brief sketch of a drama which I had written, and as I did so, he translated at times for the benefit of the superintendent any point or incident which the superintendent had failed to follow.

Soon, however, the conversation left the drama behind and turned upon Biblical criticism. This, the Emperor said, had restored to him the reality of Bible characters. Instead of being shadowy figures they had become living human beings. Abraham, who had been little more than the shadow of a shade, was now veritable flesh and blood. He described the picture which, helped by the account given him by an officer who had travelled in Asia Minor, presented Abraham as a powerful sheikh, a man who could command some five thousand spears, and whose spacious tent could accommodate perhaps five hundred guests.

There was not much to be said about Mr. Houston Chamberlain's views of Kant—indeed, the conversation naturally drifted in other directions and took on a more serious religious turn. As we were talking, a door behind

the Emperor slowly and quietly opened and the face of the Empress appeared. The Emperor did not see her ; she evidently wished to be unobserved and she withdrew as quietly as she came. Her face was the affectionate and anxious face of the wife who fears to intrude, and yet fears that in his eagerness her husband may overtax his strength. The day had been an arduous one for the Emperor. Personally, as we talked I felt my powers of attention beginning to flag through sheer fatigue. Only the wonderful readiness and fascinating *camaraderie* of the Emperor made one forget fatigue in the vivacity and interest which he brought into the conversation.

It was long after midnight when we reached the British Embassy, where the kind and thoughtful hospitality of Sir Frank Lascelles compensated for all our fatigue.

Here is a little story of the Emperor. If it could be read without the pressure of perplexity which the war has brought upon our judgment, it would be read as a happy record of kindly thought and sympathy. Perhaps even now it may be read as disclosing another view of a character which bewilders us with its inconsistencies.

Some years ago the Emperor was cruising in the neighbourhood of Sicily. He recalled to his mind a very beautiful garden, which he wished to visit again and to show to some of his officers. He landed and asked permission to see the garden. The lady of the house came to receive the Emperor. She had been left a widow since the Emperor's previous visit. The party, however, went round the garden. As they walked among the beauties of the place, the Emperor saw that the effort she was making to entertain them was too

much for the lady. When he perceived this, he turned to her and said, " You don't want us here : it is too much for you : we must go away." The kind words and the kindly sympathy overpowered the lady : the bulwark of her self-restraint gave way. As she burst into tears the Emperor led her to a bench near at hand. They sat down, and the poor lady told the burden of anxiety which lay heavy on her heart. Her husband had not been a strict observer of the outward forms of religion. The widow's heart bore, besides the weight of her loss, an added anxiety : with her sorrow mingled a dread concerning her husband's fate : the religious advisers round about her had spoken hard and harsh words : in their view the husband was one upon whom a dark and eternal doom had fallen. To the poor, broken, bruised and bewildered heart, the Emperor spoke the gospel of divine love : he combated the terrors which a superstitious and cold-hearted theology had aroused : the words of a better hope, based upon the love which never fails, fell like refreshing dew upon that suffering soul. Thus, in the middle of a holiday excursion an opportunity of helping a sorrowing fellow-creature came in his way, and in thought and sympathy the Emperor was ready to minister to the heartbroken woman.

I heard the story from the Emperor's lips. It was told with simplicity, without a scintilla of egotism : it was recited only as an illustration of the hard and cold teaching which prevailed in some quarters and which seemed to ignore the amplitude and tenderness of divine love.

In putting together these reminiscences it is by no means my aim to make finished studies of any whom I have met.

The hour for such finished studies has not come. At the best we can only make approximate guesses at the true character, even of our most intimate friend. If the heart nearest our own fails to follow the reason of our smile and of our sigh, it follows that a just view of human character is almost wholly beyond human range of measurement. We may know a little : we may infer a little : we may guess or imagine a great deal ; but when we have done all there are depths in the human soul which we cannot fathom. Every man is finally a mystery to his brother man. God alone, who knows all, can measure all, and His judgment will be more merciful because more just, and more severe because more merciful than the fierce and faulty judgments of men. David, when the prophet proposed to him three choices of the judgments which should fall upon him, replied with the condition, "Let me not fall into the hand of man." Better and more tolerable was the judgment of God. Our Lord would have us judge nothing before the time ; and however much we may be tempted to pass judgment upon one who has disturbed the peace of Europe and let loose the fierce beast of war in our day, it is still not for us to attempt to determine the ultimate and unerring verdict which will hereafter be given on his character. All that I can do is to set down some of the Emperor William's utterances, and leave to those who read to harmonize them or otherwise with the theories they have formed of his character.

I set down here a few extracts from his letters. They will serve to illustrate some traits which are not widely known. They touch on matters of family feeling, religious conviction, and political ideals. Under ordinary circum-

stances some of these quotations would not have been made: they would have been reserved for private or later record. But the war has altered conditions, and it cannot be said that any of the following extracts are likely to increase any existing prejudice against the Emperor. To me it seems that their publication here and now may lead some people to ask themselves whether their judgment has not been formed on partial knowledge. The conclusions to which I myself have come I shall reserve till later. For the present I must let the following extracts, which will follow, speak for themselves.

It will, however, be well to recall, as a kind of preface, the immediate circumstances which led to our interchange of letters.

In 1901 I was brought more closely into contact with the Emperor. In that year the Empress Frederick died. She had expressed to me some of her last wishes,¹ and desired that the English Burial Service might be used. When her death took place, it appeared that others had not known of her wishes. I was, happily, able to say definitely what she had wished. I went over to Germany by the Emperor's wish, as I have told in my former volume, and the sacredness of the occasion forged another link in the friendly character of my acquaintance with the Emperor. On my arrival at Homburg I had an interview with him at the Schloss. He spoke of his early home life, of phases of religious thought which his mother had experienced, of the days when her mind inclined to free-thinking, and of his ignorance of the later phases of her religious thought.

¹ See my former volume, *Some Pages of My Life*, p. 305.

We spoke of the divergent forms in which the religious spirit expressed itself. He agreed that the spirit was more than the letter. I said that I thought individuality in men demanded or could only accept religion in some form which appealed to it, and that consequently we must expect that there would be varieties of form, even when the faith was the same. I cited Alfred de Musset's line—

“*Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre*”—

and I reminded him that our Lord used water as the image of the faith. “Yes,” he said, “water, clear as crystal.”

The same evening, at six o'clock, we had the English service in the Friedrichshof: the Emperor and all the members of the family were present. When the service ended, the Emperor knelt for a few moments in silent prayer by his mother's coffin: against his mourning dress the red, white and blue of the Union Jack, which covered the bier, stood out in strong contrast. The German Funeral Service was held on the Sunday (August 11). After the service I went to Friedrichshof and saw the Emperor. He told me that he had spoken to the King, and had his leave to offer me a decoration. I thanked him, but said I hoped he knew that love had brought me.

A few months later, in January 1902, I had a letter from the Emperor, in which he referred to the sad days at Cronberg. He referred to those awful August days when the beloved mother was removed after the most terrible and hard-fought battles Heaven ever sent man to fight. “It was,” he said, “an awful year: to think I had to attend at the passing away of dear grandmamma and my mother—

mother and daughter, two great queens, each in her way. But I am thankful to the Lord that I was able to live with them, and hope that I shall never be unworthy of them."

It is pleasant to find this note of grateful remembrance and reverent affection in the letter.

Other letters followed, and the correspondence between us was fairly regular up till January 1914.

The traits of character disclosed by these letters may be grouped under three headings, viz. : personal affection or attachment, religious conviction, and ideals of peace for the world.

A warm heart and a generous capacity for friendship, and a ready appreciation of the good qualities of others are seen in these letters. One or two illustrations will suffice. Thus on the death of the late King Edward, after saying, as I have already quoted (p. 244) that

King Edward represented the incarnation of the fine qualities of his countrymen—Britain in mourning him mourns herself—

he continued—

My heart yearns to be with my Aunt and King George and his family to help them to carry this awful burden and to assist them through the trying hours. . . . May God help us all ; His will be done.

His experience had led him to value simple and unaffected friendship, and to dislike and distrust the empty and conventional amiabilities met with in fashionable circles. He hated social insincerities, and quoted with approval

Emerson's words : "I much prefer the company of plough-boys and tin-pedlars to the silken and perfumed amity, which only celebrates days of encounter by a frivolous display, by riches in a curricle and dinners at the best taverns." "This," the Emperor says, "ought to be brought home to the young generation of to-day when one sees the way they treat poor friendship. Friendship is like a musical problem. "Two friends are and ought to be like two instruments of music equally tuned, touch the one and the other will respond in the same key." (March 1908.)

The letters show a strong family affection and a yearning to realize a genuine and unartificial friendship. Blood-ties were much to him. When he found himself on English soil, he felt himself at home, and his spirit quickly responded to the generous affection which met him. "I am so glad to be here again" (the words are written from Windsor), "and most touched and grateful for all kindness shown to us by everybody." The date is November 1907.

Religious convictions show themselves in these letters, and if I am not mistaken, their expression suggests a deep and truly spiritual grasp. They are not doctrinaire or speculative ; they breathe a spirit of personal and practical conviction.

His wish is that the personal communion of the soul with Christ were more widely understood. This, I take it, is the meaning of the following aspiration—

Would that mankind learnt to appreciate the Saviour's personality more. (December 1907.)

That I have interpreted rightly the underlying thought

of these words will be clear, if I am not mistaken, when we place other utterances alongside it. Thus he writes in 1910—

The discussion about Christ is very animated here just now . . . spiritual and religious questions are on the platform, showing that there is a thirst and seeking for light. Thank God!

Or, again, referring to a book which brought out the happy intercourse of our Lord with men, he writes—

That is a manner which must appeal to the most dull-minded and dull-souled person alive. The person of the Lord is humanly brought into contact with you, so to say, on a level with you as never before, and then by a clever description of the psychological changes through which the Saviour passes during His work at a soul, He slowly rises from out His worldly brothers, etc., and soars high above them, the Son of God, but the Saviour at the same time. (January 1909.)

Or, take this intimate self-revelation—

Often moments come when in a dilemma of choice I was at a loss how to act, and fell back upon His (Christ's) admonitions. I chose His side. The result was not what I anticipated, even the contrary. But then what feeling of hope and trust even in the adversest of moments pervades you, "the conviction of having done right, of having a good conscience," and thereby feeling Him on your side. Also in distress, what a staff to lean upon. (December 1906.)

We can readily see how a little grain of self-deception may enter into the kind of choice here spoken of, and what

a harvest of spiritual blundering may ensue. Nevertheless, the spirit which seeks to express itself here is not that of affectation or insincerity ; it is the language which a genuine Christian soul has often used. The conviction of the real guidance which the Lord gives to His single-minded disciple is always breaking out in these letters. He finds pleasure in a book sent to him, because this aspect of Christ's work is given prominence.

It (the book) corresponds to my mode of thinking and is very attractive by the able manner with which it shows the marvellous and versatile way in which the Lord takes a soul in hand, revealing His talent in the knowledge of man, and the victorious power He wields over their souls. (March 1910.)

How genuinely he rejoices in any sign of religious movement among his people. Thus, in the letter just quoted, he tells how a professor "in public lectures had started the idea that Christ never existed." He tells what followed. The next Sunday "over 20,000 people stood before the cathedral and the palace, hats off, singing Luther's thundering war-hymn, 'Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,' and even now the churches are crammed by people craving to hear about the Saviour."

He longs to see the fire of religious fervour spreading among the people through a strong personal grasp on what was once called experimental religion. He will do all he can to encourage such a spirit.

I shall do everything in my power . . . to fan the flame of a fire of which the Lord Himself said, "I

have come to kindle a fire upon earth"; I wish it was already aflame. (January 1914.)

Alas! it was another fire which, seven months later, the Emperor allowed to be kindled among the nations.

Naturally, in the light of present events the Emperor's utterances about peace will prove the most interesting; and, as a fact, the subject which is more touched upon than any other in these letters is the subject of peace. It will, perhaps, set forth his views more graphically if his words on this question are placed in chronological order. I propose to quote the passages selected without interpolating any comment; thus their cumulative value will be best felt.

The first extract bears date January 17, 1905; it is as follows—

It seems to me that the principles laid down in the Christmas Evangile are not well-respected in these latter years, and that we are still far from Peace on Earth and good will among men. If one has till now managed to assure peace to one's own country, one must be very thankful to Providence, and pray that no one else may arise to disturb it or break it, and do everything in one's power to keep one's own sheep from flying at each other within the fold.

The second touches on the relations between Germany and England; its date is December 27, 1906—

My wishes are sincere and warm for you and for your country for 1907. Quod bonum, felix, faustumque sit populis Anglicis et Germanicis.

The next I give deals with the difficulties which beset diplomatists in 1913, the year before the war broke out. The date is January 5, 1913—

I need not assure you that I am working with the utmost energy to try and secure Peace for the world. The task is arduous and necessitates patience, as the Powers, though in principle are all agreed to preserve Peace, yet some of them have their back thoughts and clandestine ambitions not always in harmony with peaceful issue. However that may be, I don't despair, feeling as I do that I am working at the bidding of a Higher Power, who said, "Be ye content with My grace ; My power is strong in the weak :" and as my work is for the good of mankind.

My last interview with him was in June 1913. I went to Berlin to offer him a congratulatory address on the twenty-fifth year of his accession. The Archbishop was unable to go, and by his wish I was invited to accompany the deputation, which represented an Alliance of Christian Churches on behalf of friendly relations between the two countries. They were busy days. Berlin was crowded ; the length of the Unter den Linden was brave with banners and flags ; happy-faced people jostled one another in friendly fashion on the pavement ; gay uniforms flitted about the streets. There was a State performance at the Royal Opera House ; the house was brilliant with flowers ; festoons of green and pink flowers adorned the upper galleries ; the lower gallery was gorgeous with rich red flowers, which rose into a bank in front of the Emperor's seat. The performance was one act out of *Lohengrin* ; after the performance

there was a reception at which I met many friends. It is sad to recall them now, as, perhaps, never again in this world shall we meet. I had no word with the Emperor that night, but on the Monday after the State banquet in the Weisegaal, the Emperor sent for me. He was quite cordial, but he spoke with a note which was new to me ; it was no longer the note of hope and joyous anticipation ; he seemed to me to be apprehensive ; he spoke of the dangerous position in which Germany was placed between two powers which understood one another and might prove hostile. When I left him, I felt that the Emperor was under the influence of a great fear. "He is changed," I said to myself. I was afraid ; for I knew that there was no passion so cruel as fear. Fear blinds the judgment and hardens the heart. "Their eyes will be blinded through the fear of their hearts," wrote an ancient seer (Enoch xlix. 8, 9). It was a curious experience after the words of hope which had been uttered in addresses presented to the Emperor from various bodies. Most of them cherished the dream of a peaceful Europe, and regarded the Emperor's influence as a factor powerful to secure it.

We left Berlin, our memory of it as of a bright, happy and hopeful city ; its citizens thriving and vying with each other in their loyalty to the Emperor. I may never set foot in it again, but I hope to live till the day when the victorious armies of the Allies pass under the Brandenburg gate, and make plain to the German people by a triumphal march through the Unter den Linden that the days of Prussian militarism and Prussian domination and Teutonic treachery are at an end.

In conclusion I can only say that it is hard to write when one's heart is sore with the sense of bitter disappointment. It is perhaps impossible to write with absolute justice of any of our acquaintances. There is such a large area of the soul of man which lies concealed from all but God. Nevertheless, I may be allowed to set down my thoughts, I hope, without prejudice, and certainly without malice. My thoughts, if I let my heart speak, would run in this fashion. I knew him ; I thought I knew him well ; he was so frank in speech and manner that it was natural to believe that he spoke from the sincere emotions of the moment. I knew him, and I had learned to feel for him a deep and genuine affection. So free and unrestrained had been our intercourse, and so ready was he to respond to one's best and inmost thoughts that there was nothing about which I should have hesitated to speak. He sent for me to speak with him as opportunity arose ; he often wrote to me, and his letters covered a large range of subjects—from some discovery throwing light on Biblical archæology to a new book on Kant's philosophy ; from a new process in photography to questions of European peace ; from a happy family event to the significance of certain aspects of spiritual experience. He wrote to me often ; his letters and telegrams treat of a variety of subjects ; they create—I think that they would do so in the mind of any impartial reader—they create an impression of absolute sincerity ; they negative the idea of being letters written to lull suspicion or to conceal some sinister purpose. Briefly, I knew him, and I had learned to love him well. I saw him as the emperor of a great and prosperous people, devoted and rightly devoted to their

welfare ; he was alive to his duties to his own country and keen to discharge those duties well. He was nevertheless, in spite of his sense of Teutonic responsibility, happy when chance brought him within the congenial atmosphere of English life. He found a genuine pleasure in being on English soil, in meeting English friends, and in following English ways. It seemed as though then the spirit of his English ancestry woke and he felt a strong home feeling when he breathed English air. Then the ideals consonant with such surroundings rose before him as the noblest, the purest, the best. And those ideals were not those of war and conquest, but of a friendship which, made strong by kinship in blood and faith, might work for the maintenance of European peace and for the general good of mankind. Nor ought it to be forgotten that in coming over to England when the monument to Queen Victoria was unveiled he encountered a strong adverse current of German opinion. By paying this homage of affection to the grandmother whom he loved and the empress-queen whom he honoured and admired, he risked his popularity in his own country.

But these were not the only influences at work. There was always the steadily applied power of the military party—strong and increasing in strength through the foolish pride of the Prussian aristocracy, who knew no occupation worthy of their sons save that in the army. There was the ready intrigue of those officials who sought to force the Emperor's hand by occasionally contriving to make him unpopular by representing him as too much the friend of England ; there was the resentment of the populace at some diplomatic failure, as the Morocco fiasco ; there was the sinister influence

of the irresponsible Crown Prince, who sought to make up by partisan popularity what he lacked in capacity and character, and there was the growing apprehension, carefully fostered by the war party, that dangerously hostile peoples were vigilant and menacing the flanks of the empire ; there was the dream of conspicuous conquests, which might carry Germany to the pinnacle of world-greatness, and lift its emperor to a throne loftier than any of which Bismarck dreamed. It is possible for the human soul to cherish contradictory dreams, and to feel the influence of inconsistent ideals. Every man's character is ultimately the resultant of a contest between a lower and a higher spirit. This fact, which is so often forgotten, explains why it is that men are often such mysteries to one another. We are compelled, when we consider the story of any great or conspicuous personage, to acknowledge that a clear and full understanding of him is beyond us. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that we must leave such among the unsolved enigmas of history.

One thing I would deprecate—the spirit which dresses up a character only in one suit of clothes. The lesser dramatists have sometimes given us their hero in this fashion. There is no change of suit. Tamerlane is always resolute to have might and to use it : he knows no hesitation. We say he is a strong character—yes, but is he a character at all ? Is he not rather an embodied representation of one quality only ? Human beings are medleys as a rule. The cruel man is kindly at times : the strong man has his weaknesses, and the weak man his times of strength. To picture a man as Mephistopheles, set on evil and deliberately mask-

ing his unswerving purpose of evil by a show of good or of religion, is not to draw a human being but a devil. In all of us there is an admixture of good and evil. Our dreams are sometimes of being really very good—kind, generous, humble, active in service and patient in suffering. At other times the desire of some material gain will seize upon us, and we become mean and hard. Sometimes the vision of a generous life is ours, at other times the wish to die rich masters us. Our course is being constantly deflected from its true orbit by external influences ; but more than this may be the case. We may form rival and contradictory ideals, and according to our mood both may in turn assert their supremacy over us.

With these facts in mind I can well imagine that, to a man in the Emperor's position and with his sensitive temperament, the ideal of living and dying as the monarch who had preserved peace to the world may well have seemed to him at times the desirable thing, and that often this ambition ruled his policy and his action. This is no idle speculation : official correspondence confirms the view by telling us that the Emperor's disposition was towards peace. As examples we may take the following—

Lieut.-Col. Serret (Military Attaché to the French Embassy at Berlin) writes, on March 15, 1913 : “Germans wish for peace—so they keep on proclaiming, and the Emperor more than any one.”¹ The Emperor's declarations were regarded by the French officials as genuine. M. Stéphen Pichon (Foreign Minister) received a confi-

¹ Diplomatic Correspondence published by the French Government, p. 4.

dential report, dated July 30, 1913, in which twice over the Emperor's influence is spoken of as a force in favour of peace—the Emperor's "pacific disposition," the "will of the Emperor," are referred to in the dispatch, and it is concluded that Germany will not declare war in view of defensive alliances and the "tendencies of the Emperor."¹ And in the letter from M. Jules Cambon (French ambassador at Berlin, November 22, 1913), in which he says the Emperor is no longer the friend of peace, he comments on the change as being a surprise, since all the world thought that the Emperor, "whose personal influence had been exerted on many critical occasions in support of peace, was still in the same state of mind."² There is evidence in the diplomatic view of things that the Emperor had, in practical action, followed the ideals of peace.

But it is quite consistent with the existence of this ideal that other visions less worthy may have, at times, flashed before his mind: the man who sees the vision of handing down to posterity his name as a Peace-making and Peace-keeping sovereign may, at times, dream of the dazzling glory of conquest, or of making his country a praise in the earth. And there were not wanting influences which made such a dream attractive, or which, at times, seemed to coerce him to play the rôle of war king, and to rattle the sabre to please the pride of the nation. The Berlin Foreign Office was not above unworthy intrigues to force the Emperor to seek popularity or avoid public resentment by posing as

¹ Diplomatic Correspondence published by the French Government, pp. 16, 17, and 20.

² *Ibid.*, p. 21; cf. also p. 22.

war lord rather than as peace-loving monarch. The military party were ready to work upon his fears and to flatter him with cheap prophecies of success : the shallow popularity of the Crown Prince, who "flattered the passions of the Pan-Germans," who was the victim of foolish and unreflecting ambitions, and who, having lost the respect of the worthy, desired to rehabilitate his forfeited reputation by appearing as the champion of his country's greatness, may have awakened a natural jealousy, which might provoke the wish to prove his own energetic patriotism.

These influences cannot have been without effect upon a man of his "impressionable nature." Their combined force may well have put new and attractive colouring into the vision of lower glory which arose in competition with the nobler dream of peace. That nobler dream appealed to his best nature ; it was strongest in him when he was upon British soil, and when the British ideals were clearer in his mind, or when the inner claims of religion were making themselves felt, and the vision of a world won by Christ rose before his soul.

In the end the power of the lower vision prevailed : mixed motives and varied influences gave it potency. A mistaken patriotism, mingled with an unworthy jealousy, and driven into activity under the pressure of a genuine fear of the growing power of the nations on both flanks, led him to surrender his best principles of action to the unhappy opportunism which was preached, in season and out of season, by a restless military party and by a disloyal and unscrupulous Foreign Office.

The parting of the ways came and he chose the lower

path, and commenced that downward career which was the sorrow of his friends and will be the overthrow of that empire which his grandfather and Bismarck built up with such care.

And this is the pity of it all : he might have been so great. He might have left to history the record of a reign which had done good to the world, and at the same time conferred glory and prosperity on his own country ; but now for all time he will be known as the man who was chiefly responsible for the wickedest war ever waged, for the awful carnage, for the world-wide sorrow, and for the sad alienation of hearts which it has brought in its train. For one fact stands out clear and certain to all who read the official correspondence : a word from the Emperor in those critical July and August days of 1914 would have made war impossible, and that word was not spoken.



Photo J. H. Buxley, Ripon

MY CHAPLAINS (1911)

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THE GREATER FRIENDSHIP

I WONDER whether I can tell the story of a wonderful friendship which has been mine, and which lies, like the scenery of the stage, unchanged, behind the busy activities and entrances and exits of the actors. It has been like the sky, which is always there, no matter what scenes have been enacted below. It has been like my own identity—something which is the same, whether my years were few or many. I can hardly tell when it began, but it must have been when I was very young that I first became aware of this friendship—not that I called it or could have called it friendship, for I was too young to know what friendship meant ; but nevertheless early, very early, the feeling of a comradeship to which I might turn came to me.

One of the tests of friendship is the power to withdraw one's presence at fitting times : to be sensitive to the inopportune moments of life. Herein this friend showed his true friendliness : he was never intrusive. He never spoke of his friendship : he was never eager or forward to assert it : he never put forward absurd or impossible claims upon my attention or my regard : he was dexterously self-effacing.

Can I ever tell the story of this marvel-working friendship ? There are associations with our fellow-men which we sometimes out of politeness speak of as friendships

—saying with an odd carelessness, “Oh yes, he is an old friend of mine.” There are other comradeships more close and intimate, allowing of confidences in hours of perplexity, when long experience tells us we can trust the companion tried through many years. And yet, and yet, is there in these friendships no neutral ground—a territory which your friend can never enter? There are rooms in the soul to which such friends are strangers. Is it not so?

But, therefore, all the more I wonder whether I can tell the tale of a friendship which passed beyond all these, and which crowned my life with a comradeship which grew into a friendship and which surpassed all the intimacies of other companionships. As I contemplate it now with seventy-five years of life behind me, I am filled with wonder at the way this friendship grew. I did not seek it. I might say that it was thrust upon me, but that word would contradict the reticence, the delicate reserve, which marked this friendship.

“Thine own friend and thy father’s friend, forsake not,” wrote the wise man of the East, and as I look back upon this friendship which so gently and gradually disclosed itself to me, I feel that though it was always personal to me, yet that it was, at least in spirit, an inherited friendship. It came with a kind of unspoken assurance that it was no new thing, sprung suddenly upon my life: it did not come with one of those violent fascinations which create a fast and furious friendship of a few months, and end in the regret of confidences given and secrets told which had been more wisely withheld. It came as a thing which grew—

like an unnoticed bit of rusty green, unrecognized as a flower, developing with subtle and unobserved quietness, so that though not welcomed and made much of, it yet became so much a thing accepted that, had it gone, it would have been missed.

And one feature there was about this friendship : it was not, as I have hinted, intrusive, but it was always there. It was like an unused and unappreciated sea-wall, which never hears its praises sung but which stands steadfast, reaching its protecting arm as a shelter to the ships which are anchored in the harbour.

But this kind of image is too passive : it fails to express the activity, as it were, of this wonderful friendship ; for it often brought me unsought help. The silent friend who had joined his life to mine, yet never intruded his friendship, seemed sometimes to move alongside me and say, " You need me now : I am here to help." Looking back, I feel that this was always his tone to me, but as he sweetly left me unembarrassed by his presence, I did not always realize how near and prompt was his help. So for long this friendship was one of watchfulness and readiness for service—a friendship which was ready to give and asked nothing in return.

Who, looking back upon his life, is not often ashamed to recall how eagerly the friends of the passing hour were welcomed and fêted, while the dear old friend, whose features had grown so familiar that we thought no more of his presence than we did of the clock on the mantelpiece, or the hatstand in the hall, has been left ungreeted, and has taken no offence, but has mingled among the

guests, doing to one and another some little service which we as hosts had omitted.

Friendship ! Yes, we often measure it by the gay hours of laughter which we have spent together. The little cosy dinner at some choice restaurant, followed by the two or three hours at the play when we felt drawn towards one another by the physical comfort and pleasant enjoyment of the passing hour. But these things do not fill the requirements of our hearts when we think of friendship. We know other moods than those which smiling hours bring us. What about the hours when we take ourselves to task, and though we would fain shake off the troublesome power within which tells us that we have fallen below ourselves ? What friend comes to us in such hours ? and what would he say ? Do we want some one who bids us give no heed to the voice of self-reproach ? O ! yes, we often listen to such friends, and we are inclined to accept their oracular sedatives ; but when they are gone, and we are again alone, do we not know that we repudiate their counsel ?

Here, again, was the wonder of that friendship. Silent and near at hand, the friend who never intruded upon my privacy, seemed to me to judge of matters concerning which my heart was in debate. He spoke no word, but I knew that he could not speak flattering words, and still less words of untruth. So from his very silence there would come counsel, and I knew that, unlike lighthearted friends, he believed in me, and in the greatness of the future which awaited me, after a fashion which to other friends was impossible.

How weak and foolish we sometimes are in our intercourse with one another! we seek to please when we should seek to help. The baser self prompts us to accept the words which give pleasure ; but I think in our hearts we often long for the words which will help, even though they do not please us. So as I try to measure this great friendship of my life, I know that this quiet, self-repressive friend never fell into the weakness which sought only to please. His grave face and silent lips would often pass on to me the message of true helpfulness ; and before me would rise the vision of some nobler thing before which all base things were condemned.

There came a time when my heart asked more of this quiet friend. I felt that I wanted this friendship to become one of closer confidence. Was it always to be a silent friendship ? If the present footing of friendship was to be changed for one of friendly converse, which of us was to begin it ? Hitherto I had been heedless and he had been silent. Should I break the silence or would he ? Even if I began : would he respond ? So I abode in doubt, for, let me confess it, a certain awe possessed me. His very silence, his unobtrusive watchful presence, filled me with a sense of his greatness ; and awe kept me silent.

But this could not continue. We had reached a stage of comradeship when more was wanted ; and for this my heart began to hunger. I made some fugitive efforts to cultivate converse ; and there were moments on the road of life when in low tones he would speak wonderful things ; and as he spoke I saw how life opened the possibility of greater things. And I think that it was his converse which

led me to tread, not the path I had marked out for myself, but another, which in the years before I had never contemplated. He said to me, "There is a path which can gratify desire, but there is a path in which you can be helpful ; the choice is before you, and the choice must be your own." And so it came to pass, chiefly, I think, because I feared to tread the path of my desire, I chose the path he spoke of ; for I had learned to trust him, and I did not trust myself. Thus the whole scope and prospect of my life was changed. I cannot say that any new enthusiasm possessed me for the path which was then chosen. It was perhaps a dread of following my own wish, a fear lest I should be swallowed up in the lower ambitions of life : it was a choice made by my will under the influence of the will of a friend whom I had learned to trust, and whose friendship was becoming more distinctly personal to me.

And about this time I can trace a real intercourse between this strange, silent friend and myself. I would let loose the thoughts and emotions of my heart to him : I was filled with the persuasion of his sympathy. Thus, though our comradeship was still that of two silent friends, yet there were occasions on which I was constrained to break the silence, for my desires were for a companionship in which no reserves were practised. I was drawn more and more to him, and often I was led to think that he held aloof from me. Thus, though at first this friend came to me as a comrade when I had not sought him, so now the positions seemed to be reversed : I was minded to seek him, and he did not seek ^{me} _{me}.

But let it be understood that this feeling that he held himself aloof did not make me doubt the stability of his comradeship. Still he was constantly at my side: still, whenever I was confronted by difficulty, or exposed to conflict of any sort, he was at hand: still he, by some quiet gesture or by some whispered word, gave me counsel. So, with a growing expectation of his guidance, and a growing distrust, perhaps, of my own judgment, I lived, taking life as it came from day to day.

Round me there were snares—snares of which men freely spoke, though not always speaking of them as snares; and as I look back, I almost wonder that I escaped them; for there was that in me which might readily have taken fire, and so have caused me to fall a victim to such snares; yet the protecting comradeship of this friend was a shield against such dangers, and this comradeship, joined to a happy ignorance on my part, and to a worshipfulness of love which I had learned from another, set an atmosphere around me which had a power to quench all outside flame. Thus I passed unscathed through dangerous days.

Then love herself came to me in bright and youthful guise; but new companionship, and hours of dear and novel friendship, made no difference to the old friendship. The old comrade still journeyed with me. As before, ready to help, to suggest, to counsel and to protect. Here I met with some of the kindest encouragement from him: here I learned from both his silence and his speech to rely upon him as I had never done before; for, in these days, the little bark of my life was richly laden, and I might well fear disaster from stormy seas. Often my heart sank at the

prospect of some tempest. My soul misgave me, as I asked whether I could hope to bring such argosies to port. Then came days in which fortune seemed to beckon me, and I was tempted eagerly to go forward at her bidding. Yes, there were times in which I might well have sought the help of less worthy friends, and followed counsels which, though not dishonourable, were yet such as would have affronted my self-respect. Pleadings to act with common sense or ordinary worldly prudence gave strength to the temptation to follow such counsels ; but ever as I turned and looked into the face of my long-tried comrade and read in his calm and sober aspect his message of quiet confidence, I let all lesser and lower counsels pass by me. I judged that I was happier, safer and wiser, in cleaving to his unspoken guidance. Thus again, as I look back, I see that this dear, faithful, comrade-friend saved me by his wisdom from lines of conduct which might have planted the bitterness of self-reproach in the midst of success.

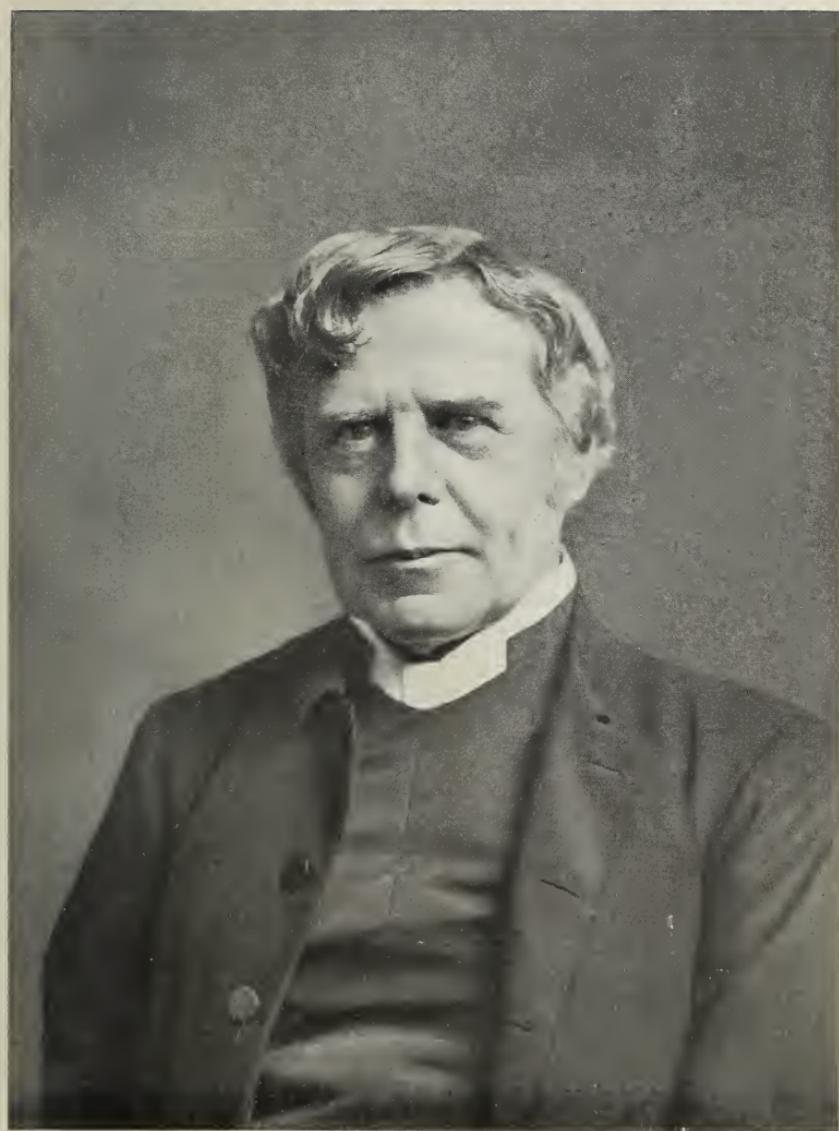
I chronicle the tale of this friendship, and I do so in the hope that it will make plain the truth that this friend was truer to me than those who would have flattered me more, or measured out their counsel by my wishes or even my interests. Here was the great difference between him and others who were kind, that he always thought of what would lead me to take the higher path : he always thought of that which would make me better rather than that which would better my fortune. For this reason my confidence in him was never shaken—no, not even when the path he pointed out was the path of disappointment. Well I can see now that he, out of wisdom and kindness—yes, and

justice too— withheld me from things which perhaps my ambition and perhaps my indolence desired. It was as though he always said “God’s providence is best, and if the fear of Him is the beginning of wisdom, trust in Him is the path of peace.” Thus this friend was sober mentor to me ; and so much so, that I longed for freer intercourse with him, knowing well that his counsels were strength, but ever wishing some deep sympathy, as well as counsel, from him. I think this came, or rather that some hint of it came, at a later time, when I stood in sore need of help. A great and desolating sorrow came upon me : the storm of it swept from my embrace the dearest thing that was mine. I had to steel myself against over-much indulgence in sorrow, and some said, “He is forgetting his grief.” What could they know ? How could they know the deep, unspoken pain of my lonely spirit then ? “Why, O my heart, do you not break ?” I had asked myself, speaking to the poor beating, bruised and fluttering heart. Hard to bear was the cruel bruising of my benumbed and grief-stricken heart. So, hearing of this thought of those who did not know, but who guessed that I was getting over the loss, when it was still but three months raw, I wrote, that “my heart seemed to me one petrified agony : mine,” I said, “is not sorrow, it is just suffering, suffering.” Outward tears I could not shed, but the tears fell inward, filling with bitterness the myriad voids in my bruised heart. Yet against the flaming grief I had to struggle, and to cry to the storm voices of my sorrow, “Peace, peace,” for the sake of duty and of others who were dear.

In those days I went about stricken with deafness. The

shock of grief had smitten my hearing. I walked the streets : I saw the noisy carts and rattling cabs in their courses, but I moved in a silence which might be felt. It was in these days that there came to me the melody which I heard and in which I found sympathy and comfort. My friend still silently kept companionship with me : his footsteps, no doubt, were beside me, though I heard them or heeded them not. But then I heard, as the deaf may hear, music more sweet than unstopped ears can hear. I was in the noisy roadway, one of the great open thoroughfares of London, when I heard it, clear and strong at first, then clear and sweet as the voice of a glad soul singing. Did my friend say "Listen" ? Somehow it seemed to me that his friendship bade me hearken, and then upon my ears, closed to the sounds of earth, there stole heavenly music—first as a glorious choir, and then as of a single happy voice. I heard : I listened, transported : I knew the voice. Had I not heard it often during years of sweet fellowship ? The grave could not silence that voice, and I, deaf to earth's sounds, heard it clear, though the roar of the traffic must have been rolling round me. Then I knew that it was given to me to hear this clear singing, so that my stricken heart might have some message of assurance. Thus, in spite of grief, restless, imperious grief, there came into my heart the sign of peace, because I had seemed to hear that dear voice uplifted among angel voices. I think that my quiet comrade so wrought upon me that I was able to hear this music and to accept its sweet assurance.

When I looked upon him his face was still grave, almost impressive, and yet I seemed to catch in it some marks of



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THE AUTHOR

(From a photograph by Lafayette)

lingering emotion, as of one whose heart rested content in some kindness done. Often, often did I speak to him in those days of my sorrow ; my mourning found incessant utterance, and pleaded with him for some sympathetic help. Many perplexities attended my life at that time. I was like one who had to draw forth into power of use a sadly entangled ball of string—who makes some vigorous and thoughtless effort, draws forth a clear portion, only to find that he has drawn the meshes tighter together.

And my friend ? He might have looked at me with good-natured, half-cynical amusement as he marked my efforts ; but never once did a smile of contempt or conscious superiority cross his face. Still, as always, his countenance was one of kindly gravity and his air that of one who waited ready to help.

And in the end, it was he who unravelled and straightened out the tangle of my life, and made it possible for me to weave its thread for some new pattern. Where I would have gone, he kept me from going ; and he held me waiting till the right and clear path opened. He thrust aside a difficulty here, and met obstacles and removed them. When I encountered more than one serious hindrance, which for a moment seemed menacing, he counselled a quiet trust on my part, and he was justified. Others came forward, took up the difficulty, removed its menace, finding a simple and natural solution. My friend became the clearer away of difficulties, and always he maintained the same peaceful and calm face, which bore with it an ever-present counsel of calmness to me.

Thus, by degrees, there came into my life quiet and

refreshment, and love began to sing in my home once more. And he, my lifelong friend, was as before, the unfailing comrade of my hours of restored gladness, as he had been in hours of stress and sorrow and storm. Ever his counsel was : "Do right, and trust. Judge nothing by wishes ; judge all things by love and right." And always we resolved to follow his bidding.

Sometimes it was hard, and life's difficulties appeared to grow more bewildering as we sought to put right first ; but the value of right cannot be tested in a day. It takes time to prove its worth and its power. So we proved it, and I think that this, at least, my faithful friend taught me, viz. : that he who struggles, doing right, through the dark and doubtful day, will find that peace comes with the sundown, and light at evening time.

It is said that if two live or work together, soon one will be leader or master and the other follower or pupil. I found this to be true in my experience of this friendship, for more and more it came to pass that I was learner, and he teacher or master. I did not resent this, for life brings knowledge, and we soon find that it is well to have some one upon whose wisdom we can rely, and whose friendship secures that sympathy will work hand in hand with judgment. Perhaps, then, the best lesson I learned at this time from this happy friendship was reliance upon the providence of God. I well remember that in this period of my life there arose a prospect of my being moved to an independent post—or promotion it would be called by some. There were many reasons why such a move would have been

acceptable to me. The growing family, and a feeling that my association with another in work had been sufficiently long, and other thoughts, contributed to make me wishful for change. There were weeks of suspense, but my friend had taught me that God's providence was always best. In those days the collect for the eighth Sunday after Trinity was daily used by me. Before I opened the morning letters I read or repeated the collect. On the day which brought the decision I did so. I saw among the letters the letter which, I knew, would tell me the verdict, but I checked my anxious curiosity : I read the wise prayer. I opened the letter. The verdict was against my wishes and hopes ; but the sense that God knew best beat down the pain of disappointment. So my friend had become strength to me, and we learned to look to his guidance, for he led us to God, I think.

But this principle, when used as a governing principle of life, may lead to much perplexity. The questions, Where does God's providence lead me now? and, What course does that providence point out to me ? are questions which we cannot always answer. I grant it frankly, and as completely as any one will desire. As a fact, there came a time when we were anxious—yes, I may say resolved—to take no step without being assured that it was allowed or indicated by God's providence. The old saying, that he that watches providence will never lack a providence to watch, or the old Chester house motto, "God's providence is mine inheritance," became dominant in our thoughts ; and when I turned my inquiring face to the wise comrade-

friend who still walked beside me, I heard his voice saying, "When you see no right thing to do, do nothing : wait." There are times in which the spirit of patient waiting is needed in life. And so, in much anxiety, and pressed often by needs and bewildering conditions, I had to live by patience for many days ; to be more exact, I think it was for some four or five years. It was curious to watch how, one after another, the conditions of life changed, and slowly the obstacles which seemed to bar the road were chased away, and at last the path opened straight before me, and with its opening there came a new support into my life. Even then, though obstacles disappeared, difficulties remained, and life called for patience—yet more patience ; and we, who had home and many affairs to manage, found it a happy thing that the quiet and often silent comrade of the road was still near and ready to advise. Like the husbandman, we have to wait in life with long patience for the harvest of our efforts and of our prayers, and ever at my side the friend would whisper, "Be patient : in due season you will reap, if you faint not."

How true in thought he was—as true in thought as he was tender in sympathy. How true in thought ! Though all that I hoped for in patience is not yet seen, yet I have seen the flowers grow to fulness of beauty and the cornfields ripen. I saw one flower which grew out of the dust, and I watched it through many seasons, and my grave friend, who had taught me something of the pricelessness of a love which can wait and watch with silent patience, began to look at me, and though he did not speak, he seemed to say, "You

see how the flower is changing from one beauty to another." He was right : I saw it ; and as the years went by I saw it gain a beauty which outstripped all dreams of beauty which I had formed of it. It grew to be a comely tree, rich with an avalanche of flowers, and spreading everywhere a gentle and a grateful shade ; like the tree of the gospel, the birds of the air would lodge in the branches of it. So sweetness and beauty waited on love and patience.

Then came one of the most piercing and revealing experiences of my life. A trouble fell upon me. A flower which I had planted in my garden, and which I had watched with care for many days, had grown into unimagined beauty : I call it a flower, but indeed it had become a tree laden with fair and fragrant flowers. Like Jonah under his gourd, I rejoiced in the beauty, the sweetness and the shelter of this loved and cherished growth. Then the trouble came : some strange and evil thing began to sap away its life : leafage and twig and stem began to droop. I hoped that coming spring and summer would bring new vigour to my plant. Still with me was my grave and kindly friend, and when my heart grew anxious about my loved tree, I spoke to him ; and he said, "I can save it, but to its own loss." They were mysterious words, but they were spoken so clearly that I could not mistake them. I must have caught his thought, without, perhaps, translating it into full concrete meaning. He seemed to mean that we might pay too high a price for keeping what we loved ; and I answered, as one whose spirit moves in harmony with the spirit of him who speaks, and moved more by spiritual

harmony than by mere words, I cried, "Oh, not that!" for I could not wish other than the highest good to what I loved. My disappointment or my loss must not count in such a case.

And so the full trouble fell. The fair, flower-laden tree withered away. No more were its beauties there to delight my eyes : no more its shelter for me to rest in and rejoice. And then came a strange thing. This loss became a revelation to me. Deprived of the pleasant shade and loveliness, as I sought to appease my sense of loss I discovered that I had allowed ill weeds to grow up apace. I knew my negligence, and never had I felt so dismayed and despondent as I walked about and measured and appraised my garden. It was as though a heavenly light had fallen, and had disclosed the ugly growths which unaware had sprung up.

My heart was broken and depressed, and a conflict with ill weeds fell upon me. I was as a man who had gone on content and blind, but who is by some new light bidden to see and thereupon becomes discontented. I often looked at my grave comrade-friend. He walked with me still, but as one who did not see what I saw, or who would not let me perceive that he saw. For months, I think, I went almost lonely, for though he was always near, his companionship seemed withdrawn.

Then one day he spoke, and all was changed. He seemed to come nearer to me, and I said, or thought I said, "I have learned something. Light has shone straight into my heart, and I have seen darkness there—there, where I want only light to dwell ; for what is a heart, if it be not

one which thrills only to good, instead of responding to ill?" And he said, "None can search out the heart but God only, and for this, perhaps, this experience has been yours." So as I went I prayed, "Cleanse the thoughts of my heart"; and then sweet music broke upon my ears: a choir was singing, as if it would give expression to my thoughts; and the words they sang were the words of the psalmist, "Try me, O God, and search my heart: try me and examine my thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Then with a threefold "Amen" the music ceased, and my comrade-friend was at my side; and he spoke: "It will be well with you." "It will be well with you": and then, as I thought what this might mean, he said, softly yet clearly, one word—"Victory."

I cannot explain all that he meant, for this is a record of experience, and explanations of experience must wait often for fuller light. This, however, was certain: I felt that my grave friend had drawn much nearer to me, and I thought that the friendship of years might grow into one of sweet intimacy. And sometimes it has: then I have known a satisfaction of spirit which compensates for a hundred disappointments: then I have been lifted above the lower environment which seems to hamper our freedom. The gladness of such moments has been exhilarating and, I am tempted to say, all-sufficing; but such moments are rare in all friendships.

Love is the bond of friendship, but it needs not to be paraded in words, and seldom indeed did we speak of

love as a power below our friendship. Once, I think, he asked, "Do you love me?" but that was an appeal to my courage. For the rest, I have known many sweet and happy friendships—some very sweet for the short time they lasted, but very dear because of the happy fidelity which these constant hearts showed me. But sweet and happy as they have been, this one friendship of which I have written was much greater than all; for it was a friendship which unflinchingly sought my welfare. It taught me to know myself; to perceive weaknesses which might have been concealed from me. It has plunged me into fear as it showed me the tenacity with which evil things clung to me, or the irresolution with which I clung to things which were good. It depressed me with self-knowledge. It never despaired of me, though I might well have despaired of myself. And perhaps above all, it stood beside me in sorrow, in joy, in depression and in exaltation. Its loyal constancy: its silent lovingness: its quiet insistence that I should still go on, even when weary: its wonderful aloofness, and its more wonderful nearness: its words of counsel: its whispered encouragements: the music which it caused me to hear: the visions and experiences of love which it brought me: all these set this friendship above all others.

I know that whatever may happen to other friendships, this friendship will not fail. There has been no demonstrativeness in it, though it has brought me times of superlative gladness—a gladness calm, peaceful and heart-sufficing. Its virtues have been its constancy, its tenderness

and its sanity. Thus it has had a character of its own, and it fills me with a confidence that I may rely upon it to the last ; and perhaps when that wondrous hour comes when the road leads down the last slope which all must follow, and I come near to the dark waters over which the evening mists lie thick, I shall find that true, faithful friend will be near at hand to give me a last word of cheer, and perhaps a first word of welcome when I set my foot upon the shore which is so far off and yet so near.

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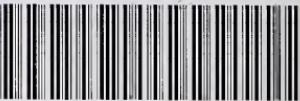
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